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THE

WORKS

OF

MOLIERE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

GLASGOW:

Printed by ROBERT URIE,

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BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

LOVE'S the beſt DOCTOR.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

SGANAREL, Lucinda's father.
LUCINDA, daughter to Sganarel.
CLITANDER, in love with Lucinda.
AMINTA, neighbour to Sganarel.
LUCRETIA, niece to Sganarel.
LYSETTA, attendant of Lucinda.
Mr. WILLIAM, a ſeller of tapiſtry.
Mr. JOSSE, a goldſmith.
Mr. THOMES,
Mr. FONANDRES,
Mr. MACROTON, } Phyſicians.
Mr. BAHYS,
Mr. FILLERIN,
A SCRIVENER,
CHAMPAGNE, ſervant to Sganarel.
THE OPERATOR.

SCENE PARIS.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

LOVE's the beſt DOCTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, AMINTA, LUCRETIA, Mr. WILLIAM, Mr. JOSSE.

SGANAREL.

WHAT a ſtrange thing is life! and how well may I ſay with the great philoſopher of antiquity, that "he who hath wealth hath "warfare;" and that "one misfortune never comes "without another." I had but one wife, and ſhe is dead.

Mr. William. How many then would you have had?

Sganarel. She is dead, friend William; this loſs is very grievous to me, and I can't think of it without weeping. I was not mighty well ſatisfy'd with her conduct, and we had very often diſputes together, but in ſhort death ſettles all things. She is dead, I lament her. If ſhe was alive we ſhould quarrel. Of all the children that heaven has given me, it has only left me one daughter, and this daughter is all my trouble; for in ſhort ſhe is in the moſt diſmal melancholy in the world, in a terrible ſadneſs, out of which there is no way of getting her, and the cauſe of which I can't learn. For my part, I'm out of my wits about it, and have need of good advice on this matter. [To Lucretia.] You are my niece. [To Aminta.] My neighbour. [To

Mr. William and Mr. Joſſe.] And you my companions and friends; adviſe me, pray, what I ought to do.

Mr. Joſſe. For my part, I look upon finery and dreſs to be the thing which delights young girls the moſt; and if I was as you, I'd immediately buy her a fine ornament of diamonds, or rubies, or emeralds.

Mr. William. And I, if I were in your place, would buy her a fine ſuit of hangings of landſkip, tapeſtry, or imagery, which I would have put up in her chamber to delight her mind and ſight with.

Aminta. For my part, I would not do ſo, I would marry her well, and as ſoon as I could, to the perſon that they ſay aſk'd her of you ſome time ago.

Lucretia. Now, I think that your daughter is not at all fit for marriage; ſhe's of a complexion too delicate and ſickly, and 'tis wilfully ſending her quickly into the other world to expoſe her, in the condition ſhe is, to bring forth children. The world won't at all do for her, and I would adviſe you to put her in a nunnery, where ſhe'll meet with diverſions which will be more to her humour.

Sganarel. All theſe advices are certainly admirable. But I find a little too much of ſelf-intereſt in them, and think that you adviſe mighty well —— for yourſelves. You are a goldſmith, Mr. Joſſe, and your advice ſmells of a man who has a mind to get rid of ſome of his wares. You ſell tapeſtry, Mr. William, and you ſeem to have ſome hangings that incommode you. He whom you are in love with, neighbour, has ſome inclination, they ſay, for my daughter, and you would not be ſorry to ſee her to be the wife of another. And as for you, my dear niece, 'tis not my deſign, as 'tis well known, to marry my daughter to any one at all, and I have my

reaſons for that; but the advice you give me to make her a nun, is the advice of one who could very charitably wiſh to be my ſole heireſs. Thus, gentlemen and ladies, though your advices are the beſt in the world, be pleas'd to give me leave to follow ne'er a one of them. [Alone.] Theſe are your modiſh counſellors.

SCENE II.

LUCINDA, SGANAREL.

SGANAREL.

OH! here comes my daughter to take the air. She does not ſee me. She ſighs. She lifts up her eyes to heaven. [To Lucinda.] Heaven keep thee! Good-morrow, my dear. Well, what's the matter? how d'ye do? What! always thus ſad and melancholy; and won't you tell me what ails you? Come, diſcover thy little heart to me; come, my poor dear, tell, tell, tell thy little thoughts to thy dear little papa. Take courage. Shall I kiſs thee? Come. [Aſide.] I'm diſtracted to ſee her of this humour. [To Lucinda.] But tell me: wilt thou kill me with vexation, and can't I know whence this great languiſhment proceeds? Diſcover the cauſe of it to me, and I promiſe thee I'll do every thing for thee. You need only tell me the reaſon of your melancholy, and I here aſſure thee, and ſwear to thee, that there's nothing which I'll not do to ſatisfy thee; that's ſaying every thing. Art thou jealous of any of thy companions that thou ſeeſt finer than thyſelf? And is there any new-faſhion'd ſilk thou would'ſt have a ſuit of? No. Doſtn't think thy chamber well

enough furniſh'd, and doſt thou long for any little cabinet out of St. Laurence's fair? 'Tis not that. Haſt a mind to learn any thing, and wilt have me get thee a maſter to teach thee to play on the ſpinet? No. Doſt love any body, and doſt wiſh to be married?

[Lucinda makes a ſign to him that 'tis that.

SCENE III.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

WELL, Sir, you have been diſcourſing your daughter. Have you found out the cauſe of her melancholy?

Sganarel. No, the ſlut makes me mad.

Lyſetta. Sir, let me alone, I'll ſound her a little.

Sganarel. 'Tis not neceſſary; ſince ſhe will be of this humour, I'm reſolv'd to leave her in't.

Lyſetta. Let me alone, I tell you; perhaps ſhe'll diſcover herſelf more freely to me than to you. What, madam, won't you tell us what ails you? And will you grieve all the world thus? There's no-body, I think, acts as you do, and if you have any repugnance to explain yourſelf to your father, you ought to have none to diſcover your heart to me. Tell me, do you want any thing of him? He has told us more than once that he'll ſpare nothing to content you. Is it becauſe he does not give you all the liberty you could deſire? and don't walks and feaſts tempt your fancy? Um! Have you been diſpleas'd by any body? Um! Have you no ſecret inclination for any one whom you'd have your father marry you to? Ahah! I underſtand you.

There's the thing. What the duce! Why ſo much ado? Sir, the myſtery is diſcover'd, and ——

Sganarel. Go, ungrateful girl, I'll talk to thee no more, but leave thee in thy obſtinacy.

Lucinda. Since you will have me to tell you the thing, Sir ——

Sganarel. Yes, I'll throw off all the affection I had for thee.

Lyſetta. Her melancholy, Sir ——

Sganarel. The huſſy would kill me.

Lucinda. Sir, I'll really ——

Sganarel. This is not a fit recompence for bringing thee up as I have done.

Lyſetta. But, Sir, ——

Sganarel. No, I'm in a horrible paſſion with her.

Lucinda. But, father, ——

Sganarel. I have no longer any tenderneſs for thee.

Lyſetta. But ——

Sganarel. She's a baggage.

Lucinda. But ——

Sganarel. An ungrateful huſſy.

Lyſetta. But ——

Sganarel. A ſlut, that won't tell me what ails her.

Lyſetta. She wants a huſband.

Sganarel pretending not to hear.] I abandon her.

Lyſetta. A huſband.

Sganarel. I deteſt her.

Lyſetta. A huſband.

Sganarel. And diſown her for my daughter.

Lyſetta. A huſband.

Sganarel. No, don't ſpeak to me of her.

Lyſetta. A huſband.

Sganarel. Don't ſpeak to me of her.

Lyſetta. A huſband.

Sganarel. Don't ſpeak to me of her.

Lyſetta. A huſband, a huſband, a huſband.

SCENE IV.

LYSETTA, LUCINDA.

LYSETTA.

'TIS a true ſaying, " That none are ſo deaf as thoſe " that won't hear."

Lucinda. Well, Lyſetta, I was in the wrong to conceal my diſquiet, and I had nothing to do but to ſpeak, and to have all I wiſh'd from my father. You ſee now.

Lyſetta. Faith, he's a villainous man; and I own that I ſhould take a great deal of pleaſure in playing him ſome trick. But how comes it though, madam, that you hid your diſtemper till now from me too?

Lucinda. Alas! what ſervice would it have done me to have diſcover'd it to you ſooner? And ſhould not I have got as much by concealing it all my life-time? Doſt thou think I did not plainly foreſee all that you now find? That I did not thoroughly know all my father's notions, and that the refuſal he ſent to him who ſollicited for me by a friend, did not extinguiſh all hope in my breaſt?

Lyſetta. What! is it the ſtranger who aſk'd you of your father, for whom you ——

Lucinda. Perhaps 'tis not modeſt in a girl to explain herſelf ſo freely: but, in ſhort, I muſt confeſs to thee, that if I was permitted to chuſe any thing, it would be him that I ſhould chuſe. We have had no converſation together, nor has his mouth declar'd the paſſion

he has for me: but in every place where he has been able to get a ſight of me, his looks and actions have always ſpoke ſo tenderly, and his demanding me from my father appears to me ſo very honourable, that my heart could not help being touch'd with his affection. And yet you ſee to what the harſhneſs of my father reduces all this tenderneſs.

Lyſetta. Come, let me alone; whatever reaſon I have to blame you for making a ſecret of it to me, I won't fail to aſſiſt your love, and, provided you have reſolution enough ——

Lucinda. But what would you have me do againſt the authority of a father? And if he's inexorable to my wiſhes ——

Lyſetta. Come, come, you muſt not ſuffer yourſelf to be led like a gooſe, and, provided honour be not offended by it, one may free one's ſelf a little from a father's tyranny. What does he intend you ſhall do? Aren't you of age to be marry'd? and does he think you are marble? Come, once more, I'll ſerve your paſſion; I, from this preſent, take upon me all the care of it's concerns, and you ſhall ſee that I underſtand ſtratagem.—— But I ſee your father. Go in again, and leave me to act.

SCENE V.

SGANAREL alone.

'TIS good ſometimes to pretend not to hear things which one hears but too well; and I did wiſely to ward off the declaration of a deſire which I don't mean to ſatisfy. Is there any thing more tyrannical than this

cuſtom that people would ſubject parents to? Any thing more impertinent and ridiculous than to heap up riches with great labour, and bring up a daughter with much care and tenderneſs, in order to ſtrip one's ſelf of both, and give them into the hands of a man whom we have no manner of concern with? No, no, that cuſtom's a jeſt to me, and I'll keep my money and my daughter to myſelf.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA pretending not to ſee Sganarel.

OH! misfortune! O diſgrace! O poor Mr. Sganarel! Where ſhall I find you?

Sganarel aſide.] What does ſhe ſay there?

Lyſetta, Ah, unhappy father! what will you do when you know this news?

Sganarel aſide.] What can it be?

Lyſetta. My poor miſtreſs!

Sganarel aſide.] I'm undone.

Lyſetta. Ah!

Sganarel running after Lyſetta.] Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What a misfortune this is!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What an accident!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. What a fatal miſchance!

Sganarel. Lyſetta.

Lyſetta. Ah! Sir.

Sganarel. What's the matter?

Lyſetta. Sir!

Sganarel. What is't?

Lyſetta. Your daughter.

Sganarel. Oh! oh!

Lyſetta. Sir, don't cry in that manner, for you'll make me laugh.

Sganarel. Tell me then quickly.

Lyſetta. Your daughter quite ſtruck with the words you ſpoke to her, and with the terrible paſſion ſhe ſaw you was in with her, went up immediately to her chamber, and, full of deſpair, open'd the window which looks upon the river.

Sganarel. Well?

Lyſetta. Then, lifting up her eyes to heaven, no, ſaid ſhe, 'tis impoſſible for me to live under my father's anger; and ſince he diſowns me for his daughter, I muſt die.

Sganarel. So threw herſelf down?

Lyſetta. No, Sir, ſhe gently ſhut the window again, and laid her down on the bed; there ſhe fell a weeping bitterly, and all at once her face grew pale, her eyes roll'd, her heart ceas'd to beat, and ſhe remain'd in my arms.

Sganarel. Oh! my daughter! ſhe's dead then?

Lyſetta. No, Sir, by pinching her I brought her to herſelf again; but this takes her again every moment, and I believe ſhe'll not live out to-day.

Sganarel. Champagne! Champagne! Champagne!

SCENE VII.

SGANAREL, CHAMPAGNE, LYSETTA.

SGANAREL.

HERE quick, let phyſicians be got, and in abun-

dance; one can't have too many upon ſuch an accident. Ah, my girl! My poor girl!

ACT II. SCENE I.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

WHAT will you do, Sir, with four phyſicians? Is not one enough to kill any one body?

Sganarel. Hold your tongue. Four advices are better than one.

Lyſetta. Why can't your daughter die well enough without the aſſiſtance of theſe gentlemen?

Sganarel. Do the phyſicians kill people?

Lyſetta. Undoubtedly; and I knew a man who proved, by good reaſons, that we ſhould never ſay, ſuch a one is dead of a fever, or a catarrh, but ſhe is dead of four doctors and two apothecaries.

Sganarel. Huſh! Don't offend theſe gentlemen.

Lyſetta. Faith, Sir, our cat is lately recover'd of a fall ſhe had from the top of the houſe into the ſtreet, and was three days without either eating or moving foot or paw; but 'tis very lucky for her that there are no cat-doctors, for 'twould have been over with her, and they would not have fail'd purging her and bleeding her.

Sganarel. Will you hold your tongue, I ſay. What impertinence is this! Here they come.

Lyſetta. Take care. You are going to be greatly edify'd; they'll tell you in Latin that your daughter is ſick.

SCENE II.

Mrs. THOMES, FONANDRES, MACROTON, BAHYS, SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

SGANAREL.

WELL, gentlemen!

Mr Thomes. We have ſufficiently view'd the patient, and there is certainly a great many impurities in her.

Sganarel. Is my daughter impure?

Mr. Thomes. I mean that there is much impurity in her body, an abundance of corrupt humours.

Sganarel. Oh! I underſtand you.

Mr. Thomes. But —— We are going to conſult together.

Sganarel. Come, let chairs be given.

Lyſetta to Mr. Thomes.] Oh! Sir, are you there?

Sganarel to Lyſetta.] How do you know the gentleman?

Lyſetta. By having ſeen him the other day at a friend of your niece's.

Mr. Thomes. How does her coachman do?

Lyſetta. Very well. He's dead.

Mr. Thomes. Dead!

Lyſetta. Yes.

Mr. Thomes. That can't be.

Lyſetta. I don't know whether it can't be or not; but I know well enough that ſo it is.

Mr. Thomes. He can't be dead, I tell you.

Lyſetta. And I tell you that he is dead and bury'd.

Mr. Thomes. You are decciv'd.

Lyſetta. I ſaw it.

Mr. Thomes. 'Tis impoſſible. Hippocrates ſays that theſe ſort of diſtempers don't terminate till the fourteenth or twenty-firſt, and he fell ſick but ſix days ago.

Lyſetta. Hippocrates may ſay what he pleaſe; but the coachman is dead.

Sganarel. Silence, prate-a-pace, and let us go from hence: gentlemen, I beg you to conſult in the beſt manner. Though 'tis not the cuſtom to pay beforehand, yet for fear I ſhould forget it, and that the thing may be over, here ——

[He gives them money, and each in receiving it makes a different geſture.

SCENE III.

Meſſ. FONANDRES, THOMES, MACROTON, and BAHYS.

[They ſit down and cough.]

Mr. FONANDRES.

PARIS is wonderful large, and one muſt make long jaunts when practice comes on a little.

Mr. Thomes. I muſt own that I have an admirable mule for that, and the way I make him go every day is ſcarce to be believ'd.

Mr. Fonandres. I have a wonderful horſe, and 'tis an indefatigable animal.

Mr. Thomes. Do you know the way my mule has gone to-day? I was firſt over againſt the Arſenal, from the Arſenal to the end of the ſuburbs St. Germain,

from the ſuburbs St. Germain to the very end of the marſhes, from the end of the marſhes to the gate St. Honorius, from the gate St. Honorius to the ſuburb St. James's, from the ſuburb St. James's to the gate of Richlieu, from the gate of Richlieu hither, and from hence I muſt go yet to the palace-royal.

Mr. Fonandres. My horſe has done all that to-day, and beſides I have been at Ruel to ſee a patient.

Mr. Thomes. But well thought on, what ſide do you take in the diſpute betwixt the two phyſicians, Theophraſtus and Artemius? for 'tis an affair which divides all our body.

Mr. Fonandres. I am for Artemius.

Mr. Thomes. And I likewiſe; not but that his advice kill'd the patient, and that of Theophraſtus was certainly much the better; but he was wrong in the circumſtances, and he ought not to have been of a different opinion to his ſenior. What ſay you of it?

Mr. Fonandres. Without doubt. The formalities ſhould be always preſerv'd whatever may happen.

Mr. Thomes. For my part, I am as ſevere as the devil in that reſpect, unleſs 'tis amongſt friends: and three of us were call'd in t'other day to a conſultation with a ſtrange phyſician, where I ſtop'd the whole affair, and would not ſuffer them to go on unleſs things went in order. The people of the houſe did what they could, and the diſtemper encreas'd; but I would not bate an inch, and the patient dy'd bravely during this diſpute.

Mr. Fonandres. 'Twas well done to learn people how to behave, and to ſhew them their miſtake.

Mr. Thomes. A dead man is but a dead man, and of no conſequence: but one formality neglected does a great prejudice to the whole body of phyſicians.

SCENE IV.

SGANAREL, Mr. THOMES, FONANDRES, MACROTON. and BAHYS.

SGANAREL.

GENTLEMEN, my daughter's oppreſſion encreaſes, pray tell me quickly what you have reſolv'd on.

Mr. Thomes to Mr. Fonandres.] Come, Sir.

Mr. Fonandres. No, Sir, do you be pleas'd to ſpeak.

Mr. Thomes. You jeſt ſure, Sir.

Mr. Fonandres. I'll not ſpeak the firſt.

Mr. Thomes. Sir.

Mr. Fonandres. Sir.

Sganarel. Nay, pray gentlemen, leave all theſe ceremonies, and conſider that things are preſſing.

Mr. Thomes. Your daughter's illneſs ——

Mr. Fonandres. The opinion of all theſe gentlemen together ——

Mr. Macroton. Af-ter ha-ving well con-ſult-ed ——

Mr. Bahys. In order to reaſon —

[They all four ſpeak together.

Sganarel. Nay, gentlemen, ſpeak one after another, pray now.

Mr. Thomes. Sir, we have reaſon'd upon your daughter's diſtemper; and my opinion, as for my part, is that it proceeds from a great heat of blood; ſo I'd have you bleed her as ſoon as you can.

Mr. Fonandres. And I ſay that her deſtemper is a putrefaction of humours, occaſion'd by too great a repletion, therefore I'd have you give her an emetic.

Mr. Thomes. I maintain that an emetic will kill her.

Mr. Fonandres. And I, that bleeding will be the death of her.

Mr. Thomes. It belongs to you indeed to ſet up for a ſkilful man!

Mr. Fonandres. Yes, it does belong to me; and I'll cope with you in all kinds of learning.

Mr. Thomes. Do you remember the man you kill'd a few days ago?

Mr. Fonandres. Do you remember the lady you ſent into the other world three days ſince?

Mr. Thomes to Sganarel.] I have told you my opinion.

Mr. Fonandres to Sganarel.] I have told you my thoughts.

Mr. Thomes. If you don't bleed your daughter out of hand, ſhe's a dead woman. [Goes out.

Mr. Fonandres. If you do bleed her, ſhe'll not be alive a quarter of an hour hence. [Goes out.

SCENE V.

SGANAREL, Meſſ. MACROTON, and BAHYS.

SGANAREL.

WHICH of the two am I to believe, and what reſolution ſhall I take upon ſuch oppoſite advices? Gentlemen, I conjure you to determine me, and to tell me without paſſion, what you think the moſt proper to give my daughter relief.

Mr. Macroton drawling out his words.] Sir, in theſe mat-ters, we muſt pro-cede with cir-cum-ſpec-ti-on, and do no-thing in-con-ſi-de-rate-ly, as they ſay; for-as-

much as the faults which may be com-mit-ted in this caſe are, ac-cor-ding to our ma-ſter Hip-po-cra-tes, of a dan-ge-rous con-ſe-quence.

Mr. Bahys ſputtering out his words haſtily.] 'Tis true. We muſt really take care what we do; for this is not child's play; and when we have once faulter'd, 'tis not eaſy to repair the ſlip, and to re-eſtabliſh what we have ſpoilt. *Experimentum periculoſum.* Wherefore we ſhould reaſon firſt as we ought to do, weigh things ſeriouſly, conſider the conſtitutions of people, examine the cauſes of the diſtemper, and ſee what remedies one ought to apply to it.

Sganarel aſide.] One creeps like a tortoiſe, and t'other rides poſt.

Mr. Macroton. For, Sir, to come to fact, I find your daugh-ter has a cro-ni-cal dif-eaſe, and that ſhe may be in jeo-par-dy if you don't give her ſome aſ-ſiſtance; for-as-much as the ſymp-toms which ſhe has are in-di-ca-tive of a fu-li-gi-nous, and mor-di-cant va-pour, which pricks the mem-branes of the brain; for this va-pour, which we call in Greek At-mos, is cauſ-ed by pu-trid, te-na-ci-ous and con-glu-ti-nous hu-mours, which are con-tain-ed in the Ab-do-men.

Mr. Bahys. And as theſe humours were engender'd there by a long ſucceſſion of time, they are over-bak'd there, and have acquir'd this malignity, which fumes towards the region of the brain.

Mr. Macroton. So that to draw a-way, looſ-en, ex-pel, e-va-cu-ate the ſaid hu-mours, there muſt be a vi-go-rous pur-ga-ti-on. But firſt of all, I think it pro-per, and it would not be in-con-ve-ni-ent to make uſe of ſome lit-tle a-no-dyne me-de-cines; that is to ſay, lit-tle e-mol-li-ent and de-ter-ſive gli-ſters, and re-freſh-

ing ju-lips and ſy-rups, which may be mix-ed in her bar-ley wa-ter.

Mr. Bahys. Afterwards we'll come to purgation and bleeding, which we'll reiterate if there be need of it.

Mr. Macroton. Not but for all this your daughter may die; but at leaſt you'll have done ſome-thing, and you'll have the con-ſo-la-ti-on that ſhe di-ed ac-cord-ing to form.

Mr. Bahys. It is better to die according to the rules than to recover contrary to them.

Mr. Macroton. We tell you our thoughts ſincere-ly.

Mr. Bahys. And have ſpoken to you as we would ſpeak to our own brother.

Sganarel to Mr. Macroton, drawling out his words.] I ren-der you moſt hum-ble thanks. [To Mr. Bahys, ſputtering out his words.] And am infinitely oblig'd to you for the pains you have taken.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL alone.

SO I'm juſt a little more uncertain than I was before. S'death there's a fancy comes into my head, I'll go buy ſome Orvietan, and make her take ſome of it. Orvietan is a remedy which many people have found good by. Soho.

SCENE VII.

SGANAREL, THE OPERATOR.

SGANAREL.

SIR, pray give me a box of your Orvietan, which I'll pay you for.

The Operator ſings.

The gold in all the lands which the ſea doth ſurround,
Can ne'er pay the worth of my ſecret profound:
My remedy cures, by it's excellence rare,
More maladies than you can count in a year.

The Scab,
The Itch,
The Scurf,
The Plague,
The Fever,
The Gout,
The Pox,
The Flux,
And Meazles ever,
Of Orvietan ſuch is the excellence rare.

Sganarel. Sir, I believe all the gold in the world is not ſufficient to pay for your medecine, but however here's a half crown-piece which you may take if you pleaſe.

The Operator ſings.

Admire then my bounty, who for thirty poor pence,
Such a marvellous treaſure do ſo freely diſpenſe.
With this you may brave, quite devoid of all fear,
All the ills which poor mortals are ſubject to here.

The Scab,
The Itch,
The Scurf,
The Plague,
The Fever,
The Gout,
The Pox,
The Flux,
And Meazles ever,
Of Orvietan ſuch is the excellence rare.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Meſſieurs FILLERIN, THOMES, FONANDRES.

Mr. FILLERIN.

ARE not you aſham'd, gentlemen, to ſhew ſo little prudence for men of your age, and to quarrel like young hair-brain'd ſimpletons? Don't you plainly ſee what miſchief theſe ſort of diſputes do us in the world? And is it not enough that the learned ſee the contrarieties and diſſenſions which are between our authors and antient maſters, without our diſcovering the knavery of our art to the people too, by our diſputes and quarrels? For my part, I don't at all comprehend this miſchievous policy of ſome of our brethren, and it muſt be confeſſed, that theſe conteſts have diſparag'd us lately in a ſtrange manner; and that if we don't take care we ſhall ruin ourſelves. I don't ſpeak of this for my own intereſt, for, thank God, I have already eſtabliſh'd my ſmall affairs. Let it blow, rain, or hail, thoſe that are dead are dead, and I have wherewith to paſs amongſt the living; but yet all theſe diſputes do phyſic no good. Since heaven does us the favour to let people for ſo many ages continue infatuated with us, let us not undeceive men by our extravagant cabals, but profit by their folly as quietly as we can. We are not the only people, you know, who try to take advantage of human weakneſs; the ſtudy of the greateſt part of the world lies that way, and every one ſtrives to take men on their blind ſide to get ſome profit from it. Flatterers, for example, ſeek to profit from the love

men have of praiſe, by giving them all the vain incenſe they can wiſh; and 'tis an art that, we ſee, raiſes conſiderable fortunes. The alchymiſts endeavour to profit from the paſſion men have for riches, by promiſing mountains of gold to thoſe that will hearken to them; and the conjurers by their deceitful predictions make a profit of the vanity and ambition of credulous minds: but the greateſt weakneſs men have is the love they have for life; and we make a profit of that by our pompous jargon, and know how to make our advantages of the veneration which the fear of death gives them for our trade. Let us preſerve ourſelves then in the degree of eſteem wherein their weakneſs has put us, and let us agree before our patients to attribute to ourſelves the happy event of the diſtemper, and to throw all the blunders of our art upon nature: let us not, I ſay, fooliſhly deſtroy the happy prepoſſeſſions of an error which gives bread to ſo many people, and by their money whom we have ſent to the grave, has rais'd us up, on all ſides, ſuch fine eſtates.

Mr. Thomes. You have reaſon in all you ſay, but theſe are heats of blood, which ſometimes we are not maſters of.

Mr. Fillerin. Come then, gentlemen, lay aſide all animoſity, and let us bring you to a reconcilement here.

Mr. Fonandres. I agree to it. Let him but admit of my emetic for the patient which is now in hand, and I'll admit of any thing he ſhall pleaſe for the firſt patient he ſhall be concern'd with.

Mr. Fillerin. Nothing could be ſaid better; and this is being reaſonable.

Mr. Fonandres. 'Tis done.

Mr. Fillerin. Shake hands then. Farewel. Another time ſhew more prudence.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Mr. THOMES, FONANDRES, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

WHAT, gentlemen, are you there? And don't you think of repairing the injury which they have done to phyſic?

Mr. Thomes. How? What's the matter?

Lyſetta. There's an inſolent fellow who has had the impudence to incroach upon your trade, and has, without your order, kill'd a man by running a ſword through his body.

Mr. Thomes. Hearkye, you make a jeſt of it now, but you'll come under our hands ſome day or other.

Lyſetta. I'll give you leave to kill me when I have recourſe to you.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER in the habit of a phyſician, LYSETTA.

CLITANDER.

WELL, Lyſetta, what ſay you of my equipage? Do you believe that I may gull the good man with this habit? Do you think I make a good figure thus?

Lyſetta. The beſt in the world, and I impatiently waited for you. Heaven has made me of a nature the moſt humane in the world, and I can't ſee two lovers ſigh for one another, without having a charitable tenderneſs, and an ardent deſire to relieve the ills they ſuf-

fer. I am reſolv'd, coſt what it will, to deliver Lucinda from the tyranny ſhe is under, and put her in your power. You pleas'd me at firſt. I am ſkilful in men, and ſhe could not have made a better choice. Love ventures upon extraordinary things, and we have concerted a kind of ſtratagem together, which may perhaps ſucceed for us. All our meaſures are already taken. The man we have to deal with is not the moſt crafty in the world; and if this adventure fails us, we ſhall find a thouſand other ways to come at our end. Wait for me only a little here, and I'll return to fetch you.

[Clitander retires to the further part of the ſtage.

SCENE IV.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

JOY! Sir, joy!

Sganarel. What's the matter?

Lyſetta. Rejoice!

Sganarel. For what?

Lyſetta. Rejoice, I ſay.

Sganarel. Tell me for what, and then perhaps I may rejoice.

Lyſetta. No, I'll have you rejoice before-hand, dance and ſing.

Sganarel. On what account?

Lyſetta. Upon my word.

Sganarel. Come then. [Sings and dances.] La, la, la, lera, la. What the deuce!

Lyſetta. Sir, your daughter's cur'd.

Sganarel. My daughter's cur'd!

Lyſetta. Yes, I bring you a phyſician; but a phyſician of importance, who does marvellous cures, and who deſpiſes other phyſicians.

Sganarel. Who is he?

Lyſetta. I'll bring him in.

Sganarel alone.] I muſt ſee if this will do more than the others.

SCENE V.

CLITANDER in the habit of a phyſician, SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA.

HERE he is.

Sganarel. This phyſician has but a young beard.

Lyſetta. Knowlege is not meaſur'd by the beard; his ſkill does not lie in his chin.

Sganarel. Sir, I am told you have wonderful recipes to make people go to ſtool.

Clitander. Sir, my remedies are different from thoſe of others; they have emetics, bleedings, purges, glyſters; but I cure by words, ſounds, letters, taliſmans, and conſtellated rings.

Lyſetta. Did not I tell you?

Sganarel. A great man this!

Lyſetta. Sir, your daughter being yonder in her chair, dreſs'd, I'll bring her to you.

Sganarel. Do ſo.

Clitander feeling Sganarel's pulſe.] Your daughter's very bad.

Sganarel. Can you tell that here?

Clitander. Yes, by the ſympathy there is between father and daughter.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, CLITANDER, LYSETTA.

LYSETTA to Clitander.

SIR, here's a chair near her. [To Sganarel.] Come, let's leave them both here.

Sganarel. Why ſo? I'll ſtay here.

Lyſetta. You jeſt ſure! we muſt leave them; a phyſician has a hundred queſtions to aſk which 'tis not fit for a man to hear. [Sganarel and Lyſetta retire.

Clitander apart to Lucinda.] Ah! madam, how great is my pleaſure! and how little do I know in what manner to begin my diſcourſe to you! Whilſt I ſpoke to you only by my eyes, I thought I had a hundred things to ſay; and now I have the liberty to ſpeak to you as I deſir'd, I am ſilent, and my exceſs of joy ſtifles my words.

Lucinda. I may ſay the ſame, and, like you, I feel movements of joy which hinder me from ſpeaking to you.

Clitander. Ah! madam, how happy ſhould I be if you really felt all I feel, and if I were permitted to judge of your heart by my own! But, madam, may I believe that 'tis to you I owe the thought of this happy ſtratagem, which gives me the enjoyment of your preſence?

Lucinda. If you don't owe the thought of it to me,

You are at leaſt oblig'd to me for having gladly approved the propoſition.

Sganarel to Lyſetta.] He talks mighty cloſe to her.

Lyſetta to Sganarel.] He's obſerving her phyſiognomy, and the traces of her features

Clitander to Lucinda.] Will you be conſtant, madam, in theſe favours you ſhew me?

Lucinda. Will you be firm in the reſolutions you have ſhewn me?

Clitander. 'Till death, madam. I deſire nothing ſo much as to be yours, and I'll ſhew it in what I'm going to do.

Sganarel to Clitander.] Well, how does your patient? She looks a little briſker.

Clitander. 'Tis becauſe I have already try'd upon her one of the remedies my art teaches me. As the mind has a great influence over the body, and that being often the cauſe of diſeaſes, my cuſtom is firſt to cure the mind, before I come to the body. Therefore I obſerved her looks, her features, and the lines of her hands; and, by my knowlege, I find that her mind is the part ſhe's ſick in; and that all her diſeaſe proceeds only from an irregular imagination, from a depraved deſire of being married. For my part, I think nothing more extravagant and ridiculous than that deſire people have for matrimony.

Sganarel aſide.] A ſkilful man this!

Clitander. And I have, and always ſhall have a horrible averſion for it.

Sganarel aſide.] A great phyſician!

Clitander. But as we muſt flatter the imaginations of our patients, and ſeeing an alienation of mind in her, and even that it would prove dangerous without ſpeedy

ſuccour, I took her on her blind ſide, and told her that I was come to demand her of you in marriage; ſuddenly her countenance chang'd, her complexion clear'd up, her eyes were animated, and if you would but hold her in this error for ſome days, you'll ſee we ſhall entirely recover her.

Sganarel. Ay, I'll do it with all my heart.

Clitander. Afterwards we'll uſe other remedies to cure her wholly of this fancy.

Sganarel. Ay, that will do mighty well. Well, daughter, this gentleman has a mind to marry you, and I have told him that I am willing.

Lucinda. Alas! is it poſſible?

Sganarel. Yes.

Lucinda. But really?

Sganarel. Yes, yes.

Lucinda to Clitander.] What, are you deſirous to be my huſband?

Clitander. Yes, madam,

Lucinda. And does my father conſent to't?

Sganarel. Yes, daughter.

Lucinda. O how happy am I if this be true!

Clitander. Don't doubt it, madam; 'tis not to-day that I began to love you, and burn to be your huſband; I came hither for that alone; and if you'd have me tell you the thing juſt as it is, this habit is but a mere pretence, and I acted the phyſician only to get to you, and the more eaſily to obtain what I deſire.

Lucinda. That's giving me marks of a very tender love; I am as ſenſible of it as I ought to be.

Sganarel. O poor ſilly girl! ſilly girl! ſilly girl!

Lucinda. Then, Sir, do you give me the gentleman for an huſband?

Sganarel. Yes; come, give me your hand; give me yours too a little.

Clitander. But, Sir,—— [Holding back.

Sganarel. No, no, 'tis only to — [ſtifling his laugh.] to make her eaſy. Come, take hands. There, 'tis done.

Clitander. As a warrant of my fidelity, accept of this ring. [Low to Sganarel.] 'Tis a conſtellated ring which cures diſtractions of the mind.

Lucinda. Let the contract be made then, that nothing may be wanting.

Clitander. Lack-a-day! with all my heart, madam. [Low to Sganarel.] I'll call up the man that writes down my preſcriptions, and make her believe 'tis a notary.

Sganarel. Very well.

Clitander. Soho! Call up the notary I brought with me.

Lucinda. What! did you bring a notary?

Clitander, Yes, madam.

Lucinda. I'm glad on't.

Sganarel. O poor ſilly girl! ſilly girl!

SCENE VII.

The NOTARY, CLITANDER, SGANAREL, LUCINDA, LYSETTA.

[CLITANDER whiſpers the Notary.]

SGANAREL to the Notary.

YES, Sir, you are to draw a contract for thoſe two perſons. Write. [To Lucinda.] The contract is making, girl. [To the Notary.] I give her twenty thouſand crowns as a portion. Write.

Lucinda. I am obliged to you, father.

Notary. 'Tis done, you have nothing to do but to ſign.

Sganarel. Here's a contract ſoon drawn.

Clitander to Sganarel.] But, however, Sir ——

Sganarel. Hey, no, no, Don't I know? [To the Notary.] Come, give him the pen to ſign. [To Lucinda.] Come, ſign, ſign, ſign. Well, I'll ſign myſelf by and by.

Lucinda. No, no; I'll have the contract in my own hands.

Sganarel. Well, take it. [After ſigning it.] Are you ſatisfy'd?

Lucinda. More than you can imagine.

Sganarel. That's well, that's well.

Clitander. I have not only had the precaution to bring a notary, but I've brought ſeveral ſingers, muſicians and dancers, to celebrate the feaſt, and make merry. Call them in. Theſe are people I brought with me, and which I make uſe of daily to pacify, by their harmony and dancing, the diſturbances of the mind.

SCENE VIII.

SGANAREL, LUCINDA, CLITANDER, LYSETTA.

COMEDY, MUSIC, DANCING, the SPORTS, the SMILES, and the PLEASURES.

COMEDY, DANCING, and MUSIC together.

ALL humankind, without us three,
Would soon become diseas'd;
Their chief physicians sure are we
By whom their ill are eas'd.

COMEDY.

If you by pleasant means would aim
To cure the vapour'd head,
Leave your Hippocrates, for shame,
And come to us for aid.

ALL THREE.

All humankind, without us three,
Would soon become diseas'd;
Their chief physicians sure are we
By whom their ills are eas'd.

[Whilst the Sports, the Smiles, and the Pleasures are dancing, Clitander carries off Lucinda.

SCENE THE LAST.

SGANAREL, LYSETTA.

COMEDY, MUSIC, DANCING, the SPORTS, the SMILES, and the PLEASURES.

SGANAREL.

THIS is a pleaſant manner of curing people. Where is my daughter and the phyſician?

Lyſetta. They're gone to conclude the reſt of the marriage.

Sganarel. What marriage?

Lyſetta. Faith, Sir, the woodcock's caught; you imagined you had been in jeſt, and it proves in earneſt.

Sganarel endeavours to go after Clitander and Lucinda, but the dancers hold him.] What the devil? Let me go; let me go, let me go, I ſay. Again? [Endeavouring to force him to dance.] Pox take you all!

THE END.

TARTUFFE,

OR, THE

IMPOSTOR.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

Madam PERNELLE, mother to Orgon.

ORGON, husband to Elmira.

ELMIRA, wife to Orgon.

DAMIS, son to Orgon.

MARIANA, daughter to Orgon.

VALERE, in love with Mariana.

CLEANTHES, brother-in-law to Orgon.

TARTUFFE, a hypocrite.

DORINA, waiting-maid to Mariana.

Mr. LOYAL, a sergeant.

An EXEMPT.

FLIPOTE, madam Pernelle's maid.

SCENE PARIS, in Orgon's house.

THE IMPOSTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Madam PERNELLE, ELMIRA, MARIANA, DAMIS, CLEANTHES, DORINA, FLIPOTE.

Madam PERNELLE.

COME, Flipote, let's be gone, that I may get rid of them.

Elmira. You walk ſo faſt, that one has much ado to follow you.

Madam Pernelle. Stay, daughter, ſtay; come no farther; this is all needleſs ceremony.

Elmira. We only acquit ourſelves of our duty to you: but pray, mother, what makes you in ſuch haſte to leave us?

Madam Pernelle. Becauſe I can't endure to ſee ſuch management, and no-body takes any care to pleaſe me. I leave your houſe, I tell you, very ill edify'd; my inſtructions are all contradicted: you ſhew no reſpect for any thing amongſt you, every one talks aloud there, and the houſe is a perfect Dover-Court.

Dorina. If ——

Madam Pernelle. You are, ſweet-heart, a noiſy and impertinent Abigail, and mighty free of your advice on all occaſions.

Damis. But ——

Madam Pernelle. In ſhort, you are a fool, child; 'tis I tell you ſo, who am your grandmother; and I have told my ſon, your father, a hundred times, that you would become a perfect rake, and would be nothing but a plague to him.

Mariana. I fancy ——

Madam Pernelle. Good-lack, ſiſter of his, you act the prude, and look as if butter would not melt in your mouth: but ſtill waters, they ſay, are always deepeſt; and under your ſly airs, you carry on a trade I don't at all approve of.

Elmira. But, mother ——

Madam Pernelle. By your leave, daughter, your conduct is abſolutely wrong in every thing: you ought to ſet them a good example; and their late mother managed them much better. You are a ſorry oeconomiſt, and what I can't endure, dreſs like any princeſs. She who deſires only to pleaſe her huſband, daughter, needs not ſo much finery.

Cleanthes. But, madam, after all ——

Madam Pernelle. As for you, Sir, her brother, I eſteem you very much, I love and reſpect you; but yet, were I in my ſon's, her huſband's, place, I ſhould earneſtly intreat you not to come within our doors. You are always laying down rules of life, that good people ſhould never follow. I talk a little freely to you; but 'tis my humour; I never chew upon what I have at heart.

Damis. Your Mr. Tartuffe is a bleſſed ſoul, no doubt——

Madam Pernelle. He's a good man, and ſhould be liſtned to; I can't bear, with patience, to hear him cavill'd at by ſuch a fool as you.

Damis. What! ſhall I ſuffer a cenſorious bigot to uſurp an abſolute authority in the family? And ſhall not

we take the leaſt diverſion, if this precious ſpark thinks not fit to allow of it?

Dorina. If one were to hearken to him, and give into his maxims, we could do nothing but what would be made a crime of; for the critical zealot controuls every thing.

Madam Pernelle. And whatever he controuls is well controul'd. He would fain ſhew you the way to heaven; and my ſon ought to make you all love him.

Damis. No, look you, madam, neither father, nor any thing elſe can oblige me to have any regard for him. I ſhould belie my heart to tell you otherwiſe. To me his actions are perfectly odious; and I foreſee, that, one time or other, matters will come to extremity between that wretch and me.

Dorina. 'Tis downright ſcandalous, to ſee an upſtart take on him at that rate here. A vagabond, that had not a pair of ſhoes to his feet when he came hither, and all the clothes on his back would not fetch ſixpence, that he ſhould ſo far forget himſelf, as to contradict every thing, and to play the maſter.

Madam Pernelle. Mercy on me! matters would go much better, were every thing manag'd by his pious directions.

Dorina. He paſſes for a ſaint in your imagination; but, believe me, all he does is nothing but hypocriſy.

Madam Pernelle. What a tongue!

Dorina. I would not truſt him without good ſecurity, any more than I would his man Laurence.

Madam Pernelle. What the ſervant may be at bottom, I can't tell; but I'll anſwer for the maſter, that he is a good man; you wiſh him ill, and reject him, only becauſe he tells you the naked truth. 'Tis ſin

that his heart can't brook, and the intereſt of heaven is his only motive.

Dorina. Ay; but why, for ſome time paſt, can't he endure that any body ſhould come near us? How can a civil viſit offend heaven, ſo much that we muſt have a din about it, enough to ſtun one? Among friends, ſhall I give you my opinion of the matter? [pointing to Elmira.] I take him, in troth, to be jealous of my lady.

Madam Pernelle. Hold your peace, and conſider what you ſay. He is not the only perſon who condemns theſe viſits. The buſtle that attends the people you keep company with, theſe coaches continually planted at the gate, and the noiſy company of ſuch a parcel of footmen, diſturb the whole neighbourhood; I am willing to believe, there's no harm done; but then it gives people occaſion to talk, and that is not well.

Cleanthes. Alas! madam, will you hinder people from prating? It would be a very hard thing in life, if for any fooliſh ſtories that might be rais'd about people, they ſhould be forc'd to renounce their beſt friends; and ſuppoſe we ſhould reſolve to do ſo, do you think it would keep all the world from talking? There's no guarding againſt calumny: let us therefore not mind ſilly tittle-tattle, and let's endeavour to live innocently ourſelves, and leave the goſſiping part of mankind to ſay what they pleaſe.

Dorina. May not neighbour Daphne and her little ſpouſe be the perſons who ſpeak ill of us? People, whoſe own conduct is the moſt ridiculous, are always readieſt to detract from that of others. They never fail readily to catch at the ſlighteſt appearance of an affair, to ſet the news about with joy, and to give things the ve-

ry turn they would have them take. By colouring other people's actions, like their own, they think to juſtify their conduct to the world, and fondly hope, by way of ſome reſemblance, to give their own intrigues the air of innocence, or to ſhift part of the blame elſewhere, which they find falls too hard upon themſelves.

Madam Pernelle. All theſe arguments are nothing to the purpoſe. Orante is known to lead an exemplary life, her care is all for heaven; and I have heard ſay that ſhe has but an indifferent opinion of the company that frequents your houſe.

Dorina. An admirable pattern indeed! She's a mighty good lady, and lives ſtrictly, 'tis true, but 'tis age that has brought this ardent zeal upon her; and we know that ſhe's a prude in her own defence. As long as 'twas in her power to make conqueſts, ſhe did not balk any of her advantages; but when ſhe found the luſtre of her eyes abate, ſhe would needs renounce the world that was on the point of leaving her, and under the ſpecious maſk of great prudence, conceals the decay of her worn-out charms. That is the antiquated coquette's laſt ſhift. It is hard upon them to ſee themſelves deſerted by all their galants. Thus forſaken, their gloomy diſquiet can find no relief but in prudery; and then the ſeverity of theſe good ladies cenſures all and forgives none: they cry out aloud upon every one's way of living, not out of a principle of charity, but envy, as not being able to ſuffer that another ſhould taſte thoſe pleaſures which people on the decline have no reliſh for.

Madam Pernelle to Elmira.] Theſe are the idle ſtories that are told to pleaſe you, daughter. There's no getting in a word at your houſe; for madam here en-

groſſes all the talk to herſelf: but I ſhall alſo be heard in my turn. I tell you my ſon never acted a wiſer part, than when he took this devout man into his family; that heaven, in time of need, ſent him hither to reclaim your wandering minds; that 'tis your main intereſt to hearken to his counſels, and that he reproves nothing that is not blameable. Theſe viſits, balls, and aſſemblies are all the inventions of the wicked ſpirit; there's not one word of godlineſs to be heard at any of them, but idle ſtuff, nonſenſe, and tales of a tub, and the neighbours often come in for a ſhare, whip you have them in Tierce and Quarte. In ſhort, the heads of reaſonable people are turn'd by the confuſion of ſuch meetings: a thouſand different fancies are ſtarted about leſs than nothing; and as a good doctor ſaid the other day very well, 'tis a perfect tower of Babel, for every one here babbles out of all meaſure. Now, to give you an account what brought it in was this. [Pointing to Cleanthes.] What, is that ſpark giggling already? Go look for your fool to make a jeſt of, and unleſs —— [To Elmira.] Good-by t'ye, daughter, I ſhall ſay no more. Depend on't, I have not half the eſteem for your houſe I had, and it ſhall be very fine weather when I ſet my foot in your doors again. [Giving Flipote a box o' th' ear.] Come you, you're dreaming and gaping at the crows; I'fakins! I'll warm your ears for you. Let's march, trollop, let's march.

SCENE II.

CLEANTHES, DORINA.

CLEANTHES.

I WON'T go, for fear ſhe ſhould fall foul on me again. That this good old lady ——

Dorina. 'Tis pity, truly, ſhe does not hear you call her ſo; ſhe'd give you to underſtand how ſhe lik'd you, and that ſhe was not old enough to be call'd ſo yet.

Cleanthes. What a heat has ſhe been in with us about nothing! And how fond does ſhe ſeem of her Tartuffe!

Dorina. Oh! truly, all this is nothing compar'd to the infatuation of her ſon, and was you to ſee him, you'd ſay he was much worſe. His behaviour in our public troubles had procur'd him the character of a man of ſenſe, and of bravery for his prince; but he's grown quite beſotted ſince he became fond of Tartuffe. He calls him brother, and loves him in his heart a hundred times better than either mother, ſon, daughter, or wife. He's the only confident of all his ſecrets, and the wiſe director of all his actions; he careſſes, he embraces him, and I think one could not have more affection for a miſtreſs. He will have him ſeated at the upper-end of the table, and is delighted to ſee him guttle as much as half a dozen. He muſt be helped to all the tid-bits, and whenever he but belches, he bids G—d bleſs him. In ſhort, he dotes upon him, he's his all, his hero; he admires all he does, quotes him on all occaſions, looks on every trifling action of his as a wonder, and every word an oracle. At the ſame time the

fellow, knowing his blind-ſide, and willing to make the moſt on't, has a hundred tricks to impoſe upon his judgment, and get his money from him in the way of bigotry. He now pretends truly to take the whole family to taſk; even the aukward fool his foot-boy takes upon him to lecture us with his fanatic face, and to demoliſh our patches, paint, and ribbons. The raſcal, the other day, tore us a fine handkerchief that lay in the Pilgrim's-Progreſs, and cry'd, that it was a horrid profanation, to mix heliſh ornaments with ſanctify'd things.

SCENE III.

ELMIRA, MARIANA, DAMIS, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ELMIRA to Cleanthes.

YOU are very happy in not having come to the harangue ſhe gave us at the gate. But I ſaw my huſband, and as he did not ſee me, I'll go up to wait his coming.

Cleanthes. I'll wait for him here by way of a little amuſement, only bid him good-morrow.

SCENE IV.

CLEANTHES, DAMIS, DORINA.

DAMIS.

HINT ſomething to him about my ſiſter's wedding; I ſuſpect that Tartuffe's againſt it, and that he

puts my father upon theſe tedious evaſions; you are not ignorant how nearly I am concern'd in it. If my friend Valere and my ſiſter are ſincerely fond of one another, his ſiſter, you know, is no leſs dear to me, and if it muſt ——

Dorina. Here he is.

SCENE V.

ORGON, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ORGON.

HAH! brother, good-morrow.

Cleanthes. I was juſt going, and am glad to ſee you come back. The country at preſent is not very pleaſant.

Orgon. Dorina. [To Cleanthes.] Brother, pray ſtay; you'll give me leave juſt to inquire the news of the family; I can't be eaſy elſe. [To Dorina.] Have matters gone well the two days I have been away? What has happen'd here? How do they all do?

Dorina. My lady the day before yeſterday had a fever all day, and was ſadly out of order with a ſtrange headach.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. Tartuffe! Extremely well, fat, fair, and freſh-colour'd.

Orgon. Poor man!

Dorina. At night ſhe had no ſtomach, and could not touch a bit of ſupper, the pain in her head continu'd ſo violent.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. He ſupp'd by himſelf before her, and very heartily eat a brace of partridges, and half a leg of mutton haſh'd.

Orgon. Poor man!

Dorina. She never clos'd her eyes, but burnt ſo that ſhe could not get a wink of ſleep; and we were forc'd to ſit up with her all night.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. Being agreeably ſleepy, he went from table to his chamber, and ſo into a warm bed, and ſlept comfortably till next morning.

Orgon. The poor man!

Dorina. At length my lady, prevail'd upon by our perſuaſions, reſolv'd to be let blood; then ſhe ſoon grew eaſier.

Orgon. And Tartuffe?

Dorina. He pluck'd up his ſpirit, as he ſhould; and fortifying his mind againſt all evils, to make amends for the blood my lady loſt, drank at breakfaſt four ſwinging draughts of wine.

Orgon. The poor man!

Dorina. At preſent they both are pretty well, and I ſhall go before and let my lady know how glad you are of her recovery.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES.

SHE jokes upon you, brother, to your face; and without any deſign of making you angry, I muſt tell you freely, that 'tis not without reaſon. Was ever ſuch a whim heard of? Is't poſſible, that a man can be ſo be-

witching at this time of day, as to make you forget every thing for him? That after having, in your own houſe, relieved his indigence, you ſhould be ready to ——

Orgon. Hold there, brother, you don't know the man you ſpeak of.

Cleanthes. Well, I don't know him, ſince you will have it ſo: but then, in order to know what a man he is ——

Orgon. Brother, you would be charm'd did you know him, and there would be no end of your raptures. He's a man — that — ah! — a man — a man, in ſhort, a man. Who always practiſes as he directs, enjoys a profound peace, and regards the whole world no more than ſo much dung. Ay, I am quite another man by his converſation. He teaches me to ſet my heart upon nothing; he diſengages my mind from friendſhips or relations; and I could ſee my brother, children, mother, wife, all expire, and not regard it more than this.

Cleanthes. Humane ſentiments, brother, I muſt confeſs!

Orgon. Ah! had you but ſeen him as I firſt met with him, you would have loved him as well as I do. He came every day to church with a compos'd mien, and kneel'd down juſt againſt me. He attracted the eyes of the whole congregation by the fervency with which he ſent up his prayers to heaven. He ſigh'd and groan'd very heavily, and every moment humbly kiſs'd the earth: and when I was going out, he would advance before and offer me holy water at the door. Underſtanding by his boy, (who copied him in every thing) his low condition, and who he was, I made him preſents; but he always modeſtly would offer to return me part. 'Tis too much, he'd ſay, too much by half. I

am not worth your pity. And when I refus'd to take it again, he would go and give it among the poor before my face. At length heaven mov'd me to take him home, ſince which every thing here ſeems to proſper. I ſee he reproves without diſtinction; and that even with regard to my wife, he is extremely cautious of my honour: he acquaints me who ogles her, and is ſix times more jealous of her than I am. But you can hardly imagine how very good he is: he calls every trifle in himſelf a ſin; he's ſcandaliz'd at the ſmalleſt thing imaginable, ſo far, that the other day he told me he had caught a flea, as he was at his devotions, and had killed it, he doubted, in rather too much anger.

Cleanthes. S'death! you muſt be mad, brother, I fancy; or do you intend to banter me by ſuch ſtuff? What is it you mean? All this fooling ——

Orgon. Brother, what you ſay ſavours of libertiniſm; you are a little tainted with it; and, as I have told you more than once; you'll draw down ſome heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Cleanthes. This is the uſual ſtrain of ſuch as you. They would have every body as blind as themſelves: to be clear-ſighted is libertiniſm, and ſuch as don't dote upon empty grimaces, have neither faith nor reſpect to ſacred things. Come, come, all this diſcourſe of yours frights not me; I know what I ſay, and heaven ſees my heart. We are not to be ſlaves to your men of form. There are pretenders to devotion as well as to courage. And as we never find the truly brave to be ſuch as make much noiſe whereſoever they are led by honour, ſo the good and truly pious, who are worthy of our imitation, are never thoſe that deal much in grimace. Pray, would you make no diſtinction between

hypo-

hypocriſy and true devotion? Would you term them both alike, and pay the ſame regard to the maſk as you do to the face? Would you put artifice on the level with ſincerity, and confound appearance with reality? Is the phantom of the ſame eſteem with you as the figure? and is bad money of the ſame value as good? Men generally are odd creatures: they never keep up to true nature. The bounds of reaſon are too narrow for them. In every character they over-act their parts, and the nobleſt deſigns very often ſuffer in their hands, becauſe they will be running things into extremes, and always carry things too far. This, brother, by the by.

Orgon. Yes, yes, you are without doubt, a very reverend doctor; all the knowlege in the world lies under your cap. You are the only wiſe and diſcerning man, the oracle, the Cato of the preſent age; all men, compar'd to you, are downright fools.

Cleanthes. No, brother, I am none of your reverend ſages, nor is the whole learning of the univerſe veſted in me; but I muſt tell you, I have wit enough to diſtinguiſh truth from falſhood: and as I ſee no character in life more great or valuable than to be truly devout, nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervor of a ſincere piety; ſo I think nothing more abominable than the outſide daubing of a pretended zeal; than thoſe mountebanks, thoſe devotees in ſhew, whoſe ſacrilegious and treacherous grimace deceives with impunity, and according as they pleaſe, make a jeſt of what is moſt venerable and ſacred among men. Thoſe ſlaves of intereſt, who make a trade of godlineſs, and who would purchaſe honours and reputation with an hypocritical turning up of the eyes, and affected tranſports.

Thoſe people, I ſay, who ſhew an uncommon zeal for the next world in order to make their fortunes in this, who, with great affectation and earneſtneſs, daily recommend ſolitude, while they live in courts: men who know how to make their own vices conſiſtent with their zeal; they are paſſionate, revengeful, faithleſs, full of artifice; and to effect a man's deſtruction, they inſolently urge their private reſentment as the cauſe of heaven; being ſo much the more dangerous in their wrath, as they point againſt us thoſe weapons which men reverence, and becauſe their paſſions prompt them to aſſaſſinate us with a conſecrated blade. There are too many of this vile character; but the ſincerely devout are eaſily known; our age, brother, affords us ſome of theſe, who might ſerve for glorious patterns to us. Obſerve Ariſto, Periander, Orontes, Alcidamas, Polidore, Clitander; that title is refus'd to them by no-body. Theſe are not braggadocioes in virtue. We ſee none of this inſufferable haughtineſs in their conduct; and their devotion is humane and gentle. They cenſure not all we do, they think there's too much pride in theſe corrections, and leaving the fierceneſs of words to others, reprove our actions by their own. They never build upon the appearance of a fault, and are always ready to judge favourably of others. They have no cabals, no intrigues to carry on; their chief aim is to live themſelves as they ſhould do. They never worry a poor ſinner; their quarrel is only with the offence. Nor do they ever exert a keener zeal for the intereſt of heaven, than heaven itſelf does. Theſe are the men for me; this is the true practice, and this the example fit to be follow'd. Your man is indeed not of this ſtamp: you cry up his

zeal out of a good intention, but, I believe, you are impos'd on by a very falſe gloſs.

Orgon. My dear brother, have you done?

Cleanthes. Yes.

Orgon going.] Then I'm your humble ſervant.

Cleanthes. Pray one word more, brother; let us leave this diſcourſe. You know you promiſed to take Valere for your ſon-in-law.

Orgon. Yes.

Cleanthes. And have appointed a day for this agreeable wedding.

Orgon. True.

Cleanthes. Why then do you put off the ſolemnity?

Orgon. I can't tell.

Cleanthes. Have you ſome other deſign in your head?

Orgon. Perhaps ſo.

Cleanthes. Will you break your word then?

Orgon. I don't ſay that.

Cleanthes. I think there's no obſtacle can hinder you from performing your promiſe.

Orgon. That's as it happens.

Cleanthes. Does the ſpeaking of a ſingle word require ſo much circumſpection then? Valere ſends me to you about it.

Orgon. Heaven be praiſed!

Cleanthes. What anſwer ſhall I return him?

Orgon. What you will.

Cleanthes. But 'tis neceſſary I ſhould know your intentions; pray what are they?

Orgon. To do juſt what heaven pleaſes.

Cleanthes. But to the point pray. Valere has your promiſe, do you ſtand to't, ay or no?

Orgon. Good be t'ye.

Cleanthes alone.] I am afraid he'll meet with ſome misfortune in his love. I ought to inform him how matters go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ORGON, MARIANA.

ORGON.

MARIANA!

Mariana. Sir.

Orgon. Come hither; I have ſomething to ſay to you in private.

Mariana to Orgon, who is looking into a cloſet.] What are you looking for, Sir?

Orgon. I'm looking if any body's there who might overhear us: this little place is fit for ſuch a purpoſe. So, we're all ſafe. I have always, Mariana, found you of a ſweet diſpoſition, and you have always been very dear to me.

Mariana. I am very much oblig'd to you, Sir, for your fatherly affection.

Orgon. 'Tis very well ſaid, daughter, and to deſerve it, your chief care ſhould be to make me eaſy.

Mariana. That is the height of my ambition.

Orgon. Very well. Then what ſay you of Tartuffe, our gueſt?

Mariana. Who, I?

Orgon. Yes, you; pray take heed how you anſwer.

Mariana. Alas! Sir, I'll ſay what you will of him.

SCENE II.

ORGON, MARIANA, DORINA coming in softly, and ſtanding behind Orgon without being ſeen.

ORGON.

THAT is diſcreetly ſaid. Tell me then, my girl, that he's a very deſerving perſon; that you like him, and that it would be agreeable if, with my conſent, you might have him for a huſband; ha!

Mariana. How, Sir?

Orgon. What's the matter?

Mariana. What ſaid you?

Orgon. What?

Mariana. Did I miſtake you?

Orgon. As how?

Mariana. Whom would you have me ſay I lik'd, Sir, and ſhould be glad, with your approbation, to have for a huſband?

Orgon. Tartuffe.

Mariana. I proteſt to you, Sir, there's nothing in it. Why would you make me tell you ſuch a ſtory?

Orgon. But I would have it to be no ſtory; and 'tis enough that I have pitch'd upon him for you.

Mariana. What, would you, Sir ——

Orgon. Ay, child, I purpoſe, by your marriage, to join Tartuffe to my family. I have reſolv'd upon't, and as I have a right to —— [Spying Dorina.] What buſineſs have you there? Your curioſity is very great, ſweet-heart, to bring you to liſten in this manner.

Dorina. In troth, Sir, whether this report proceeds

from conjecture, or chance, I don't know; but they have been juſt telling me the news of this match, and I have been making a very great jeſt on't.

Orgon. Why, is the thing ſo incredible?

Dorina. So incredible, that were you to tell me ſo yourſelf, I ſhould not believe you.

Orgon. I know how to make you believe it, though.

Dorina. Ay, ay, Sir, you tell us a comical ſtory.

Orgon. I tell you juſt what will prove true in a ſhort time.

Dorina. Stuff!

Orgon. Daughter, I promiſe you I'm not in jeſt.

Dorina. Go, go; don't believe your father, madam, he does but joke.

Orgon. I tell you ——

Dorina. No, 'tis in vain, no-body will believe you.

Orgon. My anger at length ——

Dorina. Well, Sir, we will believe you; and ſo much the worſe on your ſide. What, Sir, is it poſſible that with that air of wiſdom, and that ſpacious beard on your face, you ſhould be weak enough but to wiſh ——

Orgon. Hearkye, you have taken certain liberties of late, that I diſlike: I tell you that, child.

Dorina. Good Sir, let us argue this affair calmly. You really muſt banter people by this ſcheme. Your daughter is not cut out for a bigot; he has other things to think on: and then, what will ſuch an alliance bring you in? For what reaſon would you go, with all your wealth, to chuſe a beggar for a ſon-in-law ——

Orgon. Hold your tongue! If he has nothing, know that we ought to eſteem him for it. His poverty is an honeſt poverty, which raiſes him above all gran-

deur, becauſe he has ſuffer'd himſelf, in ſhort, to be depriv'd of his fortune by his negligence for things temporal, and his ſtrong attachment to things eternal. But my aſſiſtance may put him in a way of getting out of trouble, and of recovering his own. As poor as he is, he's a gentlemen, and the eſtate he was born to is not inconſiderable.

Dorina. Yes, he ſays ſo; and this vanity, Sir, does not very well ſuit with piety. He that embraces the ſimplicity of a holy life, ſhould not ſet forth his name and family ſo much. The humble procedure of devotion does but ill agree with the glare of ambition. To what purpoſe all this pride? —— But this talk offends you: then let us lay aſide his quality, and ſpeak to his perſon. Can you have the heart to fling away ſuch a girl as this upon ſuch a man as he? Should you not conſult propriety, and look a little forward to the conſequences of ſuch an union as this? Depend upon't, a young woman's virtue is in ſome danger when ſhe is not married to her mind; that her living virtuouſly afterward depends, in a great meaſure, upon the good qualities of her huſband; and that thoſe whom people every where point at with the finger to the fore-head, often make their wives what we find they are. It is no eaſy taſk to be faithful to ſome ſorts of huſbands; and he that gives his daughter a man ſhe hates, is accountable to heaven for the ſlips ſhe makes. Conſider then to what danger your deſign expoſes you.

Orgon. I tell you, ſhe is to learn from me what to do.

Dorina. You could not do better with her than to follow my advice.

Orgon. Don't let us amuſe ourſelves, daughter, with

this ſilly ſtuff. I am your father, and know what you muſt do. I had indeed promis'd you to Valere, but, beſides that 'tis reported he is given to play, I ſuſpect him of being a little profligate: I don't obſerve that he frequents the church.

Dorina. Would you have him run to church at your preciſe hours, as people do who go there only to be taken notice of?

Orgon. I am not conſulting you about it. The other, in ſhort, is a favourite of heaven, and that is beyond any other poſſeſſions. This union will crown your wiſhes with every ſort of good; it will be one continued ſcene of pleaſure and delight. You'll live in faithful love together, really like two children, like two turtle-doves: no unhappy debate will e'er riſe between you; and you'll make any thing of him you can well deſire.

Dorina. She? She'll ne'er make any thing but a fool of him, I aſſure you.

Orgon. Hey! What language?

Dorina. I ſay, he has the look of a fool; and his aſcendant will overbear all the virtue your daughter has.

Orgon. Have done with your interruptions: learn to hold your peace, and don't you put in your oar where you have nothing to do.

Dorina. Nay, Sir, I only ſpeak for your good.

Orgon. You are too officious: pray hold your tongue, if you pleaſe.

Dorina. If one had not a love for you ——

Orgon. I deſire none of your love.

Dorina. But I will love you, Sir, in ſpite of your teeth.

Orgon. Ha!

Dorina. I have your reputation much at heart, and can't bear to have you made the ſubject of every goſſip's tale.

Orgon. Then you won't have done?

Dorina. It would be a ſin to let you make ſuch an alliance as this.

Orgon. Will you hold your tongue, you ſerpent, whoſe impudence ——

Dorina. Oh! what a devotee, and fly into ſuch a rage!

Orgon. Yes; my choler is mov'd at this impertinence; and I'm reſolv'd you ſhall hold your tongue.

Dorina. Be it ſo. But though I don't ſpeak a word, I don't think the leſs.

Orgon. Think if you will; but take care not to ſay a ſyllable to me about it, or —— Enough —— [To his daughter.] I have maturely weigh'd all things as a wiſe man ſhould.

Dorina aſide.] It makes me mad that I muſt not ſpeak now!

Orgon. Tartuffe, without foppery, is a perſon ſo form'd ——

Dorina aſide.] Yes, 'tis a pretty phiz.

Orgon. That ſhould you have no great reliſh for his other qualifications ——

Dorina aſide.] She'll have a very fine bargain of him! [Orgon turns about towards Dorina, and eyes her with his arms acroſs.] Were I in her place though, no man alive ſhould marry me againſt my will, with impunity. I'd let him ſee, ſoon after the ceremony was over, that a wife has a revenge always at hand.

Orgon to Dorina.] Then what I ſay, ſtands for nothing with you.

Dorina. What do you complain of? I don't ſpeak to you.

Orgon. What is't you do then?

Dorina. I talk to myſelf.

Orgon aſide.] Very well! I muſt give her a ſlap o' th' face, to correct her prodigious inſolence. [He puts himſelf into a poſture to ſtrike Dorina, and at every word he ſpeaks to his daughter he caſts his eyes upon Dorina, who ſtands bolt-upright, without ſpeaking.] Daughter, you muſt needs approve of my deſign —— and believe that the huſband —— which I have pick'd out for you —— [To Dorina.] Why doſt thou not talk to thyſelf now?

Dorina. Becauſe I have nothing to ſay to myſelf.

Orgon. One little word more.

Dorina. I've no mind to't.

Orgon. To be ſure I watch'd you.

Dorina. A downright fool, I'faith.

Orgon. In ſhort, daughter, you muſt obey, and ſhew an intire deference for my choice.

Dorina as ſhe runs off.] I ſhould ſcorn to take ſuch a huſband myſelf.

Orgon ſtrikes at her, but miſſes.] You have a peſtilent huſſy with you there, daughter, that I can't live with any longer, without ſin. I a'n't in a condition to proceed at preſent; her inſolence has put my ſpirits into ſuch a ferment, that I muſt go take the air to recover myſelf a little.

SCENE III.

MARIANA, DORINA.

DORINA.

PRAY tell me, have you loſt your tongue? Muſt I play your part for you on this occaſion? What, ſuffer a ſilly overture to be made you, without ſaying the leaſt word againſt it!

Mariana. What ſhould one do with a poſitive father?

Dorina. Any thing, to ward off ſuch a menace.

Mariana. But what?

Dorina. Why, tell him, that hearts admit of no proxies; that you marry for yourſelf, and not for him; that you being the perſon, for whom the whole affair is tranſacted, your inclinations for the man, ſhould be conſulted, not his; and that if Tartuffe ſeems ſo lovely in his eyes, he may marry him himſelf without let or hindrance.

Mariana. A father, I own, has ſuch a command over one, that I never had courage to make him a reply.

Dorina. But let us reaſon the caſe. Valere has made advances for you: pray, do you love him, or do you not?

Mariana. Nay, you do injuſtice to my love, to queſtion my affections! Ought you, Dorina, to aſk me that? Have I not open'd my heart to you a hundred times on that ſubject? and are you ſtill a ſtranger to the warmth of my paſſion?

Dorina. How do I know whether your heart and

words keep pace together? or whether you really have any particular regard for this lover, or not?

Mariana. You do me wrong, Dorina, to doubt it; and the ſincerity of my ſentiments, in that matter, has been but too plain.

Dorina. You really love him then?

Mariana. Ay, extremely.

Dorina. And according to all appearance, he loves you as well.

Mariana. I believe ſo.

Dorina. And you two have a mutual deſire to marry?

Mariana. Aſſuredly.

Dorina. What is then your expectation from this other match?

Mariana. To kill myſelf, if they force me to it.

Dorina. Very good! That's a relief I did not think of; you need only to die to get rid of this perplexity. 'Tis a wonderful remedy, for certain. It makes one mad to hear folks talk at this rate.

Mariana. Bleſs me, Dorina! what a humour are you got into! You have no compaſſion upon people's afflictions.

Dorina, I have no compaſſion for people who talk idly, and give way in time of action as you do.

Mariana. But what would you have, if one is timorous?

Dorina. But love requires a firmneſs of mind.

Mariana. But have I waver'd in my affections towards Valere? And is it not his buſineſs to gain me of my father?

Dorina. But what? if your father be a downright humouriſt, who is entirely bewitch'd with his Tartuffe, and

would ſet aſide a match he had agreed on, pray is that your lover's fault?

Mariana. But ſhould I, by a flat and confident refuſal, let every body know, that I am violently in love? Would you have me, for his ſake, tranſgreſs the modeſty of my ſex, and the bounds of my duty? Would you have my paſſion become a perfect town-talk?

Dorina. No, no, I don't want any thing. I ſee you'd fain have Mr. Tartuffe; and now I think on't, I ſhould be in the wrong to diſſuade you from ſo conſiderable an alliance. To what purpoſe ſhould I oppoſe your inclinations? The match is in itſelf too advantageous. Mr. Tartuffe, oh! is this a trifling offer? If we take it right he's no ſimpleton. It will be no ſmall honour to be his mate. All the world has a prodigious value for him already; he is well-born, handſome in his perſon, he has a red ear, and a very florid complexion; you'll, in ſhort, be but too happy with ſuch a huſband.

Mariana. Heavens!

Dorina. You can't conceive what a joy 'twill be to you, to be the conſort of ſo fine a man!

Mariana. Poh! prithee give over this diſcourſe, and rather aſſiſt me againſt this match. 'Tis now all over; I yield; and am ready to do whatever you'd have me.

Dorina. No, no, a daughter ſhould do as ſhe's bid, though her father would have her marry a monkey. Beſides what reaſon have you to complain? Yours is a benefit-ticket. You'll be coach'd down to his own borough-town, which you'll find abounds in couſins and uncles: it will be very diverting to you to entertain them all. Then madam Tartuffe will be directly in-

troduc'd to the beau monde: you'll go viſit, by way of welcome, the bailiff's lady, and the aſſeſſor's wife; they'll do you the honour of the folding-chair. At a good time you may hope for a ball, and a great conſort, to wit, two pair of bagpipes; and perchance you may ſee Merry-Andrew, and the puppet-ſhew; if, however, your huſband ——

Mariana. Oh! you kill me! rather contrive how to help me by your advice.

Dorina. Your humble ſervant for that.

Mariana. Nay, Dorina, for heaven's ſake ——

Dorina. No, it muſt be a match, to puniſh you.

Mariana. Dear girl, do!

Dorina. No.

Mariana. If my profeſſions ——

Dorina. No, Tartuffe's your man, and you ſhall have a taſte of him.

Mariana. You know how much I always confided in you; be ſo good ——

Dorina. No, in troth; you ſhall be Tartuff'd.

Mariana. Well, ſince my misfortunes can't move you, henceforth leave me intirely to my deſpair. That ſhall lend my heart relief, and I know an infallible remedy for all my ſufferings. [Offers to go.

Dorina. Here, here, come back; I'm appeas'd. I muſt take compaſſion on you, for all this.

Mariana. I tell you, d'y'ſee, Dorina, if they do expoſe me to this torment, it will certainly coſt me my life.

Dorina. Don't vex yourſelf, it may eaſily be prevented —— But ſee; here's your humble ſervant Valere.

SCENE IV.

VALERE, MARIANA, DORINA.

VALERE.

I WAS juſt now told an odd piece of news, madam, that I knew nothing of, and which, to be ſure, is very pretty.

Mariana. What's that?

Valere. That you are to be married to Tartuffe.

Mariana. 'Tis certain my father has ſuch a deſign in his head.

Valere. Your father, madam ——

Mariana. Has alter'd his mind, and has been juſt now making the propoſal to me.

Valere. What, ſeriouſly?

Mariana. Ay ſeriouſly. He has been declaring himſelf ſtrenouſly for the match.

Valere. And pray, madam, what may be your determination in the affair?

Mariana. I don't know.

Valere. The anſwer is honeſt! You don't know?

Mariana. No.

Valere. No?

Mariana. What would you adviſe me to?

Valere. I adviſe you to accept of him for a huſband.

Mariana. Is that your advice?

Valere. Yes.

Mariana. In good earneſt?

Valere. No doubt on't. The choice is good, and well worth attending to.

Mariana. Well, Sir, I ſhall take your counſel.

Valere. You will have no difficulty to follow it, I believe.

Mariana. Hardly more than your counſel gave you.

Valere. I give it, madam, to pleaſe you.

Mariana. And I ſhall follow it to do you a pleaſure.

Dorina retiring to the farther part of the ſtage.] So. Let's ſee what this will come to.

Valere. Is this then your affection? And was it all deceit, when you ——

Mariana. Pray let's talk no more of that. You told me frankly that I ought to accept of the offer made me: and I tell you, I ſhall do ſo, only becauſe you adviſe me to it as the beſt.

Valere. Don't excuſe yourſelf upon my intentions: your reſolution was made before; and you now lay hold of a frivolous pretence, for the breaking of your word.

Mariana. 'Tis true; it's well ſaid.

Valere. Doubtleſs; and you never had any true love for me.

Mariana. Alas! You may think ſo if you pleaſe.

Valere. Yes, yes, may think ſo; but my offended heart may chance to be beforehand with you in that affair; and I can tell where to offer both my addreſſes and my hand.

Mariana. I don't doubt it, Sir. The warmth that merit raiſes ——

Valere. Lack-a-day! Let us drop merit: I have little enough of that, and you think ſo; but I hope, another will treat me in a kinder manner; and I know a perſon whoſe heart, open to my retreat, will not be aſham'd to make up my loſs.

Mariana. The loſs is not great, and you will be comforted, upon this change, eaſily enough.

Valere. You may believe I ſhall do all that lies in my power. A heart that forgets us, engages our glory; we muſt employ our utmoſt cares to forget it too; and if we don't ſucceed, we muſt at leaſt pretend we do; for to ſhew a regard for thoſe that forſake us, is a meanneſs one cannot anſwer to one's ſelf.

Mariana. The ſentiment is certainly noble and ſublime.

Valere. Very well, and what every body muſt approve of. What! would you have me languiſh for ever for you? See you fly into another's arms before my face, and not transfer my ſlighted affections ſomewhere elſe?

Mariana. So far from that, 'tis what I would have; and I wiſh 'twere done already.

Valere. You wiſh it done?

Mariana. Yes.

Valere. That's inſulting me ſufficiently, madam; I am juſt going to give you that ſatisfaction.

[He offers to go.

Mariana. 'Tis very well.

Valere returning.] Be pleas'd to remember at leaſt, that 'tis yourſelf who drive me to this extremity.

Mariana. Yes.

Valere returning again.] And that the deſign I have conceiv'd is only from your example.

Mariana. My example be it.

Valere going.] Enough; you ſhall ſoon be punctually obey'd.

Mariana. So much the better.

Valere returning again.] 'Tis the laſt time I ſhall ever trouble you.

Mariana. With all my heart.

Valere goes toward the door and returns.] Hey?

Mariana. What's the matter?

Valere. Don't you call me?

Mariana. Who, I? You dream ſure.

Valere. Well then, I'll be gone; farewel, madam!

Mariana. Fare ye well, Sir.

Dorina to Mariana.] I think, for my part, by this piece of extravagance, you've both loſt your ſenſes; I have let you alone thus long ſquabbling, to ſee what end you'd make on't. Heark ye, Mr. Valere!

[She lays hold of Valere's arm.

Valere pretending to reſiſt.] Heh! what would you have, Dorina?

Dorina. Come hither.

Valere. No, no, my indignation overpowers me; don't hinder me from doing as ſhe would have me.

Dorina. Stay.

Valere. No, d'ye ſee, I'm reſolv'd upon it.

Dorina Ah!

Mariana aſide.] He's uneaſy at the ſight of me: my preſence drives him away; I had much better, therefore, leave the place.

Dorina quitting Valere, and running after Mariana.] What, t'other? whither do you run?

Mariana. Let me alone.

Dorina. You muſt come back.

Mariana. No, no, Dorina; in vain you'd hold me.

Valere aſide.] I find that my preſence is but a plague to her. I had certainly better free her from it.

Dorina quitting Mariana, and running after Valere.]

What again? Deuce take you for me. Leave this fooling, and come hither both of you.

[She takes Valere and Mariana by the hand, and brings them back.

Valere. But what's your deſign?

Mariana. What would you do?

Dorina. Set you two to rights again, and bring you out of this ſcrape. [to Valere.] A'n't you mad, to wrangle at this rate?

Valere. Didn't you hear how ſhe ſpoke to me?

Dorina to Mariana.] Was not you a ſimpleton, to be in ſuch a paſſion?

Mariana. Didn't you ſee the thing, and how he treated me?

Dorina. Folly o' both ſides; [to Valere.] ſhe has nothing more at heart, than that ſhe may be one day yours; I am witneſs to it. [to Mariana.] He loves none but yourſelf, and has no other ambition than to become your huſband, I anſwer for't upon my life.

Mariana to Valere.] Why then did you give me ſuch advice?

Valere to Mariana.] And why was I conſulted upon ſuch a ſubject?

Dorina. You're a couple of fools. Come, come, your hands, both of you; [to Valere.] come you.

Valere giving his hand to Dorina.] What will my hand do?

Dorina to Mariana.] So; come, now yours.

Mariana giving her hand.] To what purpoſe is all this?

Dorina. Come along, come quick: you love one another better than you think of.

Valere turning towards Mariana.] But don't do things with an ill grace, and give a body a civil look.

[Mariana turns toward Valere, and ſmiles a little.

Dorina. In troth, lovers are ſilly creatures!

Valere to Mariana.] Now, have I not room to complain of you? and, without lying, were not you a wicked creature, to gratify yourſelf in ſaying a thing ſo very ſhocking to me?

Mariana. But are not you the ungratefulleſt man in the world ——

Dorina. Come let's adjourn this debate 'till another time; and think how to ward off this plaguy wedding.

Mariana. Say then, what engines ſhall we ſet at work?

Dorina. We'll ſet them every way to work. [to Mariana.] Your father's in jeſt; [to Valere.] it muſt be nothing but talk. [to Mariana.] But for your part, your beſt way will be to carry the appearance of a gentle compliance with his extravagance, that ſo, in caſe of an alarm, you may have it more eaſily in your power to delay the marriage propos'd. In gaining time we ſhall remedy every thing. Sometimes you may fob them off with ſome illneſs, which is to come all of a ſudden, and will require delay: ſometimes you may fob them off with ill omens: you unluckily met a corps, broke a looking-glaſs, or dream'd of dirty water; and at laſt, the beſt on't is, they can't poſſibly join you to any other but him, unleſs you pleaſe to ſay, yes. But, the better to carry on the deſign, I think it proper you ſhould not be ſeen conferring together. [To Valere.] Go you immediately and employ your friends, that he may be forc'd to keep his word with you. [To Mariana.] Let us go excite his brother's endeavours, and engage the mother-in-law in our party. Adieu.

Valere to Mariana.] Whatever efforts any of us may be preparing, my greateſt hope, to ſay the truth, is in you.

Mariana to Valere.] I can't promiſe for the inclinations of a father, but I ſhall be none but Valere's.

Valere. How you tranſport me! And though I durſt ——

Dorina. Ah! theſe lovers are never weary of prattling. Away, I tell you.

Valere goes a ſtep or two, and returns.] Once more—

Dorina. What a clack is yours? Draw you off this way, and you t' other.

[Puſhing them each out by the ſhoulders.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DAMIS, DORINA.

DAMIS.

MAY thunder, this moment, ſtrike me dead; let me be every where treated like the greateſt ſcoundrel alive, if any reſpect or power whatever ſhall ſtop me, and if I don't ſtrike ſome maſterly ſtroke.

Dorina. Moderate your paſſion for heaven's ſake; your father did but barely mention it: people don't do all they propoſe, and the diſtance is great from the project to the execution.

Damis. I muſt put a ſtop to this fool's projects, and tell him a word or two in his ear.

Dorina. Gently, gently pray; let your mother-in-law alone with him, as well as with your father. She has ſome credit with Tartuffe. He is mighty complai-

ſant to all ſhe ſays, and perhaps he may have a ſneaking kindneſs for her. I would to heaven it were true! That would be charming. In ſhort, your intereſt obliges her to ſend for him; ſhe has a mind to ſound his intentions, with regard to the wedding that diſturbs you; and repreſent to him the fatal feuds he will raiſe in the family, if he entertains any hopes of this affair. His man ſays that he's at prayers, and I could not ſee him. But his ſervant told me, he would not be long before he came down. Then pray be gone, and let me ſtay for him.

Damis. I may be preſent at this whole conference.

Dorina. No, they muſt be by themſelves.

Damis. I ſhall ſay nothing to him.

Dorina. You're miſtaken; we know the uſual impatience of your temper,, and 'tis the ready way to ſpoil all. Get away.

Damis. No, I will ſee him, without putting myſelf in a paſſion.

Dorina. How troubleſome you are! He's coming; retire. [Damis conceals himſelf in a cloſet.

SCENE II.

TARTUFFE, DORINA.

TARTUFFE, upon ſeeing Dorina, ſpeaks aloud to his ſervant who is in the houſe.

LAURENCE, lock up my hair-cloth and ſcourge, and beg of heaven ever to enlighten you with grace. If any body comes to ſee me, I am gone to the priſons to diſtribute my alms.

Dorina aſide.] What affectation and roguery!

Tartuffe. What do you want?

Dorina. To tell you ——

Tartuffe drawing a handkerchief out of his pocket.] Oh! lack-a-day! pray take me this handkerchief before you ſpeak.

Dorina. What for?

Tartuffe. Cover that boſom, which I can't bear to ſee. Such objects hurt the ſoul, and uſher in ſinful thoughts.

Dorina. You mightily melt then at a temptation, and the fleſh makes great impreſſion upon your ſenſes? Truly, I can't tell what heat may inflame you; but, for my part, I am not ſo apt to hanker. Now I could ſee you ſtark naked from head to foot, and that whole hide of yours not tempt me at all.

Tartuffe. Pray now ſpeak with a little modeſty, or I ſhall leave you this minute.

Dorina. No, no, 'tis I who am going to leave you to yourſelf; and I have only two words to ſay to you: my lady is coming down into this parlour, and deſires the favour of a word with you.

Tartuffe. Alack! with all my heart.

Dorina aſide.] How ſweet he grows upon't! I'faith, I ſtill ſtand to what I ſaid of him.

Tartuffe. Will ſhe come preſently?

Dorina. I think I hear her. Ay, 'tis ſhe herſelf; I leave you together.

SCENE III.

ELMIRA, TARTUFFE.

TARTUFFE.

MAY heaven, of it's goodneſs, ever beſtow upon you health both of body and of mind! and bleſs your days equal to the wiſh of the loweſt of it's votaries!

Elmira. I am much obliged to you for this pious wiſh; but let us take a ſeat to be more at eaſe.

Tartuffe ſitting down.] Do you find your indiſpoſition any thing abated?

Elmira ſitting.] Very well, my fever ſoon left me.

Tartuffe. My prayers have not ſufficient merit to have drawn down this favour from above; but I made no vows to heaven that did not concern your recovery.

Elmira. Your zeal for me was too ſollicitous.

Tartuffe. Your dear health cannot be over-rated; and to re-eſtabliſh it, I could have ſacrific'd my own.

Elmira. That is carrying chriſtian charity a great way; and I am highly indebted to you for all this goodneſs.

Tartuffe. I do much leſs for you than you deſerve.

Elmira. I had a deſire to ſpeak with you in private on a certain affair, and am glad that no body obſerves us here.

Tartuffe. I am alſo overjoy'd at it; and, be ſure, it can be no ordinary ſatisfaction, madam, to find myſelf alone with you. 'Tis an opportunity that I have hitherto petitioned heaven for in vain.

Elmira. What I want to talk with you upon, is a

ſmall

ſmall matter, in which your whole heart muſt be open, and hide nothing from me.

Tartuffe. And, for this ſingular favour, I certainly will unboſom myſelf to you, without the leaſt reſerve; and I proteſt to you, that the ſtir I made about the viſits paid here to your charms, was not out of hatred to you, but rather out of a paſſionate zeal which induc'd me to it, and out of a pure motive ——

Elmira. For my part I take it very well, and believe 'tis my good that gives you this concern.

Tartuffe taking Elmira's hand, and ſqueezing her fingers.] Yes, madam, without doubt, and ſuch is the fervour of my ——

Elmira. Oh! you ſqueeze me too hard.

Tartuffe. 'Tis out of exceſs of zeal; I never intended to hurt you: I had much rather ——

[Puts his hand upon her knee.

Elmira. What does your hand do there?

Tartuffe. I'm only feeling your clothes, madam; the ſtuff is mighty rich.

Elmira. Oh! pray give over; I am very tickliſh.

[She draws away her chair, and Tartuffe follows with his.

Tartuffe. Bleſs me! how wonderful is the workmanſhip of this lace! They work to a miracle now-a-days: things of all kinds were never better done.

Elmira. 'Tis true; but let us ſpeak to our affair a little. They ſay that my huſband has a mind to ſet aſide his promiſe, and to give you his daughter: is that true? Pray tell me?

Tartuffe. He did hint ſomething towards it: but, madam, to tell you the truth, that is not the happineſs

I ſigh after: I behold, elſewhere, the wonderful attractions of the felicity that engages every wiſh of mine.

Elmira. That is, you love no earthly things.

Tartuffe. My breaſt does not incloſe a heart of flint.

Elmira. I am apt to think that your ſighs tend all to heaven, and that nothing here below can detain your deſires.

Tartuffe. The love which engages us to eternal beauties, does not extinguiſh in us the love of temporal ones. Our ſenſes may eaſily be charm'd with the perfect works heaven has form'd. It's reflected charms ſhine forth, in ſuch as you: but, in your perſon, it diſplays it's choiceſt wonders. It has diffus'd ſuch beauties o'er your face as ſurprize the ſight, and tranſport the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you the author of nature, and feeling my heart touch'd with an ardent love, at ſight of the faireſt of portraits, wherein he has delineated himſelf. At firſt I was under apprehenſions leſt this ſecret flame might be a dextrous ſurprize of the foul fiend; and my heart even reſolved to avoid your eyes, believing you an obſtacle to my future happineſs. But at length I perceiv'd, moſt lovely beauty, that my paſſion could not be blameable, that I could reconcile it with modeſty, and this made me abandon my heart to it. It is, I confeſs, a very great preſumption in me, to make you the offer of this heart; but, in my vows, I rely wholly on your goodneſs, and not on any thing in my own weak power. In you center my hope, my happineſs, my quiet; on you depend my torment or my bliſs; and I am on the point of being, by your ſole deciſion, happy, if you will, or miſerable, if you pleaſe.

Elmira. The declaration is extremely galant, but, to ſay the truth, it is a good deal ſurpriſing. Methinks you ought to have fortified your mind better, and to have reaſon'd a little upon a deſign of this nature. A devotee, as you are, whom every one ſpeaks of as——

Tartuffe. Ah! being a devotee does not make me the leſs a man; and when one comes to view your celeſtial charms, the heart ſurrenders, and reaſons no more. I know, that ſuch language from me, ſeems ſomewhat ſtrange; but, madam, after all, I am not an angel, and ſhould you condemn the declaration I make, you muſt lay the blame upon your attractive charms. From the moment I firſt ſet eyes upon your more than human ſplendor, you became the ſovereign of my ſoul: the ineffable ſweetneſs of your divine looks broke through the reſiſtance which my heart obſtinately made: it ſurmounted every thing, faſtings, prayers, tears, and turn'd all my vows on the ſide of your charms. My eyes and my ſighs have told it you a thouſand times, and the better to explain myſelf I here make uſe of words. Now, if you contemplate with ſome benignity of ſoul, the tribulations of your unworthy ſlave; if your goodneſs will give me conſolation, and deign to debaſe itſelf ſo low as my nothingneſs, I ſhall ever entertain for you, miracle of ſweetneſs, a devotion which nothing can equal. Your honour, with me, runs no riſque, it need fear no diſgrace on my part. All thoſe courtly galants the ladies are ſo fond of, make a buſtle in what they do, and are vain in what they ſay. We ſee they are ever vaunting of their ſucceſs; they receive no favours that they don't divulge, and their indiſcreet tongues, which people confide in, diſhonour the altar on which their hearts offer ſacrifice: but men of our ſort burn with a diſcreet flame,

with whom a ſecret is always ſure to remain ſuch. The care we take of our own reputation, is an undeniable ſecurity to the perſons belov'd: and 'tis with us, when they accept our hearts, that they enjoy love without ſcandal, and pleaſure without fear.

Elmira. I hear what you ſay, and your rhetoric explains itſelf to me in terms ſufficiently ſtrong. Don't you apprehend that I may take a fancy now, to acquaint my huſband with this galantry of yours? and that an early account of an amour of this ſort, might pretty much alter his preſent affections towards you?

Tartuffe. I know that you are too good, and that you will rather pardon my temerity; that you will excuſe me, upon the ſcore of human frailty, the ſallies of a paſſion that offends you; and will conſider, when you conſult your glaſs, that a man is not blind, and is made of fleſh and blood.

Elmira. Some might take it perhaps in another manner; but I ſhall ſhew my diſcretion, and not tell my huſband of it: but in return, I will have one thing of you, that is, honeſtly and ſincerely to forward the match between Valere and Mariana, and that you yourſelf renounce the unjuſt power whereby you hope to be inrich'd with what belongs to another. And ——

SCENE IV.

ELMIRA, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS coming out of the cloſet where he was hid.

NO, madam, no, this ought to be made public; I was in this place and overheard it all; and the good-

neſs of heaven ſeems to have directed me thither to confound the pride of a traitor that wrongs me; to open me a way to take vengeance of his hypocriſy and inſolence; to undeceive my father, and ſhew him, in a clear light, the ſoul of a villain that talks to you of love.

Elmira, No, Damis, 'tis enough that he reforms, and endeavours to deſerve the favour I do him. Since I have promis'd him, don't make me break my word: 'tis not my humour to make a noiſe; a wife will make herſelf merry with ſuch follies, and never trouble her huſband's ears with them.

Damis. You have your reaſons for uſing him in that manner, and I have mine too for acting otherwiſe. To ſpare him would be ridiculous; the inſolent pride of his bigottry has triumph'd too much over my juſt reſentment, and created too many diſorders among us already. The raſcal has, but too long, govern'd my father, and oppos'd my paſſion, as well as Valere's. 'Tis fit the perfidious wretch ſhould be laid open to him, and heaven, for this purpoſe, offers me an eaſy way to do it. I am greatly indebted to it for the opportunity; it is too favourable a one to be neglected, and I ſhould deſerve to have it taken from me now I have it, ſhould I not make uſe on't.

Elmira. Damis ——

Damis. No, by your leave, I muſt take my own counſel. My heart overflows with joy, and all you can ſay would in vain diſſuade me from the pleaſure of avenging myſelf. Without going any farther, I will make an end of the affair, and here's juſt what will give me ſatisfaction.

SCENE V.

ORGON, ELMIRA, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS.

WE are going to entertain you, Sir, with an adventure ſpick and ſpan new, which will very much ſurprize you. You are well rewarded for all your careſſes; and this gentleman makes a fine acknowlegement of your tenderneſs. His great zeal for you is juſt come to light; it aims at nothing leſs than the diſhonour of your bed, and I took him here making an injurious declaration of a criminal love to your wife. She is good-natur'd, and her over great diſcretion, by all means, would have kept the ſecret; but I can't encourage ſuch impudence, and think that not to apprize you of it is to do you an injury.

Elmira. Yes, I am of opinion that one ought never to break in upon a huſband's reſt with ſuch idle ſtuff, that our honour can by no means depend upon it; and that 'tis enough we know how to defend ourſelves. Theſe are my thoughts of the matter; and you would have ſaid nothing, Damis, if I had had any credit with you.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

ORGON.

HEAVENS! what have I heard? is this credible?

Tartuffe. Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, wretch-

ed ſinner, full of iniquity, the greateſt villain that ever breath'd. Every inſtant of my life is crouded with ſtains; 'tis one continued ſeries of crimes and defilements; and I ſee that heaven, for my puniſhment, deſigns to mortify me on this occaſion. Whatever great offence they can lay to my charge, I ſhall have more humility than to deny it. Believe what they tell you, arm your reſentment, and, like a criminal, drive me out of your houſe. I cannot have ſo great a ſhare of ſhame but I have ſtill deſerv'd a much larger.

Orgon to his ſon.] Ah, traitor! dar'ſt thou, by this falſhood, attempt to tarniſh the purity of his virtue?

Damis. What! ſhall the feign'd meekneſs of this hypocritical ſoul make you give the lye ——

Orgon. Thou curs'd plague! hold thy tongue.

Tartuffe. Ah! let him ſpeak; you chide him wrongfully; you had much better believe what he tells you: why ſo favourable to me upon ſuch a fact? Do you know after all what I may be capable of? Can you, my brother, depend upon my outſide? Do you think me the better for what you ſee of me? No, no, you ſuffer yourſelf to be deceived by appearances, and I am neither better nor worſe, alas! than theſe people think me. The world indeed takes me for a very good man, but the truth is, I am a very worthleſs creature. [Turning to Damis.] Yes, my dear child, ſay on, call me treacherous, infamous, reprobate, thief, and murderer; load me with names ſtill more deteſtable; I don't gainſay you; I have deſerv'd them all, and am willing, on my knees, to ſuffer the ignominy, as a ſhame due to the enormities of my life.

Orgon to Tartuffe.] This is too much, brother. [To his ſon.] Does not thy heart relent, traitor?

Damis. What! ſhall his words ſo far deceive you as to ——

Orgon. Hold your tongue, raſcal! [Raiſing Tartuffe.] For heaven's ſake, brother, riſe. [To his ſon.] Infamous wretch!

Damis. He can ——

Orgon. Hold thy tongue.

Damis. Intolerable! What! am I taken for ——

Orgon. Say one other word and I'll break thy bones.

Tartuffe. For heaven's ſake, brother, don't be angry; I had rather ſuffer any hardſhip, than that he ſhould get the ſlighteſt hurt on my account.

Orgon to his ſon.] Ungrateful monſter!

Tartuffe. Let him alone; if I muſt on my knees aſk forgiveneſs for him ——

Orgon throwing himſelf alſo at Tartuffe's feet, and embracing him.] Alas! You are in jeſt, ſure! [To his ſon.] See his goodneſs, ſirrah!

Damis. Then ——

Orgon. Have done.

Damis. What! I ——

Orgon. Peace, I ſay. I know what put you upon this attack well enough; ye all hate him, and I now ſee wife, children, ſervants, are all let looſe againſt him. They impudently try every way to remove this devout perſon from me: but the more they ſtrive to get him out, the greater care will I take to keep him in; and therefore will I haſten his marriage with my daughter, to confound the pride of the whole family.

Damis. Do you think to force her to accept of him?

Orgon. Yes, traitor, and this very evening, to plague you. Nay, I defy you all, and ſhall make you to know that I am maſter, and will be obey'd. Come,

ſirrah, do you recant; immediately throw yourſelf at his feet to beg his pardon.

Damis. Who, I? of this raſcal, who, by his impoſtures ——

Orgon. What, ſcoundrel, do you rebel, and call him names? A cudgel there, a cudgel. [To Tartuffe.] Don't hold me. [To his ſon.] Get you out of my houſe this minute, and never dare to ſet foot into it again.

Damis. Yes, I ſhall go, but ——

Orgon. Quickly then leave the place; ſirrah, I diſinherit thee, and give thee my curſe beſides.

SCENE VII.

ORGON, TARTUFFE.

ORGON.

TO offend a holy perſon in ſuch a manner!

Tartuffe aſide.] O heaven! pardon him the anguiſh he gives me! [To Orgon.] Could you know what a grief it is to me that they ſhould try to blacken me with my dear brother ——

Orgon. Alack-a-day!

Tartuffe. The very thought of this ingratitude wounds me to the very quick! — Lord, what horror! — My heart's ſo full that I can't ſpeak; I think I ſhan't outlive it.

Orgon running all in tears to the door out of which he drove his ſon.] Villain! I'm ſorry my hand ſpar'd, and did not make an end of thee on the ſpot. [To Tartuffe.] Compoſe yourſelf, brother, and don't be troubled.

Tartuffe. Let us by all means put an end to the courſe of theſe unhappy debates; I ſee what uneaſineſs I occaſion here, and think there's a neceſſity, brother, for my leaving your houſe.

Orgon. How? You're not in earneſt ſure?

Tartuffe. They hate me, and ſeek, I ſee, to bring my integrity into queſtion with you.

Orgon. What ſignifies that? Do you ſee me liſten to them?

Tartuffe. They won't ſtop here, you may be ſure; and thoſe very ſtories which you now reject, may one day meet with more credit.

Orgon. No, brother, never.

Tartuffe. Ah! brother, a wife may eaſily deceive a huſband.

Orgon. No, no.

Tartuffe. Suffer me, by removing hence, immediately to remove from them all occaſion of attacking me in this manner.

Orgon. No, you muſt ſtay, or it will coſt me my life.

Tartuffe. Well, then I muſt mortify myſelf. If you would, however ——

Orgon. Ah!

Tartuffe. Be it ſo: let's talk no more about it. But I know how I muſt behave on this occaſion. Honour is delicate, and friendſhip obliges me to prevent reports, and not to give any room for ſuſpicion; I'll ſhun your wife, and you ſhall never ſee me ——

Orgon. No, in ſpite of every body, you ſhall frequently be with her. To vex the world is my greateſt joy, and I'll have you ſeen with her at all hours. This is not all yet; the better to brave them, I'll have no

other heir but you; and I'm going forthwith to ſign you a deed of gift for my whole eſtate. A true and hearty friend, that I fix on for a ſon-in-law, is far dearer to me than either ſon, wife, or kindred. You won't refuſe what I propoſe?

Tartuffe. Heaven's will be done in all things.

Orgon. Poor man! Come, let's get the writings drawn up, and then let envy burſt itſelf with ſpite.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLEANTHES, TARTUFFE.

CLEANTHES.

YES, 'tis in every body's mouth, and you may believe me. The noiſe this rumour makes is not much to your credit; and I have met with you, Sir, very opportunely; to tell you plainly, in two words, my thoughts of the matter. I ſhan't inquire into the ground of what's reported, I paſs that by, and take the thing at worſt. We'll ſuppoſe that Damis has not uſed you well, and that they have accus'd you wrongfully. Is it not the part of a good chriſtian to pardon the offence, and extinguiſh in his heart all deſire of vengeance? Ought you to ſuffer a ſon to be turn'd out of his father's houſe, on account of your differences? I tell you once again, and tell you frankly, there is neither ſmall nor great but are ſcandaliz'd at it. And if you take my advice, you'll make all up, and not puſh matters

to extremity. Sacrifice your reſentment to your duty, and reſtore the ſon to his father's favour.

Tartuffe. Alas! for my own part, I would do it with all my heart; I, Sir, bear him not the leaſt ill-will; I forgive him every thing; I lay nothing to his charge, and would ſerve him with all my ſoul: but the intereſts of heaven cannot admit of it: and if he comes in here again, I muſt go out. After ſuch an unparallel'd action, it would be ſcandalous for me to have any thing to do with him. Heaven knows what all the world would immediately think on't? They would impute it to pure policy in me, and people would every where ſay, that knowing myſelf guilty, I pretended a charitable zeal for my accuſer; that I dreaded him at heart, and would practiſe upon him, that I might, underhand, engage him to ſilence.

Cleanthes. You put us off here with ſham excuſes, and all your reaſons, Sir, are too far fetch'd. Why do you take upon you the intereſts of heaven? has it any occaſion for our aſſiſtance in puniſhing the guilty? Leave, leave the care of it's own vengeance to itſelf, and only think of that pardon of offences, which it preſcribes; have no regard to the judgment of men, when you follow the ſovereign orders of heaven! What! ſhall the paltry intereſt of what people may believe, hinder the glory of a good action! No, no, let us always do what heaven has preſcrib'd, and perplex our heads with no other care.

Tartuffe. I have told you already that I forgive him from my heart, and that is doing, Sir, what heaven ordains; but after the ſcandal and affront of to-day, heaven does not require me to live with him.

Cleanthes. And does it require you, Sir, to lend an

ear to what mere caprice dictates to the father? and to accept of an estate where justice obliges you to make no pretensions?

Tartuffe. Those that know me will never have the thought that this is the effect of an interested spirit. All the riches of this world have few charms for me; I am not dazzled by their false glare, and if I should resolve to accept this present, which the father has a mind to make me, it is, to tell you the truth, only because I'm afraid this means will fall into wicked hands; lest it should come amongst such, as will make an ill use on't in the world, and not lay it out, as I intend to do, for the glory of heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Cleanthes. Oh, entertain none of these very nice scruples, which may occasion the complaints of a right heir. Let him, without giving yourself any trouble, keep his estate at his own peril, and consider that it were better he misus'd it, than that people should accuse you for depriving him of it. I only wonder that you could receive such a proposal without confusion. For, in short, has true zeal any maxim, which shews how to strip a lawful heir of his right? And if it must be that heaven has put into your heart an invincible obstacle to living with Damis, would it not be better, like a man of prudence, that you should fairly retire from hence, than thus to suffer the eldest son, contrary to all reason, to be turn'd out of doors for you? Believe me, Sir, this would give your discretion —

Tartuffe. It is half an hour past three, Sir. Certain devotions call me above stairs, and you'll excuse my leaving you so soon.

Cleanthes alone.] Ah!

SCENE II.

ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

DORINA to Cleanthes.

FOR goodneſs ſake, lend her what aſſiſtance you can, as we do. She's in the greateſt perplexity, Sir, imaginable; the articles her father has concluded for to-night, make her every moment ready to deſpair. He's juſt a-coming, pray let us ſet on him in a body, and try, either by force or cunning, to fruſtrate the unlucky deſign, that has put us all into this conſternation.

SCENE III.

ORGON, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DORINA.

ORGON.

HAH! I'm glad to ſee you all together. [To Mariana.] I bring ſomething in this contract, that will make you ſmile; you already know what this means.

Mariana kneeling to Orgon.] Oh! Sir, in the name of heaven that is a witneſs of my grief, by every thing that can move your heart, forgo a little the right nature has given you, and diſpenſe with my obedience in this particular. Don't compel me, by this hard law, to complain to heaven of the duty I owe you: do not, my father, render the life, which you have given me,

unfortunate. If, contrary to the tender hopes, I might have form'd to myſelf, you won't ſuffer me to be the man's I preſum'd to love; at leaſt, out of your goodneſs, which, upon my knees, I implore, ſave me from the torment of being the man's I abhor; and drive me not to deſpair by exerting your full power over me.

Orgon aſide.] Come, ſtand firm, my heart; no human weakneſs.

Mariana. Your tenderneſs for him gives me no uneaſineſs: ſhew it in the ſtrongeſt manner, give him your eſtate; and if that's not enough, add all mine to it; I conſent with all my heart, and give it up; but at leaſt go not ſo far as to my perſon, ſuffer a convent, with it's auſterities, to wear out the mournful days allotted me by heaven.

Orgon. Ay, theſe are exactly your ſhe devotees, when a father croſſes their wanton inclinations. Get up, get up; the more it goes againſt you, the more you'll merit by it. Mortify your ſenſes by this marriage, and don't din me in the head any more about it.

Dorina. But what ——

Orgon. Hold you your tongue; ſpeak to your own concerns. I abſolutely forbid you to open your lips.

Cleanthes. If you would indulge me, in anſwer, to give one word of advice.

Orgon. Brother, your advice is the beſt in the world; 'tis very rational, and what I have a great value for: but you muſt not take it ill if I don't uſe it now.

Elmira to Orgon.] Seeing what I ſee, I don't know what to ſay; I can but wonder at your blindneſs. You muſt be mightily bewitch'd and prepoſſeſs'd in his favour, to give us the lye upon the fact of to-day.

Orgon. I am your humble ſervant, and believe ap-

pearances. I know your complaiſance for my raſcal of a ſon, and you were afraid to diſavow the trick he would have play'd the poor man. You were, in a word, too little ruffled to gain credit; you would have appear'd to have been mov'd after a different manner.

Elmira. Is it requiſite that our honour ſhould bluſter ſo vehemently at the ſimple declaration of an amorous tranſport? Can there be no reply made to what offends us, without fury in our eyes and invectives in our mouth? For my part, I only laugh at ſuch overtures; and the rout made about them, by no means pleaſes me. I love that we ſhould ſhew our diſcretion with good-nature, and cannot like your ſavage prudes, whoſe honour is arm'd with teeth and claws, and is for tearing a man's eyes out for a word ſpeaking. Heaven preſerve me from ſuch diſcretion! I would have virtue that is not diabolical, and believe that a denial given with a diſcreet coldneſs, is no leſs powerful to give the lover a rebuff.

Orgon. In ſhort I know the whole affair, and ſhall not alter my ſcheme.

Elmira. I admire, ſtill more, at your unaccountable weakneſs: but what anſwer could your incredulity make, ſhould one let you ſee that they told you the truth?

Orgon. See?

Elmira. Ay.

Orgon. Stuff!

Elmira. But how, if I ſhould contrive a way to let you ſee it in a very clear light?

Orgon. A likely ſtory indeed!

Elmira. What a ſtrange man! At leaſt give me an anſwer. I don't ſpeak of your giving credit to us; but ſuppoſe a place could be found, where you might ſee

and overhear all, what would you then ſay of your good man?

Orgon. In this caſe, I ſhould ſay that —— I ſhould ſay nothing: for the thing can't be.

Elmira. You have been too long deluded, and too much have tax'd me with impoſture. 'Tis neceſſary that by way of diverſion, and without going any farther, I ſhould make you a witneſs of all they told you.

Orgon. Do ſo, I take you at your word. We ſhall ſee your addreſs, and how you'll make good your promiſe.

Elmira to Dorina.] Bid him come to me.

Dorina to Elmira.] He has a crafty ſoul of his own, and perhaps it would be a difficult matter to ſurprize him.

Elmira to Dorina.] No, people are eaſily dup'd by what they love, and ſelf-love helps them to deceive themſelves. [To Cleanthes and Mariana.] Call him down to me, and do you retire.

SCENE IV.

ELMIRA, ORGON.

ELMIRA.

NOW do you come and get under this table.

Orgon. Why ſo?

Elmira. 'Tis a neceſſary point that you ſhould be well conceal'd.

Orgon. But why under this table?

Elmira. Lack-a-day! do as I'd have you, I have my deſign in my head, and you ſhall be judge on't.

Place yourſelf there, I tell you, and when you are there, take care that no one either ſees or hears you.

Orgon. I muſt needs ſay, I am very complaiſant: but I muſt ſee you go through your enterprize.

Elmira. You will have nothing, I believe, to reply to me. [To Orgon under the table.] However, as I am going to touch upon a ſtrange affair, don't be ſhock'd by any means. Whatever I may ſay, muſt be allow'd me, as it is to convince you, according to my promiſe. I am going by coxing ſpeeches, ſince I am reduc'd to it, to make this hypocrital ſoul drop the maſk, to flatter the impudent deſires of his love, and give a full ſcope to his boldneſs. Since 'tis for your ſake alone, and to confound him, that I feign a compliance with his deſires, I may give over when you appear, and things need go no farther than you would have them. It lies on you to ſtop his mad purſuit, when you think that matters are carrry'd far enough, to ſpare your wife, and not to expoſe me any farther than is neceſſary to diſabuſe you. This is your intereſt, it lies at your diſcretion, and — He's coming; keep cloſe, and take care not to appear.

SCENE V.

TARTUFFE, ELMIRA, ORGON under the table.

TARTUFFE.

I WAS told you deſir'd to ſpeak with me here.

Elmira. Yes, I have ſecrets to diſcover to you; but pull to that door before I tell them you, and look about,

for fear of a ſurprize. [Tartuffe goes and ſhuts the door and returns.] We muſt not ſurely make ſuch a buſineſs on't, as the other was juſt now. I never was in ſuch a ſurprize in my whole life: Damis put me into a terrible fright for you; and you ſaw very well that I did my utmoſt to baffle his deſigns, and moderate his paſſion. I was under ſo much concern, 'tis true, that I had not the thought of contradicting him; but, thanks to heaven, every thing was the better for that, and things are put upon a ſurer footing. The eſteem you are in laid that ſtorm, and my huſband can have no ſuſpicion of you. The better to ſet the rumour of ill tongues at defiance, he deſires we ſhould be always together; and from thence it is, that without fear of blame I can be lock'd up with you here alone, and this is what juſtifies me in laying open to you a heart, a little perhaps, too forward in admitting of your paſſion.

Tartuffe. This language, madam, is difficult enough to comprehend, and you talk'd in another kind of ſtile but juſt now.

Elmira. Alas! if ſuch a refuſal diſobliges you, how little do you know the heart of a woman! and how little do you know what it means, when we make ſo feeble a defence? Our modeſty will always combat, in theſe moments, thoſe tender ſentiments you may inſpire us with. Whatever reaſon we may find for the paſſion that ſubdues us, we ſhall always be a little aſham'd to own it: we defend ourſelves at firſt, but by the air with which we go about it, we give you ſufficiently to know, that our heart ſurrenders; that our words oppoſe our wiſhes for the ſake of honour, and that ſuch refuſals promiſe every thing. Without doubt this is making a very free confeſſion to you, and having regard

little enough to the modeſty that belongs to us; but in ſhort, ſince the word has ſlipt me, ſhould I have been bent ſo much upon reſtraining Damis? Should I, pray, with ſo much mildneſs, have hearken'd to the offer at large which you made of your heart? Should I have took the thing, as you ſaw I did, if the offer of your heart had had nothing in it to pleaſe me? And when I myſelf would have forc'd you to refuſe the match which had juſt been propos'd: What is it this inſtance ſhould have given you to underſtand, but the intereſt one was inclined to take in you, and the diſquiet it would have given me, that the knot reſolv'd on, ſhould at leaſt divide a heart which I wanted to have wholly my own?

Tartuffe. 'Tis, no doubt, madam, an extreme pleaſure to hear theſe words from the lips one loves; their honey plentifully diffuſes through every ſenſe a ſweetneſs I never before taſted. My ſupreme ſtudy is the happineſs of pleaſing you, and my heart counts your affection it's beatitude; but you muſt excuſe this heart, madam, if it preſumes to doubt a little of it's felicity. I can fancy theſe words to be only a ſort of artifice to make me break off the match that's upon the concluſion; and if I may, with freedom, explain myſelf to you, I ſhall not rely upon this ſo tender language, till ſome of the favours which I ſigh after, aſſure me of the ſincerity of what may be ſaid, and fix in my mind a firm belief of the tranſporting goodneſs you intend me.

Elmira coughing to give her huſband notice.] What! proceed ſo faſt? Would you exhauſt the tenderneſs of one's heart at once? One does violence to one's ſelf in making you the moſt melting declaration; but at the ſame time this is not enough for you, and one cannot advance ſo far as to ſatisfy you, unleſs one puſhes the affair to the laſt favours.

Tartuffe. The leſs one deſerves a bleſſing, the leſs one preſumes to hope for it; our love can hardly have a full reliance upon diſcourſes; one eaſily ſuſpects a condition full fraught with happineſs, and one would enjoy it before one believes it. For my particular, who know I ſo little deſerve your favours, I doubt the ſucceſs of my raſhneſs, and I ſhall believe nothing, madam, 'till by realities you have convinc'd my paſſion.

Elmira. Good-lack! how your love plays the very tyrant! What a ſtrange confuſion it throws me into! With what a furious ſway does it govern the heart! and with what violence it puſhes for what it deſires! What, is there no getting clear of your purſuit? Do you allow one no time to take breath? Is it decent to perſiſt with ſo great rigour? To inſiſt upon the things you demand without quarter? To abuſe in this manner, by your preſſing efforts, the foible you ſee people have for you?

Tartuffe. But if you regard my addreſſes with a favourable eye, why do you refuſe me convincing proofs of it?

Elmira. But how can one comply with your deſires, without offending that heaven which you are always talking off?

Tartuffe. If nothing but heaven obſtructs my wiſhes, 'tis a trifle with me to remove ſuch an obſtacle, and that need be no reſtraint upon your love.

Elmira. But they ſo terrify us with the judgments of heaven ——

Tartuffe. I can diſſipate thoſe ridiculous terrors for you, madam; I have the knack of eaſing ſcruples. Heaven, 'tis true, forbids certain gratifications. But then there are ways of compounding thoſe matters. It is

a ſcience to ſtretch the ſtrings of conſcience according to the different exigences of the caſe, and to rectify the immorality of the action by the purity of our intention. Theſe are ſecrets, madam, I can inſtruct you in; you have nothing to do, but paſſively to be conducted. Satisfy my deſire, and fear nothing, I'll anſwer for you, and will take the ſin upon myſelf. [Elmira coughs loud.] You cough very much, madam.

Elmira. Yes, I am on the rack.

Tartuffe preſenting her with a paper.] Will you pleaſe to have a bit of this liquorice?

Elmira. 'Tis an obſtinate cold, without doubt, and I am ſatisfy'd that all the liquorice in the world will do no good in this caſe.

Tartuffe. It is, to be ſure, very troubleſome.

Elmira. Ay, more than one can expreſs.

Tartuffe. In ſhort your ſcruple, madam, is eaſily overcome. You are ſure of it's being an inviolable ſecret here, and the harm never conſiſts in any thing but the noiſe one makes; the ſcandal of the world is what makes the offence; and ſinning in private is no ſinning at all.

Elmira after coughing again, and ſtriking upon the table.] In ſhort, I ſee that I muſt reſolve to yield, that I muſt conſent to grant you every thing; and that with leſs than this I ought not to expect that you ſhould be ſatisfy'd, or give over. It is indeed very hard to go that length, and I get over it much againſt my will: but ſince you are obſtinately bent upon reducing me to it, and ſince you won't believe any thing that can be ſaid, but ſtill inſiſt on more convincing teſtimony, one muſt e'en reſolve upon it, and ſatisfy people. And if this gratification carries any offence in it, ſo much the

worſe for him who forces me to this violence; the fault certainly ought not to be laid at my door.

Tartuffe. Yes, madam, I take it upon myſelf, and the thing in itſelf ——

Elmira. Open the door a little, and pray look if my huſband be not in that gallery.

Tartuffe. What need you take ſo much care about him? Betwixt us two, he's a man to be led by the noſe. He will take a pride in all our converſations, and I have wrought him up to the point of ſeeing every thing, without believing any thing.

Elmira. That ſignifies nothing, pray go out a little, and look carefully all about.

SCENE VI.

ORGON, ELMIRA.

ORGON coming from under the table.

AN abominable fellow, I vow! I can't recover myſelf; this perfectly ſtuns me.

Elmira. How! do you come out ſo ſoon? You make fools of people; get under the table again, ſtay to the very laſt, to ſee things ſure, and don't truſt to bare conjectures.

Orgon. No, nothing more wicked ever came from hell.

Elmira. Dear heart, you muſt not believe too lightly; ſuffer yourſelf to be fully convinc'd, before you yield, and don't be too haſty for fear of a miſtake.

[Elmira places Orgon behind her.

SCENE VII.

TARTUFFE, ELMIRA, ORGON.

TARTUFFE not ſeeing Orgon.

EVERY thing conſpires, madam, to my ſatisfaction. I have ſurvey'd this whole apartment; no-body's there, and my raviſh'd ſoul ——

[Tartuffe going with open arms to embrace Elmira, ſhe retires, and Tartuffe ſees Orgon.

Orgon ſtopping Tartuffe.] Gently, gently; you are too eager in your amours; you ſhould not be ſo furious. Ah, ha, good man! you intended me a creſt, I ſuppoſe! Good-lack, how you abandon yourſelf to temptations! What! you'd marry my daughter, and had a huge ſtomach to my wife! I was a long while in doubt whether all was in good earneſt, and always thought you would change your tone; but this is puſhing the proof far enough; I am now ſatisfy'd, and want, for my part, no farther conviction.

Elmira to Tartuffe.] The part I have play'd was contrary to my inclination; but they reduc'd me to the neceſſity of treating you in this manner.

Tartuffe to Orgon.] What! do you believe ——

Orgon. Come, pray no noiſe; turn out, and without ceremony.

Tartuffe. My deſign ——

Orgon. Theſe ſpeeches are no longer in ſeaſon; you muſt troop off forthwith.

Tartuffe. 'Tis you muſt troop off, you who ſpeak ſo magiſterially. The houſe belongs to me, I'll make you

know

know it, and ſhall plainly ſhew you, that you have recourſe in vain to theſe baſe tricks, to pick a quarrel with me; that you don't think where you are when you injure me; that I have wherewithal to confound and puniſh impoſture, to avenge offended heaven, and make them repent it who talk here of turning me out o' doors.

SCENE VIII.

ELMIRA, ORGON.

ELMIRA.

WHAT language is this? And what can it mean?

Orgon. In truth I'm all confuſion, and have no room to laugh.

Elmira How ſo?

Orgon. I ſee my fault by what he ſays, and the deed of gift perplexes me.

Elmira. The deed of gift?

Orgon. Ay, 'tis done; but I have ſomewhat elſe that diſturbs me too.

Elmira. And what's that?

Orgon. You ſhall know the whole; but let's go immediately and ſee if a certain caſket is above ſtairs.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

ORGON, CLEANTHES.

CLEANTHES.

WHITHER would you run?

Orgon. Alas! how can I tell?

Cleanthes. I think we ought, the first thing we do, to consult together what may be done at this juncture.

Orgon. This casket intirely confounds me. It gives me even more vexation than all the rest.

Cleanthes. This casket then is some mystery of importance.

Orgon. It is a depositе that Argas, my lamented friend himself committed as a great secret to my keeping. When he fled, he pitch'd on me for this purpose; and these are the papers, as he told me, whereon his life and fortune depend.

Cleanthes. Why then did you trust them in other hands?

Orgon. Merely out of a scruple of conscience. I went straight to impart the secret to my traitor, and his casuistry over-persuaded me rather to give him the casket to keep; so that to deny it, in case of any inquiry, I might have the relief of a subterfuge ready at hand, whereby my conscience would have been very secure in taking an oath contrary to the truth.

Cleanthes. You are in a bad situation, at least, if I may believe appearances; both the deed of gift, and the trust repos'd, are, to speak my sentiments to you, steps which you have taken very inconsiderately. One might

carry you great lengths by ſuch pledges; and this fellow having theſe advantages over you, it is ſtill a great imprudence in you to urge him; and you ought to think of ſome gentler method.

Orgon. What! under the fair appearance of ſuch affectionate zeal, to conceal ſuch a double heart, and a ſoul ſo wicked! And that I, who took him in poor and indigent —— 'Tis over, I renounce all pious folks. I ſhall henceforth have an utter abhorrence of them, and ſhall become, for their ſakes, worſe than a devil.

Cleanthes. Mighty well; here are ſome of your extravagences! You never preſerve a moderate temper in any thing. Right reaſon and yours are very different, and you are always throwing yourſelf out of one extreme into another. You ſee your error, and are ſenſible that you have been impos'd on by a hypocritical zeal, but in order to reform, what reaſon is there that you ſhould be guilty of a worſe miſtake; and that you ſhould make no difference between the heart of a perfidious worthleſs wretch, and thoſe of all honeſt people? What! becauſe a raſcal has impudently impos'd upon you under the pompous ſhew of an auſtere grimace, will you needs have it that every body's like him, and that there are no devout people to be found in the world? Leave theſe fooliſh conſequences to libertines; diſtinguiſh between virtue and the appearance of it; never hazard your eſteem too ſuddenly; and, in order to this, keep the mean you ſhould do; guard, if poſſible, againſt doing honour to impoſture; but, at the ſame time, don't injure true zeal; and, if you muſt fall into one extreme, rather offend again on the other ſide.

SCENE II.

ORGON, CLEANTHES, DAMIS.

DAMIS.

WHAT, Sir, is it true that the raſcal threatens you? That he has quite forgot every favour he has receiv'd? And that his baſe abominable pride arms your own goodneſs againſt yourſelf?

Orgon. Yes, ſon, and it gives me inconceivable vexation.

Damis. Let me alone, I'll ſlice both his ears off. There's no dallying with ſuch inſolence as his. I'll undertake to rid you of your fears at once; and to put an end to the affair, I muſt do his buſineſs for him.

Cleanthes. That's ſpoke exactly like a young fellow. Pray moderate theſe violent tranſports; we live in an age, and under a government, in which violence is but a bad way to promote our affairs.

SCENE III.

Madam PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

Madam PERNELLE.

WHAT's all this? I hear terrible myſteries here.

Orgon. They are novelties that I am an eye-witneſs to; you ſee how finely I am fitted for my care. I kindly pick up a fellow in miſery, entertain and treat

him like my own brother, heap daily favours on him; I give him my daughter and my whole fortune; when at the same time the perfidious, infamous wretch, forms the black design of seducing my wife: and not content with these base attemps, he dares to menace me with my own favours, and would make use of those advantages to my ruin, which my too indiscreet good-nature put into his hands; to turn me out of my estate, which I made over to him, and to reduce me to that condition from which I rescu'd him.

Dorina. The poor man!

Madam Pernelle. I can never believe, son, he could commit so black an action.

Orgon. How?

Madam Pernelle. Good people are always envy'd.

Orgon. What would you insinuate, mother, by this discourse?

Madam Pernelle. Why, that there are strange doings at your house; and the ill-will they bear him is but too evident.

Orgon. What has this ill-will to do with what has been told you?

Madam Pernelle. I have told you an hundred times when you were a little one,

That virtue here is persecuted ever;
That envious men my die, but envy never.

Orgon. But what is all this to the present purpose?

Madam Pernelle. They have trump'd up to you a hundred idle stories against him.

Orgon. I have told you already, that I saw it all my own self.

Madam Pernelle. The malice of scandal-mongers is very great.

Orgon. You'll make me ſwear, mother. I tell you that I ſaw, with my own eyes, a crime ſo audacious —

Madam Pernelle. Tongues never want for venom to ſpit; nothing here below can be proof againſt them.

Orgon. This is holding a very ſenſeleſs argument! I ſaw it, I ſay, ſaw it; with my own eyes I ſaw it. What you call, ſaw it. Muſt I din it a hundred times into your ears, and bawl as loud as four folks?

Madam Pernelle. Dear heart! appearances very often deceive us. You muſt not always judge by what you ſee.

Orgon. I ſhall run mad.

Madam Pernelle. Nature is liable to falſe ſuſpicions, and good is oftentimes miſconſtru'd evil.

Orgon. Ought I to conſtrue charitably his deſire of kiſſing my wife?

Madam Pernelle. You ought never to accuſe any body but upon good grounds; and you ſhould have ſtaid till you had ſeen the thing certain.

Orgon. What the devil! how ſhould I be more certain? Then, mother, I ſhould have ſtaid till he had— You'll make me ſay ſome fooliſh thing or other.

Madam Pernelle. In ſhort, his ſoul burns with too pure a flame, and I can't let it enter my thoughts that he could attempt the things that are laid to his charge.

Orgon. Go, if you were not my mother I don't know what I might ſay to you, my paſſion is ſo great!

Dorina to Orgon.] The juſt return, Sir, of things here below: time was you would believe no-body, and now you can't be believ'd yourſelf.

Cleanthes. We are waſting that time in mere trifles, which ſhould be ſpent in taking meaſures; we ſhou'dn't ſleep when a knave threatens.

Damis. What! can his impudence come to this pitch?

Elmira. I can ſcarce think this inſtance poſſible, for my part; his ingratitude would in this be too viſible.

Cleanthes to Orgon.] Don't you depend upon that, he will be cunning enough to give the colour of reaſon for what he does againſt you; and for a leſs matter than this, the weight of a cabal has involv'd people in diſmal labyrinths. I tell you once again, that, arm'd with what he has, you ſhould never have urg'd him ſo far.

Orgon. That's true; but what could I do in the affair? I was not maſter of my reſentments at the haughtineſs of the traitor.

Cleanthes. I wiſh, with all my heart, that there could be any ſhadow of a peace patch'd up between you.

Elmira. Had I but known how well he had been arm'd, I ſhould never have made ſuch an alarm about the matter, and my —

Orgon to Dorina, ſeeing Mr. Loyal coming.] What would that man have? Go quickly and aſk. I'm in a fine condition to have people come to ſee me.

SCENE IV.

ORGON, Madam PERNELLE, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, DAMIS, DORINA, Mr. LOYAL.

Mr. LOYAL to Dorina at the farther part of the ſtage.

GOOD-MORROW, child; pray let me ſpeak to your maſter.

Dorina. He's in company, and I doubt he can ſee no-body now.

Mr. Loyal. Nay, I am not for being troubleſome here.

I believe my coming will have nothing in it that will diſpleaſe him; I come upon an affair that he'll be very glad of.

Dorina. Your name, pray?

Mr. Loyal. Only tell him that I come on the part of Mr. Tartuffe, for his good.

Dorina to Orgon.] 'Tis a man who comes in a civil way, upon buſineſs from Mr. Tartuffe, which he ſays you won't diſlike.

Cleanthes to Orgon.] You muſt ſee who this man is, and what he wants.

Orgon to Cleanthes.] Perhaps he comes to make us friends. How ſhall I behave myſelf to him?

Cleanthes. Be ſure don't be angry, and if he ſpeaks of an agreement you muſt liſten to him.

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] Save you, Sir! Heav'n blaſt the man would wrong you, and may it be as favourable to you as I wiſh.

Orgon aſide to Cleanthes.] This mild beginning favours my conjecture, and already forebodes ſome accommodation.

Mr. Loyal. I always had a prodigious value for all your family, and was ſervant to the gentleman your father.

Orgon. Sir, I am much aſham'd, and aſk pardon that I don't know you, or your name.

Mr. Loyal. My name is Loyal, Sir, by birth a Norman, and I am tipſtaff to the court in ſpite of envy. I have had the good fortune, for forty years together, to fill that office, thanks to heaven, with great honour; I come, Sir, with your leave, to ſignify to you the execution of a certain decree.

Orgon. What! are you here ——

Mr. Loyal. Sir, without paſſion, 'tis nothing but a

ſummons, an order to remove hence, you and yours, to take out your goods, and to make way for others, without remiſſion or delay, ſo that 'tis neceſſary ——

Orgon. I go from hence?

Mr. Loyal. Yes, Sir, if you pleaſe. The houſe at preſent, as you know but too well, belongs to good Mr. Tartuffe, without diſpute. He is henceforward lord and maſter of your eſtate, by virtue of a contract I have in charge. 'Tis in due form, and not to be conteſted.

Damis to Mr. Loyal.] Moſt certainly 'tis prodigious impudence, and what I can't but admire!

Mr. Loyal to Damis.] Sir, my buſineſs is not with you, [pointing to Orgon.] but with this gentleman, who is mild and reaſonable, and knows the duty of an honeſt man too well to oppoſe authority.

Orgon. But ——

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] Yes, Sir, I know you would not rebel for a million, and that, like a good honeſt gentleman, you will ſuffer me here to execute the orders I have receiv'd.

Damis. You may chance, Mr. Tipſtaff, to get your black jacket well bruſh'd here.

Mr. Loyal to Orgon.] Either, Sir, cauſe your ſon to be ſilent or withdraw. I ſhould be very loth to put pen to paper, and ſee your names in my information.

Dorina aſide.] This Mr. Loyal has a diſloyal ſort of look with him!

Mr. Loyal. I have a great deal of tenderneſs for all honeſt people, and ſhouldnot, Sir, have charg'd myſelf with theſe writs but to ſerve and oblige you; and to prevent another's being pitch'd on, who not having the love for you which I have, might have proceeded in a leſs gentle manner.

Orgon. And what can be worſe than to order people to go out of their houſe?

Mr. Loyal. Why, you are allow'd time. And, till to-morrow, I ſhall ſuſpend, Sir, the execution of the warrant. I ſhall only come and paſs the night here with half a ſcore of folks, without noiſe or ſcandal. For form's ſake, if you pleaſe, the keys of the door muſt, before you go to bed, be brought me. I'll take care your reſt ſhan't be diſturb'd, and ſuffer nothing that is improper to be done. But to-morrow morning you muſt be ready to clear the houſe of every the leaſt utenſil. My people ſhall aſſiſt you; and I have pick'd out a ſet of luſty fellows, that they may do you the more ſervice in your removal. No-body can uſe you better, in my opinion; and as I treat you with great indulgence, I conjure you, Sir, to make a good uſe on't, and to give me no diſturbance in the execution of my office.

Orgon aſide.] I'd give, juſt now, a hundred of the beſt Louis d'ors I have left, for the power and pleaſure of laying one ſound blow on your aſsſhip's muzzle.

Cleanthes aſide to Orgon.] Give over; don't let's make things worſe.

Damis. This impudence is too great; I can hardly refrain; my fingers itch to be at him.

Dorina. Faith, Mr. Brauny-back'd Loyal, ſome thwacks of a cudgel would by no means ſit ill upon you.

Mr, Loyal. Thoſe infamous words are puniſhable, ſweet-heart; there's law againſt women too.

Cleanthes to Mr. Loyal.] Let us come to a concluſion, Sir, with this; 'tis enough; pray give up your paper of indulgence, and leave us.

Mr. Loyal. Good byt'ye. Heaven bleſs you all together!

Orgon. And confound both thee and him that ſent thee!

SCENE V.

ORGON, Madam PERNELLE, ELMIRA, CEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

ORGON.

WELL, mother, you ſee whether I am in the right or no; and you may judge of the reſt by the warrant. Do you at length perceive his treacheries?

Madam Pernelle. I am ſtunn'd, and am tumbling from the clouds.

Dorina to Orgon.] You complain without a cauſe, and blame him wrongfully; this does but confirm his pious intentions. His virtue is made perfect in the love of his neighbour; he knows, very often, that riches ſpoil the man; and he would only, out of pure charity, take from you every thing that may obſtruct your ſalvation.

Orgon. Hold your tongue. Muſt I always be repeating that to you?

Cleanthes to Orgon.] Come, let's conſult what's proper for you to do.

Elmira. Go and expoſe the audaciouſneſs of the ungrateful wretch. This proceeding of his invalidates the contract; and his perfidiouſneſs muſt needs appear too black to let him have the ſucceſs we are apt to ſurmiſe.

SCENE VI.

VALERE, ORGON, Madam PERNELLE, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, DAMIS, DORINA.

VALERE.

'TIS with regret, Sir, I come to afflict you; but I am conſtrain'd to't by the imminence of the danger. A very intimate friend of mine, who knows the intereſt I ought to take in every thing that may concern you, has for my ſake violated, by a delicate ſtep, the ſecrecy due to the affairs of ſtate, and has juſt ſent me advice, the conſequence of which reduces you to the expedient of a ſudden flight. The rogue who has long impos'd on you, has thought fit, an hour ago, to accuſe you to your prince, and to put into his hands, among other darts he ſhoots at you, the important caſket of a ſtate-criminal, of which, ſays he, in contempt of the duty of a ſubject, you have kept the guilty ſecret. I am not inform'd of the detail of the crime laid to your charge, but an order is iſſued out againſt your perſon, and to execute it the better, he himſelf is appointed to accompany the perſon that is to arreſt you.

Cleanthes. Now are his pretenſions arm'd, and this is the way that the traitor ſeeks to make himſelf maſter of your eſtate.

Orgon. The man, I muſt own, is a vile animal!

Valere. The leaſt delay may be fatal to you; I have my coach at the door to carry you off, with a thouſand Louis d'ors that here I bring you. Let's loſe no time,

the ſhaft is thrown, and theſe blows are only parried by flight. I offer myſelf to conduct you to a place of ſafety, and to accompany you in your eſcape, even to the laſt.

Orgon. Alas! what do I not owe to your obliging care! I muſt take another time to thank you, and I beſeech heaven to be ſo propitious to me, that I may one day acknowlege this generous ſervice. Farewel, take care the reſt of you ——

Cleanthes. Go quickly; we ſhall take care, brother, to do what is proper.

SCENE VII.

TARTUFFE, An EXEMPT, Madam PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, CLEANTHES, MARIANA, VALERE, DAMIS, DORINA.

TARTUFFE ſtopping Orgon.

SOFTLY, Sir, ſoftly, don't run ſo faſt, you ſhan't go far to find you a lodging; we take you priſoner in the king's name.

Orgon. Traitor, thou haſt reſerv'd this ſhaft for the laſt: 'tis the ſtroke by which thou art to diſpatch me, and this crowns all the reſt of thy perfidies,

Tartuffe. Your abuſes have nothing in them that can incenſe me; I'm inſtructed to ſuffer every thing for the ſake of heaven.

Cleanthes. The moderation is great, I muſt confeſs.

Damis. How impudently the varlet ſports with heaven!

Tartuffe. All your raving can't move me; I think of nothing but doing my duty.

Mariana. You have much glory to expect from hence; this employ is a mighty honourable one for you.

Tartuffe. The employ can't be other than glorious, when it proceeds from the power that ſent me hither.

Orgon. But do you remember, ungrateful wretch, that my charitable hand rais'd you from a miſerable condition?

Tartuffe. Yes, I know what ſuccours I might receive from thence, but the intereſt of my prince is my higheſt duty: the juſt obligation whereof ſtifles in my heart all other acknowlegements; and I could ſacrifice to ſo powerful a tye, friend, wife, kindred, and myſelf to boot.

Elmira. The hypocrite!

Dorina. How artfully he can make a cloke of what is ſacred!

Cleanthes. But if the zeal that puts you on, and with which you trick yourſelf out, is ſo perfect as you ſay it is, how came it not to ſhew itſelf 'till he found means of ſurprizing you ſolliciting his wife? How came you not to think of informing againſt him, 'till his honour oblig'd him to drive you out of his houſe? I don't ſay, that the making over his whole eſtate to you lately ſhould draw you from your duty; but intending to treat him, as now you do, like a criminal, why did you conſent to take any thing from him?

Tartuffe to the Exempt.] I beg you, Sir, to free me from this clamour, and be pleas'd to do as you are order'd.

Exempt. Yes, 'tis certainly delaying the execution too long; you invite me to't *a propos*; and to execute my order, follow me immediately to the priſon, which we are to allot you for your habitation.

Tartuffe. Who? I, Sir?

Exempt. Yes, you.

Tartuffe. Why to priſon, pray?

Exempt. You are not the perſon I ſhall give an account to. [To Orgon.] Do you, Sir, compoſe yourſelf after ſo warm a ſurprize. We live under a prince who is an enemy to fraud, a prince whoſe eyes penetrate into the heart, and whom all the art of impoſtors can't deceive. His great ſoul is furniſh'd with a fine diſcernment, and always takes things in a right light; there's nothing gets too much footing by ſurprize, and his ſolid reaſon falls into no exceſs. He beſtows laſting glory on men of worth, but he diſpenſes his favours without blindneſs, and his love for the ſincere does not forecloſe his heart againſt the horror that's due to thoſe that are otherwiſe. Even this perſon was not able to ſurprize him, and we find he keeps clear of the moſt ſubtile ſnares. He ſoon pierc'd through all the baſeneſs contain'd within his heart. Coming to accuſe you, he betray'd himſelf, and, by a juſt ſtroke of divine judgment, he diſcover'd himſelf to be a notorious rogue, of whom his majeſty had receiv'd information under another name; the whole detail of whoſe horrid crimes is long enough to fill volumes of hiſtories. This monarch, in a word, deteſting his ingratitude and undutifulneſs to you, to his other confuſions hath added the following, and hath ſent me under his direction, only to ſee how far his aſſurance would carry him, and to oblige him to give you full ſatisfaction. He wills, moreover, that I ſhould ſtrip the traitor of all your papers to which he pretends a right, and give them you. By dint of ſovereign power he diſſolves the obligation of the contract, which gives him your eſtate, and he pardons, moreover, this ſecret offence in which the retreat of your friend involv'd you; and this recompenſe he be-

ſtows for the zeal he ſaw you formerly ſhew'd in maintaining his rights: to let you ſee that his heart knows, even when 'tis leaſt expected, how to recompenſe a good action: that merit with him is never loſt, and that he much better remembers good than evil.

Dorina. May heaven be prais'd!

Madam Pernelle. Now I begin to revive.

Elmira. Favourable ſucceſs!

Mariana. Who could have foretold this?

Orgon to Tartuffe as the Exempt leads him off.] Well, traitor, there you are ——

SCENE THE LAST.

Madam PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRA, MARIANA, CLEANTHES, VALERE, DAMIS, DORINA.

CLEANTHES.

NAY, brother, hold, and don't deſcend to indignities; leave the wretch to his evil deſtiny, and don't add to the remorſe that oppreſſes him. Much rather wiſh that his heart may now happily become a convert to virtue; that he may reform his life, through deteſtation of his crimes, and may ſoften the juſtice of a glorious prince; while, for his goodneſs, you go, and, on your knees make the due returns for his lenity to you.

Orgon. Yes, 'tis well ſaid. Let us, with joy, go throw ourſelves at his royal feet, to glory in the goodneſs which he generouſly diſplays to us; then, having acquitted ourſelves of this firſt duty, 'twill be neceſſary we ſhould apply ourſelves, with juſt care, to another;

With Hymen's tend'reſt joys to crown Valere,
The generous lover, and the friend ſincere.

THE END.

SQUIRE

LUBBERLY.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.
ORONTES.
JULIA, daughter to Orontes.
NERINA, a woman of intrigue, pretending to be a woman of Picardy.
LUCETTA, a pretended Gascoon.
ERASTUS, lover to Julia.
SERIGANI, a Neopolitan, a man of intrigue.
First PHYSICIAN.
Second PHYSICIAN.
APOTHECARY.
COUNTRY-MAN.
COUNTRY-WOMAN.
First MUSICIAN.
Second MUSICIAN.
First COUNSELLOR.
Second COUNSELLOR.
First SWISS.
Second SWISS.
OFFICER.
Two SOLDIERS.
Several Musicians, Players upon instruments, and Dancers.

SCENE PARIS.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JULIA, ERASTUS, NERINA.

JULIA.

FOR heaven's ſake! Eraſtus, let's take care of being ſurpriz'd —— I tremble leſt we ſhould be ſeen together: 'twould ruin all, after the command I've had to the contrary.

Eraſtus. I look every way, and ſee nothing.

Julia to Nerina.] Do you too, Nerina, keep a watchful eye, and be very careful that no body comes.

Nerina retiring to the farther end of the ſtage.] Rely on me, and ſpeak boldly what you have to ſay to one another.

Julia. Have you thought of any thing that may be of ſervice in our affair, Eraſtus? And d'ye believe it poſſible to prevent this impertinent match which my father has got in his head?

Eraſtus. At leaſt let's earneſtly endeavour it; and we have already prepar'd a good number of batteries to overturn this ridiculous deſign.

Nerina running to Julia.] I'faith, here's your father!

Julia. Ah! let's part immediately.

Nerina. No, no, no; don't ſtir, I was miſtaken.

Julia. Bleſs me! Nerina, what a fool you are to put us in theſe frights!

Eraſtus. Yes, charming Julia, we've contriv'd abundance of machines for that purpoſe, and ſha'n't fail to ſet them all at work, ſince you have given me leave. Don't inquire what ſtratagems we ſhall employ, you ſhall have the diverſion of them; and as, at a comedy, 'tis good to let you have the pleaſure of being ſurpriz'd, without informing you of all that's going to be ſhewn, ſo 'tis ſufficient now to tell you, that we've ſeveral projects in hand ready to produce upon occaſion, and that the ingenious Nerina, and the dextrous Sbrigani undertake the buſineſs.

Nerina. To be ſure, your father's in the wrong to think of peſtering you with his counſellor of Limoges, Squire Lubberly, whom he never ſaw in his whole life, and who's now coming by the ſtage-coach to carry you off before our eyes: ſhould three or four thouſand crowns more, upon the word of your uncle, make him reject a lover that you like? And could ſuch a creature as you are be form'd for a Limoſin? If he has an inclination to marry, why doesn't he take one of his own countrywomen, and let chriſtians be at peace? The very name of Squire Lubberly puts me in a terrible paſſion. I'm provok'd at Squire Lubberly. Was it only for that name Lubberly, it ſhould coſt me dear or I'd break off the match. You ſhall not be Mrs. Lubberly. Lubberly! Can a body endure it? No, Lubberly is what I cannot bear, and therefore we'll make ſuch ſport with him, and play him ſo many tricks one after another, that we'll ſend this Squire Lubberly back again to Limoges.

Eraſtus. Here's our cunning Neapolitan, who will tell us news.

SCENE II.

JULIA, ERASTUS, SBRIGANI, NERINA.

SBRIGANI.

SIR, your man is come, I ſaw him three leagues off where the coach lay: I've ſtudy'd him a good half hour in the kitchen, whither he went down to breakfaſt, and I have him already by heart. As for his figure, I'll ſay nothing to you of it, you'll ſee what an air nature has beſtow'd upon him, and whether his dreſs is not exactly anſwerable. But for his underſtanding, I beforehand aſſure you 'tis the dulleſt that ever was, and we ſhall find him intirely fit to work upon, as we've a mind. He's a man, in ſhort, that will fall into all the ſnares that people will lay for him.

Eraſtus. Is this true that you tell us?

Sbrigani. Ay, if I've any ſkill in mankind.

Nerina. This is a famous man, madam: your affair could not be put into better hands; he's the hero of our age for the exploits he performs; a man that, for the ſervice of his friends, has twenty times in his life generouſly brav'd the gallies. One who, at the hazard of his arms and ſhoulders, knows excellently well how to put an end to the moſt difficult enterprizes, and who, ſuch as you ſee him, was baniſh'd from his country for I know not how many honourable actions which he generouſly engag'd in.

Sbrigani. I'm confounded at the praiſes with which you honour me, and might much more juſtly extol the wonders of your life; and particularly the glory you

acquir'd, when, with ſo much honeſty, you play'd with the young foreign nobleman that was brought to your houſe, and bubbled him of twelve thouſand crowns; when you handſomly trump'd up that falſe contract which was the ruin of a whole family; when with ſuch greatneſs of ſoul you could deny the pledge you was intruſted with; and when you bravely gave your evidence to hang a couple of perſons that were innocent.

Nerina. Theſe are trifles not worth mentioning, and your compliments make me bluſh.

Sbrigani. I'll ſpare your modeſty, and we'll have no more on't; but to begin our buſineſs, let's inſtantly go find our country-ſquire, while on your part you get all the other actors of the comedy in a readineſs againſt we want them.

Eraſtus. Do you, madam, be mindful of your part; and the better to conceal our aim, pretend, as you've been inſtructed, that you are perfectly well pleaſed with the reſolutions of your father.

Julia. If it depended only on that, matters would go wondrous well.

Eraſtus. But, dear Julia, ſuppoſe all our contrivances ſhould be unſucceſsful.

Julia. I'll declare my real inclinations to my father.

Eraſtus. And if he ſhould perſiſt in his deſign, contrary to your inclinations?

Julia. I'd threaten him to put myſelf into a nunnery.

Eraſtus. But if, notwithſtanding all that, he ſhould endeavour to force you to this match?

Julia. What would you have me ſay t'ye?

Eraſtus. What would I have you ſay to me?

Julia. Yes.

Eraſtus. What one that really loves would ſay.

Julia. What's that?

Eraſtus. That nothing ſhall force you, but that in ſpite of all your father's endeavours, you promiſe to be mine.

Julia. Heavens! Eraſtus, content yourſelf with what I'm now doing, and attempt not to find out what the future reſolutions of my heart may be, nor perplex me in my duty by propoſing the laſt ſad expedient, which perhaps we may have no need of; but however, permit me, if it muſt be ſo, to be led into it by the courſe of things.

Eraſtus. Well then ——

Sbrigani. Faith, here's our man, let's look about us.

Nerina. O what a figure he is!

SCENE III.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY turning to the ſide he came on, and talking to the people who are following him.

WELL, what? What's the matter? What's here to do? Would the fooliſh city and the fooliſh folk in it were at the devil! Can't a man go along without having a parcel of numſkuls gaping and grinning at him? Eh, ye cocknies, mind your own buſineſs, and let people paſs without twittering in their faces. Deuce take me an I don't thruſt my fiſt in the firſt man's face I ſee laugh.

Sbrigani ſpeaking to the people.] What's the matter, gentlemen? What does this mean? Who have you got amongſt ye? Is it fitting to make game in this manner of gentlemen ſtrangers that come hither?

Squire Lubberly. This here's a man of ſenſe.

Sbrigani. What a proceeding is this of yours? What is it you find to laugh at?

Squire Lubberly. Right.

Sbrigani. Is there any thing ridiculous in the gentleman?

Squire Lubberly. Ay.

Sbrigani. Isn't he like other people?

Squire Lubberly. Am I crooked, or hump-back'd?

Sbrigani. Learn to diſtinguiſh people.

Squire Lubberly. Well ſaid.

Sbrigani. The gentleman is of a mein to be reſpected.

Squire Lubberly. 'Tis true.

Sbrigani. A perſon of condition.

Squire Lubberly. Ay, a gentleman of Limoges.

Sbrigani. A man of wit.

Squire Lubberly. Who has ſtudy'd the law.

Sbrigani. He does you too much honour by coming into your city.

Squire Lubberly. No doubt on't.

Sbrigani. The gentleman is not a perſon to occaſion laughter.

Squire Lubberly. Certainly.

Sbrigani. And I ſhall call any body to account that laughs at him.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Sir, I'm infinitely oblig'd t'ye.

Sbrigani. I'm ſorry, Sir, to ſee ſuch a perſon as you are receiv'd in this manner, and I beg your pardon on behalf of the city.

Squire Lubberly. Your ſervant, Sir.

Sbrigani. I ſaw you this morning, Sir, where the coach inn'd, when you was at breakfaſt; and the be-

com-

coming grace with which you eat your victuals immediately created in me a friendſhip for you: and as I'm ſenſible you was never here before, but are a perfect ſtranger, I'm very glad I've found you, to offer you my ſervice at your arrival, and to aſſiſt you in your conduct amongſt people who ſometimes havn't all the reſpect they ought for perſons of honour.

Squire Lubberly. You do me too great a favour.

Sbrigani. I have already told you, that I felt an inclination for you from the moment I firſt ſaw you.

Squire Lubberly. I'm oblig'd t'ye.

Sbrigani. Your countenance pleaſed me.

Squire Lubberly. 'Tis too great an honour to me.

Sbrigani. I ſaw ſomething honeſt.

Squire Lubberly. I'm your humble ſervant.

Sbrigani. Something lovely.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Graceful.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Sweet.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Majeſtic.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. Frank.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. And cordial.

Squire Lubberly. Oh, oh!

Sbrigani. I aſſure you that I'm intirely yours.

Squire Lubberly. I'm mightily oblig'd t'ye.

Sbrigani. I ſpeak from the bottom of my heart.

Squire Lubberly. I believe it.

Sbrigani. Had I the honour to be known to you, you'd find me to be a man that's perfectly ſincere.

Squire Lubberly. I don't doubt it.

Sbrigani. An enemy to deceit.

Squire Lubberly. I'm perſuaded of it.

Sbrigani. And one not capable of diſguiſing his thoughts. You look at my clothes which are not made like other people's; but I'm originally of Naples, at your ſervice, and am deſirous to preſerve a little the way of dreſs, and the ſincerity of my country.

Squire Lubberly. That's mighty well done. I was deſirous, for my part, to put myſelf into the court faſhion for the credit of the country.

Sbrigani. Faith, it becomes you better than all our courtiers.

Squire Lubberly. So my tailor told me: the clothes are rich and decent, and will be talk'd of here.

Sbrigani. To be ſure. Won't you go to the Louvre?

Squire Lubberly. I muſt go pay my court.

Sbrigani. The king will be overjoy'd to ſee you.

Squire Lubberly. I believe ſo.

Sbrigani. Have you taken a lodging?

Squire Lubberly. No, I was going to look for one.

Sbrigani. I ſhall be very glad to go with you about it, and I know the whole place.

SCENE IV.

ERASTUS, SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

ERASTUS.

HAH! Who's this! What do I ſee? What a happy meeting! Squire Lubberly! I'm overjoy'd to ſee you! How? It ſeems as if you hardly remember'd me.

Squire Lubberly. Sir, I'm your ſervant.

Eraſtus. Is it poſſible that five or ſix years can have made you forget me? and that you don't recollect the beſt friend to all the family of the Lubberlies!

Squire Lubberly. I beg your pardon. [Low to Sbrigani.] I don't know who he is, faith.

Eraſtus. There's not one of the Lubberlies at Limoges that I don't know, from the greateſt to the leaſt; I kept company with no-body but them during the time I was there, and I had the honour of ſeeing you almoſt every day.

Squire Lubberly. The honour was to me, Sir.

Eraſtus. Don't you remember my face?

Squire Lubberly. Ay, ay. [To Sbrigani.] I don't know him.

Eraſtus. Don't you remember that I've had the happineſs of drinking I can't tell how many times with you?

Squire Lubberly. Excuſe me. [To Sbrigani.] I know nothing of it.

Eraſtus. How d'ye call that rogue at Limoges that us'd to treat ſo handſomly?

Squire Lubberly. What, little John?

Eraſtus. The ſame. We often went together to enjoy ourſelves at his houſe. How is't you call the name of the place where they walk at Limoges?

Squire Lubberly. The church-yard.

Eraſtus. Right. 'Tis there I've enjoy'd many ſweet hours of your agreeable converſation. You don't recollect all this?

Squire Lubberly. Pardon me, I recollect it. [To Sbrigani.] Devil take me if I remember it.

Sbrigani low, to Squire Lubberly.] An hundred ſuch things as that get out of one's head.

Eraſtus. Prithee embrace me then, and let's renew our former friendſhip.

Sbrigani to Squire Lubberly.] This is a man that loves you mightily.

Eraſtus. Tell me ſome news of all your family. How does that gentleman your —— he there —— that's ſo honeſt a man.

Squire Lubberly. My brother the conſul?

Eraſtus. Yes.

Squire Lubberly. He's as well as can be.

Eraſtus. Troth I'm overjoy'd at it. And that good-humour'd man — there — Mr. — your —

Squire Lubberly. My couſin the counſeller?

Eraſtus. You are right.

Squire Lubberly. Always gay and merry.

Eraſtus. Faith I'm mighty glad of it. And the gentleman, your uncle? the ——

Squire Lubberly. I have no uncle.

Eraſtus. You had one at that time though.

Squire Lubberly. No: nothing but an aunt.

Eraſtus. That's what I would have ſaid: madam your aunt, how does ſhe do?

Squire Lubberly. She has been dead ſix months.

Eraſtus. Alas! poor woman! She was ſo good a creature.

Squire Lubberly. We've alſo my couſin, the parſon, who was like to die of the ſmall pox.

Eraſtus. What a pity 'twould have been!

Squire Lubberly. D'ye know him too?

Eraſtus. Do I know him truly! A luſty handſome young fellow.

Squire Lubberly. None of the luſtieſt.

Eraſtus. No, but of a good ſhape.

Squire Lubberly. O! ay.

Eraſtus. He is your nephew.

Squire Lubberly. True.

Eraſtus. Your brother or your ſiſter's ſon.

Squire Lubberly. True.

Eraſtus. Parſon of the church of —— What d'ye call the name?

Squire Lubberly. Of St. Stephen.

Eraſtus. That's he, I don't know any other.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] He names all my relations.

Sbrigani. He knows you better than you imagine.

Squire Lubberly. By what I perceive you've liv'd a long while in our town.

Eraſtus. Full two years.

Squire Lubberly. You was there then, when our governor was god-father to my couſin the ſuperviſor's child.

Eraſtus. Ay, truly, I was one of the firſt invited.

Squire Lubberly. It was genteel.

Eraſtus. Ay, mighty genteel.

Squire Lubberly. 'Twas a very handſome entertainment.

Eraſtus. Certainly.

Squire Lubberly. You ſaw then the quarrel too, that I had with the Perigordin gentleman?

Eraſtus. Ay.

Squire Lubberly. Egad, he met with his match.

Eraſtus. Ha, ha.

Squire Lubberly. He gave me a box o' the ear, but I told him his own very handſomly.

Eraſtus. Sure enough — But I don't intend you ſhall take any other lodging than mine.

Squire Lubberly. I don't care to ——

Eraſtus. You jeſt. I ſhall by no means ſuffer my very good friend to be any where elſe but in my houſe.

Squire Lubberly. 'Twill be to you ——

Eraſtus. Nay, it ſignifies nothing, you ſhall lodge at my houſe.

Sbrigani to Squire Lubberly.] Since he perſiſts in't, I adviſe you to accept the offer.

Eraſtus. Where are your things?

Squire Lubberly. I left them with my ſervant, where I was ſet down.

Eraſtus. Let's ſend ſomebody to fetch them.

Squire Lubberly. No, I forbad him to ſtir, unleſs I ſhould come myſelf, for fear of ſome roguery.

Eraſtus. 'Twas prudently thought of.

Squire Lubberly. This place requires a little caution.

Eraſtus. One finds ſharpers every where.

Sbrigani. I'll wait upon the gentleman, and conduct him where you pleaſe.

Eraſtus. Well, I ſhall be glad to give ſome directions, and you need only come to that houſe there.

Sbrigani. We'll be with you inſtantly.

Eraſtus to Squire Lubberly.] I expect you with impatience.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Here's an acquaintance I had not the leaſt thought of.

Sbrigani. He has the appearance of an honeſt man.

Eraſtus alone.] Faith, Squire Lubberly, we'll be at you every way; matters are ready, and I need only knock. Soho there.

SCENE V.

The APOTHECARY, ERASTUS.

ERASTUS.

I BELIEVE, Sir, you're the doctor that some body came to talk with from me.

Apothecary. No, Sir, 'tis not I that am the doctor; that honour does not belong to me: I'm only an apothecary, an unworthy apothecary, at your service.

Eraſtus. Is the doctor within then?

Apothecary. Yes. He's buſy a diſpatching ſome ſick folks, and I'll go tell him that you are here.

Eraſtus. No, don't ſtir, I'll wait till he has done. 'Tis to put into his hands a certain relation of ours, (whom he has been told of) that's ſeiz'd with a ſort of madneſs, which we ſhould be very glad to have him cur'd of, before he's marry'd.

Apothecary. I know the matter, I know the matter; and I was with him when they ſpoke to him about this affair. Faith and troth, you could not have apply'd yourſelf to a more able phyſician; he's a man that underſtands medicine as fundamentally as I underſtand my cris-croſs-row; and who, though a body ſhould die for't, would not abate one tittle of the rules of the ancients. Ay, Sir, he always follows the great road, the great road, and does not go look for noon at four o' clock: and for all the money in the world, he would not cure any body with other medicines than what the faculty preſcribes.

Eraſtus. He does very right, a patient ſhould not deſire to be cur'd, unleſs the faculty conſents to't.

Apothecary. 'Tis not becauſe we are intimate friends

that I ſpeak it; but 'tis a pleaſure to be his patient, and I ſhould rather die by his medicines than be cur'd by thoſe of any other: for whatever happens, a man is certain that things are always regular; and ſhould you die under his direction, your heirs would have nothing to reproach you for.

Eraſtus. That's a mighty comfort to a dead man.

Apothecary. To be ſure. One would be glad, at leaſt, to die methodically. Beſides, he's not one of thoſe doctors that make a market of their patients: he's a man that's expeditious, expeditious, who loves to diſpatch his patients: and when they are to die, 'tis done with him the quickeſt in the world.

Eraſtus. Indeed, there's nothing like going through an affair ſpeedily.

Apothecary. That's true: to what purpoſe ſerves ſo much humming and hawing, and beating round the buſh? One ſhould know out of hand the ſhort or the long of a diſtemper.

Eraſtus. You're in the right.

Apothecary. Why, there have been three of my children already whoſe illneſs he did me the honour to take care of, that dy'd in leſs than four days: but in another's hands they would have languiſh'd three months.

Eraſtus. 'Tis good to have ſuch friends as theſe.

Apothecary. No doubt on't. I have only two children left, which he takes care of as if they were his own: he treats and orders them as he pleaſes, without my interpoſing; and very frequently, when I return out o' the city, I'm quite amaz'd to find them bleeding or purging by his direction.

Eraſtus. That's the moſt obliging care in the world.

Apothecary. Here he is, here he is, here he comes.

SCENE VI.

ERASTUS, First PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY, COUNTRY-MAN, COUNTRY-WOMAN.

COUNTRY-MAN to the Physician.

SIR, he can't hold out any longer, and he says that he feels in his head the violentest pains in the world.

1. Physician. The patient is a fool, and by so much the more so, because in his distemper, it is not the head, according to Galen, but the spleen that must disorder him.

Country-Man. Whatever it be, Sir, he had constantly along with it a looseness, for these six months.

1. Physician. Good; that's a sign his inside is clear. I'll come to visit him in two or three days: but if he should die before that time, don't fail to give me notice: because 'tis not a point of civility for a physician to visit a dead person.

Country-Woman to the Physician.] My father, Sir, grows continually worse and worse.

1. Physician. That's not my fault. I give him medicines, why is not he cur'd? How many times has he been blooded?

Country-Woman. Fifteen, Sir, in twenty days.

1. Physician. Blooded fifteen times?

Country-Woman. Yes.

1. Physician. And is not he cur'd?

Country-Woman. No, Sir.

1. Physician. 'Tis a sign the distemper is not in the

blood. We'll purge him as many times to ſee if it is not in the humours, and if we've no ſucceſs, we'll ſend him to the bath.

Apothecary. That is the end, that is the end of phyſic.

SCENE VII.

ERASTUS, Firſt PHYSICIAN, APOTHECARY.

ERASTUS to the Phyſician.

'TWAS I, Sir, that ſent to ſpeak with you ſome days ago, about a relation that's a little diſorder'd in his mind, whom I would place at your houſe, that he may be cur'd with the more conveniency, and be ſeen but by few people.

1. Phyſician. Yes, Sir, I've got every thing in readineſs, and promiſe to take all imaginable care of him.

Eraſtus. Here he comes very ſeaſonably,

1. Phyſician. It happens extremely lucky; for I've got an old phyſician, one of my friends, here, with whom I ſhall be very glad to conſult about his diſorder.

SCENE VIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, ERASTUS, Firſt PHYSICIAN, The APOTHECARY.

ERASTUS to Squire Lubberly.

A LITTLE affair is fallen out, which obliges me to leave you; [pointing to the Phyſician.] but there's

a perſon in whoſe hands I leave you, that will take care upon my account to treat you in the beſt manner he is able.

1. Phyſician. The duty of my profeſſion obliges me ſo to do, and 'tis ſufficient that you lay this charge upon me.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] This is certainly his ſteward, and he muſt be a man of quality.

1. Phyſician to Eraſtus.] Yes, I aſſure you, that I'll treat the gentleman methodically, and with all the regularity of our art.

Squire Lubberly. Od's life, I muſt not have ſo much ceremony, I don't come here to incommode you.

1. Phyſician. 'Tis only a pleaſure to me to be ſo employ'd.

Eraſtus to the Phyſician.] There are ten piſtoles beforehand however, as an earneſt of what I've promis'd.

Squire Lubberly. Nay, if you pleaſe, I don't underſtand that you ſhould be at any expence, or ſend to buy any thing for me.

Eraſtus. Pray now, give me leave, 'tis not for what you imagine.

Squire Lubberly. I beg you'll treat me only as a friend.

Eraſtus. That's what I'll do. [ſoftly to the doctor.] I chiefly recommend to you not to let him get out of your hands; for by fits he's for making his eſcape.

1. Phyſician. Don't you give yourſelf any uneaſineſs.

Eraſtus to Squire Lubberly.] I beg you to excuſe the incivility that I commit.

Squire Lubberly. You banter; why, you do me too great a favour.

SCENE IX.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, First PHYSICIAN, Second PHYSICIAN, The APOTHECARY.

1. PHYSICIAN.

'TIS a great deal of honour, Sir, for me to be pitch'd upon to do you ſervice.

Squire Lubberly. Your ſervant.

1. Phyſician. Here's a ſkilful man, my brother, with whom I'm going to conſult about the manner of our treating you.

Squire Lubberly. Pray not ſo much ceremony: I tell you I'm a man that likes the common way.

1. Phyſician. Here, bring chairs.

[Servants bring in chairs.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] Theſe are mighty diſmal looking ſervants for a young man!

1. Phyſician. Come, Sir, take your place, Sir.

[The two Phyſicians ſitting, ſeat Squire Lubberly between them.

Squire Lubberly giving his hands.] Your moſt humble ſervant. [perceiving they feel his pulſe.] What does this mean?

1. Phyſician. D'ye eat well, Sir?

Squire Lubberly. Yes, and drink ſtill better.

1. Phyſician. So much the worſe. That great appetition of frigid and humid is an indication of the heat and aridity that is within. D'ye ſleep much?

Squire Lubberly. Yes, when I've ſupp'd heartily.

1. Phyſician. Have you dreams?

Squire Lubberly. Now and then.

1. Phyſician. Of what nature are they?

Squire Lubberly. Of the nature of dreams. What the devil of a converſation is this?

1. Phyſician. Your ſtools, how are they?

Squire Lubberly. Troth, I don't underſtand the meaning of all theſe queſtions, and had rather drink a glaſs.

1. Phyſician. A little patience. We are going to reaſon upon your affair before you, and will do it in Engliſh to be underſtood the better.

Squire Lubberly. What great reaſoning need there be about eating a morſel?

1. Phyſician. Since ſo it is, that no one can cure a diſtemper which he does not underſtand perfectly, and no one can underſtand it perfectly, without rightly ſettling the particular idea and the true ſpecies of it, by it's diagnoſtic and prognoſtic ſigns; you'll give me leave, (as you are my ſenior) to enter upon the conſideration of the diſtemper that's now in hand, before we meddle with the therapeutic part, and the remedies which are proper for us to preſcribe for the perfect curation of it. I ſay then, Sir, with your permiſſion, that our patient here preſent, is unhappily attack'd, affected, poſſeſs'd, and diſorder'd by that ſort of madneſs which we term very properly hypocondriac melancholy: a kind of madneſs the moſt troubleſome, and which requires no leſs than an Æſculapius like you, conſummate in our art: you, I ſay, who are grown grey in the ſervice, as the ſaying is, and through whoſe hands ſo much buſineſs of all ſorts has paſſed. I term it hypocondriac melancholy to diſtinguiſh it from the other two: for the celebrated Galen eſtabliſhes in a moſt learned manner, as is uſual with him, three ſpecies of that diſtemper which we call melancholy; ſo term'd not only by the Latins but like-

wiſe by the Greeks; which is worthy of obſervation in our caſe. The firſt, which ariſes from a direct diſorder in the brain: the ſecond, which proceeds from the whole maſs of blood made and render'd atrabilious: and the third, term'd hypocondriac, which is our kind, proceeding from a diſorder in ſome part of the lower belly, and from the inferior region, but particularly from the ſpleen, the heat and inflammation whereof ſends up to the brain of our patient abundance of fuliginous, groſs, and heavy particles, the black and malignant effluvia of which occaſion a depravation of the functions of the ſupreme faculty, and produce that diſtemper, which, by our ratiocination, he is manifeſtly attainted and convicted of. But for an unconteſtable diagnoſtic of what I ſay, you need only conſider that mighty ſeriouſneſs which you ſee, that ſadneſs accompany'd by fearfulneſs and ſuſpicion: pathognomic and individual ſymptoms of this diſtemper, ſo well remark'd by the divine old man Hippocrates: that phyſiognomy, thoſe eyes red and ſtaring, that ſwinging beard, that habitude of body, ſlender, lank, black, and hairy, tokens denoting him exceedingly affected by this diſtemper, proceeding from a default in the hypocondria: which diſtemper, by lapſe of time, being naturaliz'd, antiquated, habituated, and made free of his body, might well degenerate either into diſtraction, or phthiſic, or apoplexy, or even into downright frenzy and fury. All this being ſuppos'd, as a diſeaſe well known is half cur'd, for *ignoti nulla eſt curatio morbi*, 'twill be no difficulty for you to conclude upon the medicines we ought to preſcribe the gentleman. Firſt of all, to remedy this obdurate plethory, this luxuriant cacochymy throughout his whole body, I'm of opinion that he ſhould be liberally phlebotomiz'd: I mean, that he be let blood frequently and in abundance,

firſt, in the *vena baſilica*, then in the *vena cephalica*, and if the diſtemper be obſtinate, even a vein in the forehead ſhould be opened; and let the orifice be large, that the groſs blood may iſſue out: at the ſame time I adviſe that he purge, ſcour, and evacuate by purgatives ſuitable and convenient; that's to ſay, by cholagogues, melanagogues, *et cetera*: and as the real ſource of all this miſchief, either is a feculent and foul humour, or a vapour black and groſs, which obſcures, empoiſons, and muddifies the animal ſpirits, it is proper afterwards for him to have a bath of pure and clean water, with a large quantity of whey; to purify by the water the feculency of that foul humour, and by the whey to clarify the blackneſs of that vapour. But before all things, I think it good to recreate him by agreeable converſation, ſongs, and muſical inſtruments, whereto 'tis not improper to add dancers, to the end that their motions, diſpoſition, and agility may ſtir up and awaken the inactivity of his languid ſpirits, which occaſions the thickneſs of his blood, from whence the diſtemper proceeds. Theſe are the remedies I propoſe, to which may be added abundance more that are better, by you, Sir, my maſter and ſenior, according to the experience, judgment, light, and ſufficiency that you have acquir'd in our art. *Dixi.*

2, Phyſician, Sir, heaven forbid it ſhould enter into my head to add any thing to what you have been now ſaying. You have diſcours'd ſo well of all the ſigns, the ſymptoms, and the cauſes of the gentleman's diſtemper, the arguments you have us'd about it are ſo learned and fine, that 'tis impoſſible for him not to be out of his wits, and hypocondrically melancholy: or were he not, he muſt certainly become ſo for the beauty of the things you have ſpoken, and the juſtneſs of your way of reaſoning. Yes, Sir, you have very graphical-

ly depicted, *graphice depinxisti*, every thing that appertains to this distemper: nothing can be more learnedly, judiciously, ingeniously conceiv'd, thought, imagin'd, than what you have deliver'd upon the subject of this disorder, be it as to the diagnostic, the prognostic, or the therapeutic: and nothing now remains for me to do but to congratulate the gentleman upon falling into your hands, and acquaint him that he's but too happy in being disorder'd in his senses, to experience the efficacy and the gentleness of the medicines which you so judiciously have propos'd. I approve them all, *manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam.* All that I would add to them is, to let all his bleedings and purgings be of an odd number, *numero Deus impare gaudet;* to take the whey before the bathing; to make him a forehead-cloth lin'd with salt; salt is a symbol of wisdom; to white-wash the walls of his chamber, to dissipate the gloominess of his spirits, *album est disgregativum visus:* and to give him a little glister instantly, for to serve as a prelude and introduction to those judicious medicines, from which, if he's curable, he must receive relief. Heaven grant, Sir, that these medicines which are yours may succeed with the patient according to our intention.

Squire Lubberly. I've been list'ning to you for an hour, gentlemen. Is it a comedy we are acting here?

1. Physician. No, Sir, we're not in jest.

Squire Lubberly. What does all this mean? What would you be at with your gibberish and your nonsense?

1. Physician. Soh! injurious language. That's a diagnostic which we wanted for the confirmation of his distemper; this may turn to distraction.

Squire Lubberly aside.] In what company have they left me here? [He spits two or three times.

1. Physician. Another diagnostic; frequent sputation.

Squire Lubberly. Let's ha' done with this, and be gone from hence.

1. Phyſician. Another again: inquietude to change place.

Squire Lubberly. What's the meaning of all this ado? What would you have with me?

1. Phyſician. We'd cure you, according to the orders that were given us.

Squire Lubberly. Cure me?

1. Phyſician. Ay.

Squire Lubberly. S'death! I an't ſick.

1. Phyſician. A bad ſign, when a patient is inſenſible of his illneſs.

Squire Lubberly. I tell you that I'm very well.

1. Phyſician. We know how you are better than you yourſelf: we're phyſicians that ſee plainly into your conſtitution.

Squire Lubberly. If you're phyſicians, I've nothing at all to do wi'ye. I make a jeſt of phyſic.

1. Phyſician. How! how! this man is madder than we imagin'd.

Squire Lubberly. My father and mother never would take phyſic, and they both dy'd without the aſſiſtance of doctors.

1. Phyſician. I don't wonder then if they got a ſon that's mad. [To 2. Phyſician.] Come, let's proceed now to the cure, and by the exhilarating ſweetneſs of harmony, let us dulcify, lenify, and pacify the acrimony of his ſpirits, which I ſee are ready to be inflam'd.

SCENE X.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY alone.

WHAT the devil is this? Are the people of this place diſtracted? I never ſaw the like in my life, and don't at all underſtand the meaning on't.

SCENE XI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, and TWO MUSICIANS in a Groteſque habit.

They all three at firſt ſit down, the Phyſicians riſe up at different times to make their compliments to Squire Lubberly, who riſes up as often to bow to them.

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

BUON di, buon di, buon di,
Non vi laſciate uccidere
D'al dolor malinconico,
Noi vi faremo ridere
Col noſtro canto harmonico,
Sol' per guarirvi
Siamo venuti qui
Buon di, buon di, buon di.

1. PHYSICIAN.

Altro non e la pazzia
Che malinconia.
Ill malato
Non e diſperato,

Se vol pigliar un poco d'allegria.
Altro non e la pazzia
Che malinconia.

2. MEDICIN.

Su, cantate, ballate, ridete:
Et ſe far meglio volete,
Quando ſentite ill deliro vicino,
Pigliate del vino,
E qualche volta un poco di tabac.
Allegramente, Monſu Pourceaugnac.

SCENE XII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, THE APOTHECARY with a ſyringe.

APOTHECARY.

HERE, Sir, is a little medicine, a little medicine, which you muſt take if you pleaſe, if you pleaſe.

Squire Lubberly. What d'ye mean? I've no occaſion for it.

Apothecary. 'Twas order'd, Sir, 'twas order'd.

Squire Lubberly. Hah! What d'ye mutter!

Apothecary. Take it, Sir, take it; 'twill do you no harm, 'twill do you no harm.

Squire Lubberly. Heh!

Apothecary. 'Tis a little gliſter, a little gliſter, gentle, gentle; 'tis gentle, gentle; there, take it, take it, Sir, 'tis to ſcour, to ſcour, to ſcour.

SCENE XIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, APOTHECARY, and TWO PHYSICIANS in groteſque habits, and MAURICE-DANCERS with gliſter-pipes.

THE TWO PHYSICIANS.

PIGLIA-LO ſu
Signor Monſu,
Piglia-lo, piglia-lo, piglia-lo ſu,
Che non ti fara male,
Piglia-lo ſu queſto ſervitiale,
Piglia-lo ſu,
Signor Monſu,
Piglia-lo, piglia-lo, piglia-lo ſu.

Squire Lubberly. Get ye gone to the devil with it.

Squire Lubberly holding his hat to keep off the gliſter-pipes, is follow'd by the two phyſicians and maurrice-dancers; he runs off the ſtage, and returns again to ſit down in the chair, near which he finds the apothecary who waits for him; the two phyſicians and maurrice-dancers return likewiſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

1. PHYSICIAN, SBRIGANI.

1. PHYSICIAN.

HE has forc'd through every thing I had plac'd to hinder him, and is fled away from the medicines I was beginning to prepare for him.

Sbrigani. 'Tis being a great enemy to himſelf to avoid medicines ſo ſalutiferous as yours.

1. Phyſician. The mark of a diſtemper'd brain and a deprav'd reaſon, to be unwilling to be cur'd.

Sbrigani. You would have cur'd him in an inſtant.

1. Phyſician. No doubt on't, though he had had a complication of a dozen diſtempers.

Sbrigani. But he has loſt you the getting of fifty good piſtoles.

2. Phyſician. For my part, I don't underſtand loſing them; for I'm reſolv'd to cure him in ſpite of what he has done. He's bound and engag'd to take my medicines, and I'll have him ſeiz'd wherever I find him, as a deſerter from phyſic and an infringer of my preſcriptions.

Sbrigani. You're in the right, your medicines are a ſure hit, and 'tis money he has robb'd you of.

1. Phyſician. Where can I learn any news of him?

Sbrigani. At the houſe of that good man Orontes, to be ſure, whoſe daughter he's come to marry, and who knowing nothing of the infirmity of his ſon-in-law that is to be, will be in a hurry perhaps to conclude the marriage.

1. Phyſician. I'll go talk with him immediately.

Sbrigani. You'll not do amiſs.

1. Phyſician. He's a mortgage to my preſcriptions, and a patient ſhan't make a fool of a phyſician.

Sbrigani. That's very well ſaid of you, and would you take my advice, you'd not permit him to be marry'd till you have preſcrib'd him your belly-full.

1. Phyſician. Let me alone.

Sbrigani aſide, and going.] I'm going, for my part, to raiſe another battery; for the father-in-law is as much a noodle as the ſon-in-law.

SCENE II.

ORONTES, 1. PHYSICIAN.

1. PHYSICIAN.

YOU have a certain gentleman, Sir, one Squire Lubberly, who is to eſpouſe your daughter.

Orontes. Ay, I expect him from Limoges, he ſhould ha' been come ere now.

1. Phyſician. So he is, and has run away from my houſe after being placed there; but I forbid you, on the behalf of the faculty, to proceed in the match you've made 'till I have duly prepar'd him for it, and put him into a ſtate of procreating children well condition'd both in body and mind.

Orontes. How's this?

1. Phyſician. Your intended ſon-in-law was enter'd my patient; his diſtemper, which was given me to cure, is a chattel that belongs to me, which I reckon amongſt my effects, and I declare to you, that I don't intend he ſhall marry, until he has previouſly made ſatisfaction to the faculty, and undergone the medicines that I have order'd him.

Orontes. Has he ſome diſtemper?

1. Phyſician. Yes.

Orontes. And what is his diſtemper, pray?

1. Phyſician. Give yourſelf no concern about it.

Orontes. Is it ſome diſtemper ——

1. Phyſician. Phyſicians are oblig'd to ſecreſy. 'Tis ſufficient that I enjoin both you and your daughter not to celebrate your nuptials with him without my conſent,

upon pain of incurring the faculty's diſpleaſures, and undergoing all the diſeaſes we pleaſe.

Orontes. If that's the caſe I ſhall take care to put a ſtop to the wedding.

1. Phyſician. He was put into my hands, and is oblig'd to be my patient.

Orontes. Well and good.

1. Phyſician. 'Tis in vain for him to run away, I'll have him condemned by a decree to be cur'd by me.

Orontes. I conſent to it.

1. Phyſician. Yes, he ſhall die, or elſe I'll cure him.

Orontes. With all my heart.

1. Phyſician. And If I don't find him, I'll come upon you, and cure you in his ſtead.

Orontes. I am very well.

1. Phyſician. That's no matter, I muſt have a patient, and will take whom I can.

Orontes. Take whom you will, but it ſhan't be me. [Alone.] A fine way of reaſoning!

SCENE III.

ORONTES, SBRIGANI dreſt like a Flemiſh merchant.

SBRIGANI.

SUR, vid your permiſſeong, me be one tranger, de marſhand Flemmiſh, dat vou'd be glad to demaund you one letel news.

Orontes. What is it, Sir?

Sbrigani. Poot your haut upon your hed, you pleeſe, Sir.

Orontes. Tell me what you deſire, Sir?

Sbrigani. Me ſpeke nothing, Sur, if you no poot oon de haut.

Orontes. Well then. What is it, Sir?

Sbrigani. You not know in dis ſitty one certain montſir Orontes?

Orontes. Yes, I know him.

Sbrigani. You pleeſe, Sir, vat maun he be?

Orontes. He's a man like other men.

Sbrigani. Me demaund you, Sur, vether he be reeſh, he goot de monnoie?

Orontes. Yes.

Sbrigani. But he be ver muſh grate deal reeſh, Sur?

Orontes. Yes.

Sbrigani. Me be very glaad of dat, Sur.

Orontes. And why ſo?

Sbrigani. It be, Sur, for one letel raiſonn of conſequance for us.

Orontes. But once more, upon what account?

Sbrigani. It be, Sur, dat dis montſir Orontes vil give his dauter be marrie to one certain montſir Lubberly.

Orontes. Well.

Sbrigani. And dis montſir Lubberly, Sur, be one maun dat owe muſh, ver muſh, to ten or douzain marſhand Flemiſh viſh be come hidder.

Orontes. Does Squire Lubberly owe a great deal to ten or twelve merchants?

Sbrigani. Oye, Sur, and eight mont ago ve have obtain one letle ſentaunce oon him, and he give up to payē his creditor all dat dis montſir Orontes give for his dautter's portiong upoon dis mariage.

Orontes. How, how! has he given up that to pay his creditors?

Sbrigani.

Sbrigani. Oye, Sur, and vid one grand devotion we all expect dis marriage.

Orontes aſide.] This information is not amiſs. I wiſh you a good morning.

Sbrigani. Me taunk you, Sur, for de grand favour.

Orontes. Your moſt humble ſervant.

Sbrigani. Me, Sur, be more den ver muſh obligee for the gudde news viſh you me give. [He takes off his beard, and pulls off the Flemiſh habit which was over his own.] This does not go wrong at all. Let's have done with our Flemiſh dreſs to think of other meaſures, and endeavour to ſow ſuch diſcord and ſuſpicion between the father-in-law and ſon-in-law as ſhall break off the intended match. They are both equally qualify'd to ſwallow the bait that's thrown out to them; and amongſt us ſharpers of the firſt claſs, 'tis meerly a diverſion, when we find game ſo eaſy to be caught as this.

SCENE IV.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY thinking himſelf alone.

PIGLIA-LO ſu, piglia-lo ſu,
Signor monſu ——

What the devil is that? [Seeing Sbrigani.] Oh!

Sbrigani. What's the matter, Sir? What ails you?

Squire Lubberly. Every thing I ſee, methinks, is a gliſter.

Sbrigani. Why ſo?

Squire Lubberly. Don't you know what has befallen me at that houſe which you conducted me to the door of?

Sbrigani. No, really; what was it?

Squire Lubberly. I thought to have been regal'd there in a proper manner.

Sbrigani. Well.

Squire Lubberly. I leave you in his hands, Sir. Doctors dreſt in black. In a chair. Feel the pulſe. Since ſo it is. He is mad. Two great jolter-heads. Swinging hats. *Buon di, buon di.* Six Merry-Andrews. Ta, ra, ta, ta: ta, ra, ta, ta. *Allegramente, Monſu Lubberly.* Apothecary. Gliſter. Take it, Sir, take it, take it. It is gentle, gentle, gentle. 'Tis to ſcour, to ſcour, to ſcour. *Piglia-lo ſu, ſignor monſu, piglia-lo, piglia-lo, piglia-lo ſu.* I never was ſo ſurfeited with impertinence in all my life.

Sbrigani. What does all that mean?

Squire Lubberly. It means that the man there with his mighty fondneſs is a deceitful raſcal, who put me in a houſe to make a fool o' me, and play me a trick.

Sbrigani. Is that poſſible?

Squire Lubberly. Certainly. There was a dozen devils at my heels, and I had all the difficulty in the world to eſcape out of their clutches.

Sbrigani. Do but ſee. How deccitful are people's looks! I imagin'd him to be your moſt affectionate friend. 'Tis a wonder to me how 'tis poſſible ſuch impoſtors ſhould be in the world.

Squire Lubberly. Don't I ſtink of a gliſter? Pr'ythee ſmell.

Sbrigani. Faugh! here's ſomething a little like it.

Squire Lubberly. My ſmelling and imagination are quite full of it, and methinks I ſee continually a dozen gliſter-pipes levell'd at me.

Sbrigani. What a grevous piece of villany was here! and how treacherous and wicked people are!

Squire Lubberly. Pray tell me where Mr. Orontes lives; I ſhould be glad to go thither immediately.

Sbrigani. So, ſo, you're of an amorous conſtitution then; and have heard that Mr. Orontes has a daughter ——————

Squire Lubberly. Ay, I'm come to marry her.

Sbrigani. To —— to marry her?

Squire Lubberly. Ay.

Sbrigani. In wedlock?

Squire Lubberly. How elſe can it be?

Sbrigani. Oh! 'tis another thing, I beg your pardon.

Squire Lubberly. What d'ye mean by that?

Sbrigani. Nothing.

Squire Lubberly. But pray?

Sbrigani. Nothing, I tell ye. I ſpoke a little too haſtily.

Squire Lubberly. I deſire you to tell me what the ſecret is.

Sbrigani No, 'tis not neceſſary.

Squire Lubberly. Pray now.

Sbrigani. No, I beg you to excuſe me there.

Squire Lubberly. What! are not you my friend?

Sbrigani. Ay marry, no-body can be more ſo.

Squire Lubberly. You ſhould hide nothing from me then.

Sbrigani. 'Tis a thing wherein one's neighbour's intereſt is concern'd.

Squire Lubberly. That I may oblige you to open your heart to me, here's a ſmall ring I deſire you to keep for my ſake.

Sbrigani. Let me conſider a little, if I can in conſcience do it. [After being a little time at a diſtance from Squire Lubberly.] Here's a man that purſues his own intereſt, that endeavours to provide for his daughter as advantageouſly as poſſible; and one muſt do harm to no-body. Theſe things are indeed no ſecret, but I ſhall go diſcover them to a man that does not know them, and 'tis forbid to ſpeak evil of one's neighbour; that's true. But, on the other ſide, here's a ſtranger they would impoſe upon, who comes in an honeſt manner to marry a woman he knows nothing of, and whom he has never ſeen: an open-hearted gentleman, for whom I feel an inclination, who does me the honour to reckon me his friend, puts a confidence in me, and preſents me a ring to keep for his ſake. [To Squire Lubberly.] Well, I find I may tell you matters without wounding my conſcience; but let's endeavour to tell them you in the gentleſt way that's poſſible, and ſpare people the moſt we can. To acquaint you that this woman leads an infamous life would be a little too harſh; let's therefore ſeek ſome milder terms to expreſs our meaning. The word Sparkiſh does not come up to it; that of a complete Coquette ſeems to me proper for our purpoſe, and I may make uſe of it to tell you honeſtly what ſhe is.

Squire Lubberly. Would they take me then for a tom-noodle?

Sbrigani. Perhaps at the bottom there's not ſo much harm in it as every body believes. There are people too, after all, who ſet themſelves above theſe kinds of things, and don't fancy that their honour depends ——

Squire Lubberly. I'm your ſervant for that; I'll not put ſuch an hat as this upon my head; for the family of the Lubberlies love to ſhew their faces.

Sbrigani. There's the father.

Squire Lubberly. That old fellow there?

Sbrigani. Yes. I'll withdraw.

SCENE V.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

GOOD-MORROW, Sir, good-morrow.

Orontes. Servant, Sir, ſervant.

Squire Lubberly. You are Mr. Orontes, ar'n't you?

Orontes. Yes.

Squire Lubberly. And I'm Squire Lubberly.

Orontes. Well and good.

Squire Lubberly. Do you believe, Mr. Orontes, that the people of Limoges are fools?

Orontes. Do you believe, Squire Lubberly, that the people of Paris are aſſes?

Squire Lubberly. Do you imagine, Mr. Orontes, that ſuch a man as I am pining to death for a wife?

Orontes. Do you imagine, Squire Lubberly, that ſuch a girl as my daughter is pining to death for a huſband?

SCENE VI.

JULIA, ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

JULIA.

I WAS told, father, that Squire Lubberly is come. O! to be ſure that's he, for my heart tells me ſo.

How handſom he is! What a fine air! And how pleas'd I am to have ſuch a huſband! Give me leave to embrace him and give him a proof ——

Orontes. Softly, daughter, ſoftly.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] Udſbud! how ſparkiſh ſhe is! how preſently ſhe takes fire!

Orontes. I'd be glad to know, Squire Lubberly, for what reaſon you come ——

Julia comes near to Squire Lubberly, looks upon him with a languiſhing air, and is for taking him by hand.] How happy I am to ſee you! and how I burn with impatience ——

Orontes. Heh! daughter, get ye gone, I tell ye.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] Hoh! hoh! What a coming wench!

Orontes. I'd be glad, I ſay, to know for what reaſon, if you pleaſe, you have the aſſurance to ——

[Julia continues the ſame action.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] Od's my life!

Orontes to Julia.] Again! What's the meaning of that?

Julia. Wou'dn't you have me be fond of the huſband you have choſen for me?

Orontes. No: get ye in again.

Julia. Let me look on him.

Orontes. Go in, I tell ye.

Julia. I would ſtay here, if you pleaſe.

Orontes. I won't ſuffer it. If you don't go in this inſtant, I ——

Julia. Well, I'm going in.

Orontes. My daughter's a fool, and does not underſtand how matters go.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] How ſhe's delighted with me!

Orontes to Julia.] Won't you be gone?

Julia. When is it then that you will marry me to the gentleman?

Orontes. Never, you are not for him.

Julia. I will have him, ſo I will, ſince you promis'd him to me.

Orontes. If I promis'd him to you, I unpromiſe him to you again.

Squire Lubberly aſide.] She would fain lay hold o' me.

Julia. Do what you can we'll be marry'd together, in ſpite of all the world.

Orontes. I ſhall prevent you both, I aſſure you. Bleſs me! what phrenſy poſſeſſes her.

SCENE VII.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

S'BUD, father-in-law that was-to-be, don't give yourſelf ſo much trouble: no-body intends to run away with your daughter, and your grimaces won't take at all.

Orontes. All yours will have no great effect.

Squire Lubberly. Did you take it in your head that Leonard Lubberly was a man to buy a pig in a poke? and that he had not a bit of judgment in him to inform himſelf how the world goes, and ſee, in marrying whether his honour was well ſecur'd?

Orontes. I can't tell what that means; but did you take it in your head, that a man of ſixty-three has ſo few brains, and ſo little conſideration for his daughter, as to

marry her to a man that has you know what, and who was put into a doctor's house to be taken care of?

Squire Lubberly. That's a trick was put upon me, and I ail nothing.

Orontes. The doctor told it me himself.

Squire Lubberly. The doctor ly'd. I'm a gentleman, and I'll meet him sword in hand.

Orontes. I know what I should believe, and you shan't impose upon me in this matter, any more than about the debts which you are bound to pay upon my daughter's marriage.

Squire Lubberly. What debts?

Orontes. Shamming it here is to no purpose; for I've seen the Flemish merchant, who, with other creditors, obtain'd a decree against you six months ago.

Squire Lubberly. What Flemish merchant? What creditors? What decree obtain'd against me?

Orontes. You very well know what I mean.

SCENE VIII.

LUCETTA, ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

LUCETTA, counterfeiting a woman of Languedoc.

AW! thoo eart thare, and at last I ha' faund thee after sic muckle tramping. Caunst thoo, thoo wretch, caunst thoo endure thae site o' mae?

Squire Lubberly. What would the woman have?

Lucetta. Whot wu'd I ha', roscul! dust thoo mack as thoof thoo didst na knaw me? dust thoo na blush, impudance as thoo art, dust thoo na blush ta see mae? [To Orontes.] I wa tald, measter, thot he wud morry

ye'r dater; bout I aſſuer yow thot I om hes weef, and thot ſeaven yeers peaſt, meaſter, cooming ta Pezenas, he hod thae deeviliſh ſkill to gean ma heert by hes flautterings, and faud tae certane way of farcing mae ta morry 'en.

Orontes. Alack! alack!

Squire Lubberly. What the devil is this?

Lucetta. Thae faulſe loon gang'd awa frae mae thrae yeer aufter, upo' pretaunce o' ſom motter that he mun ga do in hes ain contry; and frae that teem I ha' hear na tedings of 'on; bout whan I hod thae leaſt thought aubout it, I wa tald thot he wa coom ta thilk tawn, ta morry ane other yoong laſs, hes kinsfolk ha' proveded for hem, na heeding hes furſt morriage. Wharfour lefing a', I ſpeeded ta thic place, wi' a' heaſt, ta forefend thilk unlofu' morriage, and ſhaume afore a' thae woorld thae foueſt o' monkind.

Squire Lubberly. What amazing impudence!

Lucetta. Impudance, be na thoo aſhaumed to wroong mae? dun na thae ſecreet gripings o' thy ain conſhiance confoound thee?

Squire Lubberly. Am I your huſband?

Lucetta. Roſcul, daureſt thoo ſeay tae contrary? thoo kenneſt ta me ſarrow thot thoo beeſt bout too trewly ſae. Wud ta heeven it wa othergiſe, and thot thoo hodſt laft mae i' thot ſteat o' inoceance, and i' thot traunquility of meind wic a' tha chaurms and tha dilufions ha' unhoppily bereav'd me o'. Thon I ſnu' na mack thic ruefu' figure I neow do, ta ſee a crueel huſbond flout a' me foondneſs four him, and wi'out ane pitty leef mae ta thae mortel greefings thot hes unfaithfu' doings mack mae feel.

Orontes. I cannot forbear weeping. [To Squire Lubberly.] Go, you're a wicked man.

Squire Lubberly. I know nothing of all this.

SCENE IX.

NERINA, LUCETTA, ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

NERINA, counterfeiting a woman of Picardy.

HO! hur con no hould oot longer: hur pe quite chockt. Hoh roogg! hur hove led hur a fine daunce, put now hur ſhon no eſkeap her. [To Orontes.] Juſtiſh! juſtiſh! hur wull poot a hindurmout to this marriage. It be hur hoſbon, Sur, and hur will hong this hongdoog.

Squire Lubberly. Another!

Orontes aſide.] What a devil of a fellow is this?

Lucetta. And wat wud yow ha' wi' ye'r hindurmont and ye'r honging! i' thic mon ye'r huſbond?

Nerina. Oye meiſtreſs, and hur pe his wiffe.

Lucetta. Thot i' na trew; I am hes weef; and 'gin he mun be hong, it be I mun hong 'en.

Nerina. Hur con no teel wot hur gabble?

Lucetta. I tall ye that I om hes weef.

Nerina. His wiffe?

Lucetta. Yees.

Nerina. Hur tell hur agin, it pe hur whoo pe ſoo.

Lucetta. And I aſſuer ye thot I om ſae.

Nerina. Hur hos p'een marridd to her foor years.

Lucetta. And I ha' bin hes weef thic ſeaven yeer.

Nerina. Hur hos witneſſes oof aul hur ſayes.

Lucetta. A' my contry knaws it.
Nerina. Hur toown con teſtifee it.
Lucetta. A' Pezenas rong o' our bridal.
Nerina. Aull ſoint Quentin flock'd to hur wadding.
Lucetta. Nathing is ſae trew.
Nerina. Nothung con pe mo certain.
Lucetta to Squire Lubberly.] Daureſt thoo ſeay thae coontrary, villain?
Nerina to Squire Lubberly.] Con hur deny it to hur, roogg?
Squire Lubberly. One is as true as t'other.
Lucetta. Faw-ſhaumleſs-theef! Wreech! du' na ye remomber poor Feanny and poor Jeanny thae fruits o' our morriage?
Nerina. Donno pe zo brazen. Wo't con hur forget hur poorr ſhild, her little Moggy, which hur leaft hur forr a tocken of hur faith.
Squire Lubberly. A couple of impudent jades!
Lucetta. Coom Feanny, coom Jeanny, coom Patie, coom Peggy, coom ſhew an unnatural feether hes cruelty ta hes bairns.
Nerina. Cume hur ſhild Moggy, cume maak your vather auſhame of his impeaudance.

SCENE X.

ORONTES, SQUIRE LUBBERLY, LUCETTA, NERINA, Several Children.

JEANNY, FEANNY, MOGGY.

O PAPA! papa! papa!
Squire Lubberly. Devil take the little whore's birds!

Lucetta. Be na ye i' thae utmoſt confuſion, villain, to tourn awae a' yer bairns, and ta ſhuut yer ears ta feetherly affection? Ye ſhu'na eſcape me, roſcul; I'll fallo ye ilka whare, and ding yer crime i' yer teeth, 'till I ha' my revenge, till I have ye puniſht; rogue! I will ha' ye puniſht.

Nerina. Donno hur pluſh for zaying zo, and forr hur peing unſenſible off the embraſſes off the poor ſhild? Hur ſhonno get out off her honds: and forr aul hur flouts, her wull maak it known that hur pe hur wiffe, and hur wull hove hur hong.

The Children. Papa! papa! papa!

Squire Lubberly. Help, help! Where ſhall I run? I can bear no more on't.

Orontes. Go, you'll do right to have him puniſht; he deſerves to be hang'd.

SCENE XI.

SBRIGANI alone.

EVERY thing is under my eye, and hitherto all goes right. We ſhall ſo weary out our country chap, that he'll knock off, i' faith.

SCENE XII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

OH! I'm murder'd! What vexation! What a confounded city! Aſſaſſinated on all ſides!

Sbrigani. What's the matter, Sir? has any thing befallen you?

Squire Lubberly. Yes. It rains glisters and women in this country.

Sbrigani. How so?

Squire Lubberly. A couple of jabbering jades are come to accuse me of being married to both of them, and threaten me with justice.

Sbrigani. That's a plaguy affair, for in this country justice is as rigorous as the devil against that sort of crime.

Squire Lubberly. Ay; but though there should be an information, citation, decree, and judgment obtain'd by surprize, default, and contumacy, I've a way by disputing the jurisdiction of the court, to gain time, and bring about the means of invalidating the prosecution.

Sbrigani. Why this is talking of it in all the terms: and 'tis plain that you're of the profession, Sir.

Squire Lubberly. I? Not at all; I, I am a gentleman.

Sbrigani. Certainly, to talk thus, you must have studied the practice.

Squire Lubberly. No, 'tis nothing but common sense, which makes me conclude I shall always be admitted to justify myself by facts, and that I cannot be condemned upon a simple accusation, without a re-examination and a confrontation with the parties.

Sbrigani. This is nicer still.

Squire Lubberly. These words come from me without my knowlege.

Sbrigani. Methinks the common sense of a gentleman may go so far as to conceive what is right, and the order of justice; but not to know the very terms of quibbling.

Squire Lubberly. Theſe are ſome words I have remember'd by reading romances.

Sbrigani. O very well.

Squire Lubberly. To ſhew you that I underſtand nothing at all of the querks of law, I beſeech you to carry me to ſome counſellor to adviſe with upon my affair.

Sbrigani. I will ſo, and will carry you to a couple of very able men; but I warn you beforehand not to be ſurpriz'd at their manner of ſpeaking: they have contracted at the bar a certain habit of declaiming, which appears like ſinging, and you'll take all they ſay to you for muſic.

Squire Lubberly. What ſignifies it how they ſpeak, ſo they tell me what I want to know.

SCENE XIII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI, Two COUNSELLORS, Two ATTORNIES, Two BAILIFFS.

1. COUNSELLOR drawling out his words.

IN caſe of po-li-ga-my,
Hanging's what the laws decree.

2. Counſellor ſpeaking very faſt.

What you've done
Is clear and plain.
And in that caſe
'Tis very full
What the law ſays.
Conſult our authors,
Legiſlators, and gloſſators;

Juſtinian, Papinian,
Ulpian, Tribonian,
Fernand, Rebuffe, John Imolus,
Paul Caſtro, Julian, Bartholus,
Jaſon, Alciat, and Cuja
That able man, you'll find they ſay:
I' th' caſe o' poligamy,
Hanging the laws decree.

2. Counſellor ſings.

All people that are civiliz'd
And well advis'd,
French, Engliſh, Hollanders,
Danes, Swedes, and Polanders,
Flemins, Spaniards, Portugueſe,
Italians, Germans, all of theſe,
Herein you'll find
Are of a mind
I' th' caſe o' poligamy
Hanging the laws decree.

1. Counſellor ſings.

I' th' caſe o' poligamy
Hanging the laws decree.

[Squire Lubberly beats them off.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ERASTUS, SBRIGANI.

SBRIGANI.

WELL, matters go on as we would have them; and as his natural parts are very poor, and his underſtanding the ſhalloweſt in the world, I've put him

into ſuch a terrible fright at the ſeverity of the law in this country, and the preparations already making for his death, than he intends to fly; and to eſcape more eaſily from the people which I have told him are plac'd at the city gates to ſtop him, he's reſolv'd to diſguiſe himſelf; and the diſguiſe he has taken is a woman's habit.

Eraſtus. I'd fain ſee him in that equipage.

Sbrigani. Take you care to complete the comedy, and whilſt I'm playing my ſcenes with him, go you. [Whiſpering him.] you apprehend?

Eraſtus. Yes.

Sbrigani. And when I've plac'd him as I would ——

[Whiſpering him.

Eraſtus. Very well.

Sbrigani. And when the father ſhall be appriz'd by me ——

[Whiſpering him again.

Eraſtus. That does the beſt in the world.

Sbrigani. Here's our laſs; away quick, that he may not ſee us together.

SCENE II.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY in Woman's Clothes, SBRIGANI.

SBRIGANI.

FOR my part, I don't believe that in this condition one could ever know you, for you've an air like that of a woman of quality.

Squire Lubberly. What amazes me is, that in this country the forms of law ſhould not be obſerv'd.

Sbrigani. Ay, I have already told you they begin

here with hanging a man, and then try him afterwards.

Squire Lubberly. That's very unjuſt juſtice.

Sbrigani. 'Tis as rigorous as the devil, particularly againſt theſe ſorts of crimes.

Squire Lubberly. But when a body's innocent.

Sbrigani. No matter, they don't trouble themſelves about that; and then they have in this city an intolerable hatred for the people of your country, and nothing can rejoice them more than to ſee a man of Limoges hang'd.

Squire Lubberly. Why, what have the Limoſins done to them?

Sbrigani. They are brutes, enemies to the gentility and merit of other cities. For my part, I proteſt I'm in a terrible fright about you; and I ſhall have no comfort of my life ſhould you come to be hang'd.

Squire Lubberly. 'Tis not ſo much the fear of death that makes me fly, as that it is vexatious to a gentleman to be hanged; ſuch a thing as that would injure one's titles of honour.

Sbrigani. You're in the right; they would conteſt with you after that the title of eſquire. But be it your ſtudy, when I lead you by the hand, to walk as a woman does, and to uſe the language, and all the airs of a perſon of quality.

Squire Lubberly. Let me alone, I have ſeen people of fine carriage; all the matter is, I have ſomewhat of a beard.

Sbrigani. Your beard's nothing; there are women have as much as you. Come, let's ſee a little how you behave yourſelf. [Squire Lubberly mimics a woman of quality.]. Good.

Squire Lubberly. Why, my cauch there: where is

my cauch? Lard, what a miſerable thing it is to have ſuch ſervants as theſe! Muſt I wait all day in the ſtreet, and will na body call my cauch for me?

Sbrigani. Mighty well.

Squire Lubberly. Soho! here, cauchman, page. Little raſcal! How I'll have ye laſh'd by and by! Page, page: why, where is this page? Can't the page be found? Will na body call this page for me? have I na page in the warld?

Sbrigani. This is to a miracle: but one thing I obſerve; that hood is a little too thin, I'll fetch one that's thicker to conceal your face the better in caſe of any accident.

Squire Lubberly. What ſhall I do in the mean while?

Sbrigani. Stay for me here, I'll be with you in a moment: you need only walk about.

[Squire Lubberly walks backward and forward the ſtage ſeveral times mimicking a woman of quality.

SCENE III.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, TWO SWISSES.

1. Swiss not ſeeing Squirely Lubberly.

COME aloong, broder, make haſht; uſh both muſht awoy to Teyburn to ſhee de execuſhong o' Squeer Lubberly dat iſh condemn to be hong by te neack.

2. Swiſs not ſeeing Squire Lubberly.] Uſh muſht hire one window to ſhee dis execuſhong.

1. Swiſs. Day ſhay, dere be put up alreedy one greet quite quite new gallows, to hong dis Lubberly.

2. Swiſs. By me ſhoul, me ſhall fiend one grand pleaſure to ſhee hong dis Limoſin.

1. Swiſs. Yeſh, to ſhee him kick hiſh legs in de air before au de Vorld.

2. Swiſs. He be one pleaſhant roogue indeed; day ſhay, he be marrie tree wife.

1. Swiſs. Dat be diable, tree wife to one mon; one be full enuff.

2. Swiſs ſeeing Squire Lubberly.] Gud morrow, maddome.

1. Swiſs. 'Vat do ye here alone?

Squire Lubberly. I ſtay for my attendants, gentlemen.

2. Swiſs. She be pretty, upo' my ſhoul.

Squire Lubberly. Softly, gentlemen.

1. Swiſs. Vill you, maddome, go and divert yourſhelf at Teyburn? Uſh vill ſhew you one letel honging dat be very pretty.

Squire Lubberly. I thank you.

2. Swiſs. It be one gentlemon o' Limoges, dat vill be hong on one grand gallows.

Squire Lubberly. I have no curioſity.

1. Swiſs. Dis be one comical letel fubs.

Squire Lubberly. Fair and ſoft.

1. Swiſs. By me ſhoul, me vill go to bed vid you.

Squire Lubberly. Fye! this is going too far; ſuch filthy language muſt not be us'd to a woman of my condition.

2. Swiſs Let her alone, it be me dat vill go to bed vid her for moi piſtole.

1. Swiſs. Me vill not let her alone.

2. Swiſs. Me vill have her me ſhelf.

[They pull him about violently.

1. Swiſs. Me vill have her.

2. Swiſs. Dou lie.

1. Swiſs. Dou lie dyſhelf.

Squire Lubberly. Help! a rape!

SCENE IV.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, An OFFICER, Two SOLDIERS, Two SWISSES.

OFFICER.

WHAT's this? What violence is here? And what would ye do to the lady? Come, about your buſineſs, if you would not have me put ye into priſon.

1. Swiſs. By me ſhalvaſhon, dou ſha' not have her.

2. Swiſs. By me ſhalvaſhon, dou ſha' not have her neither.

SCENE V.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, An OFFICER.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY.

I'M oblig'd to you, Sir, for delivering me from theſe inſolent fellows.

Officer. Hah! here's a face that much reſembles what was deſcrib'd to me.

Squire Lubberly. 'Tis not me, I aſſure you.

Officer. How, how! what's that ——

Squire Lubberly. I can't tell.

Officer. Why did you talk ſo then?

Squire Lubberly. For nothing.

Officer. There's ſome meaning in what you ſaid, and I ſeize you priſoner.

Squire Lubberly. O, Sir, pray now!

Officer. No, no; by your appearance and your diſcourſe you muſt needs be Squire Lubberly, whom we

are hunting for, that has disguis'd himself in this manner; and you shall instantly go to prison.

Squire Lubberly. Alas!

SCENE VI.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI, OFFICER, SOLDIERS.

SBRIGANI to Squire Lubberly.

O HEAVEN! What does this mean?

Squire Lubberly. They know me.

Officer. Ay, that's what I am rejoic'd at.

Sbrigani to the officer.] Oh, Sir, for my sake! You know we have been friends a long while. I conjure you not to carry him to prison.

Officer. No, 'tis impossible.

Sbrigani. You're a man that will hear reason. Is there no way of adjusting this matter with a few pistoles?

Officer to his Soldiers.] Stand off a little.

SCENE VII.

SQUIRE LUBBERLY, SBRIGANI, An OFFICER.

SBRIGANI to Squire Lubberly.

YOU must give him money to let you go. Do it quickly.

Squire Lubberly giving money to Sbrigani.] O cursed town!

Sbrigani. Hold your hand, Sir.

Officer. How much is there?

Sbrigani. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten.

Officer. No. My orders are too expreſs.

Sbrigani to the Officer who is going.] Lord, ſtay. [To Squire Lubberly.] Make haſte, give him as much more.

Squire Lubberly. But ——

Sbrigani. Make haſt, I tell ye, and don't loſe time. You'll find a mighty pleaſure, when you are hang'd.

Squire Lubberly gives more money to Sbrigani.] Oh!

Sbrigani to the Officer] Here, Sir.

Officer to Sbrigani.] I muſt run away with him then, for there can be no ſafety here for me. Let me conduct him, and don't you ſtir from this place.

Sbrigani. Pray take great care of him.

Officer. I promiſe you not to leave him till I put him in a place of ſafety.

Squire Lubberly to Sbrigani.] Good-by t'ye. That's the only honeſt man I've found in this city.

Sbrigani. Loſe no time. I love you ſo much that I wiſh you was far from hence already. [Alone.] May heaven conduct you. A fine bubble, i'faith! But here is ——

SCENE VIII.

ORONTES, SBRIGANI.

SBRIGANI as if not ſeeing Orontes.

AH! what an amazing accident! what an afflicting piece of news for a father! Poor Orontes! how I pity thee!

Orontes. What is it? what misfortune doſt thou forebode to me?

Sbrigani. Ah! Sir, that perfidious Limoſin, that villain Squire Lubberly is run away with your daughter.

Orontes. Run away with my daughter!

Sbrigani. Yes. She's become ſo mad for him, that ſhe has left you to go after him; and they ſay he has got a charm to make all the women in love with him.

Orontes. Let's ſeek for juſtice immediately. An hue and cry after them.

SCENE IX.

ORONTES, ERASTUS, JULIA, SBRIGANI.

ERASTUS to Julia.

COME along, you ſhall come in ſpite of your teeth, and I'll put you in your father's hands again. Here, Sir, here's your daughter whom I have taken by force from the man ſhe was running away with; not for the love of her, but only in regard to you; for after her doing ſuch an action as this, I ought to deſpiſe her, and cure myſelf abſolutely of the paſſion I had for her.

Orontes. Ah! infamous creature as thou art!

Eraſtus to Julia.] What! to treat me thus, afer all the marks of love that I have given you! I don't at all blame you for being obedient to the will of the gentleman your father; he is wiſe and judicious in what he does, and I don't complain of him at all for rejecting me for another. If he was worſe than his word to me, he had his reaſons for it. He was made believe that this other man is richer than I am by four or five thouſand

crowns; and four or five thouſand crowns is a conſiderable ſum, and what's well worth the trouble of a man's breaking his word for. But to forget, in a moment, all the paſſion I have ſhewn for you; to let yourſelf be at firſt ſight inflam'd with love for a new comer, and ſhamefully to follow him without the conſent of your father, after the crimes that were charg'd upon him, is what the whole world condemns, and for which my heart can't invent reproaches ſevere enough.

Julia. Why, yes, I fell in love with him, and would follow him, ſince my f er had choſen him for my huſband. Notwithſtanding what you ſay, he's a very honeſt man; and all the crimes they accuſe him of are monſtrous falſities.

Orontes. Hold your tongue; you're a fool, and I know better than you.

Julia. Theſe are certainly tricks that have been play'd him, and perhaps 'tis he [pointing to Eraſtus.] has contriv'd this artifice to give you a diſguſt to him.

Eraſtus. I! could I be capable of ſuch a thing!

Julia. Yes, you.

Orontes Hold your tongue, I tell ye, you're a fool.

Eraſtus. No, no, don't you imagine I have any deſire to break off the match, or that it was my paſſion for you which forced me to purſue you. I have already told you 'twas only the regard I have for the gentleman your father. I could not endure that an honeſt man, as he is, ſhould be expos'd to the ſhame of all the tittle-tattle ſuch an action as yours would occaſion.

Orontes. I'm infinitely oblig'd t'ye, Eraſtus.

Eraſtus. Fare you well, Sir; I have had all the ardour in the world to enter into your family; and have done all that is in my power to obtain ſuch an honour:

but

but I have been unfortunate, and you did not judge me worthy of that honour: but that ſhall not prevent my retaining for you thoſe ſentiments of eſteem and veneration which your perſon requires from me; and though I could not be your ſon-in-law, I ſhall however eternally be your ſervant.

Orontes. Stay, Eraſtus, your behaviour touches my ſoul, and I give you my daughter in marriage.

Julia. I'll have no other huſband but Squire Lubberly.

Orontes. And I'm reſolv'd you ſhall have Eraſtus this moment. Here, your hand.

Julia. No, I will not do it.

Orontes. I ſhall give it you about your ears.

Eraſtus. No, Sir, no, don't uſe any violence towards her, I beſeech you.

Orontes. 'Tis her place to obey me, and I know how to ſhew myſelf maſter.

Eraſtus. Don't you ſee what a love ſhe has for that man? And would you have me poſſeſs a body which another has got the heart of?

Orontes. 'Tis ſome philter that he has given her; you'll ſee ſhe'll change her mind before 'tis long. Give me your hand. Come.

Julia. I don't ——

Orontes. What! d'ye make a noiſe! Come on, your hand I tell ye: Ha, ha, ha!

Eraſtus to Julia.] Don't believe 'tis for the love of you that I give you my hand; 'tis your father only that I'm in love with, and 'tis him I marry.

Orontes. I'm mightily oblig'd to you, and I'll add ten thouſand crowns to my daughter's portion. Let a notary be brought to draw the contract.

Eraſtus. Whilſt we wait for him, we may enjoy

diverſions ſuitable to the occaſion, and fetch in thoſe maſquers whom the report of Squire Lubberly's marriage has brought hither from all parts of the city.

SCENE THE LAST.

A Company of DANCERS and SINGERS in Maſquerade Habits.

A GIPSY WOMAN.

BE gone, be gone, far hence away,
Sorrow, diſquiet, carking care;
But hither come, ye Pleaſures gay,
Hither, ye laughing Loves repair.
Let's think of nothing elſe but joy,
For pleaſure is our grand employ.

Chorus of Singers.

Let's think of nothing elſe but joy,
For pleaſure is our grand employ.

Gipſy Woman.

All here to follow me,
Uncommon ardor fires,
Hopeful that deſtiny
May favour your deſires.
Love for ever, and confeſs
That's the road to happineſs.

A Gipſy Man.

Let us love till we die,
Does reaſon cry;

For, alas! what is living if love is away?
If love we can't have,
Let us haſte to the grave;
Come, death, cloſe our eyes, and adieu to the day.

Gipſy Man.

Riches,

Gipſy Woman.

Glory,

Gipſy Man.

Rank,

Gipſy Woman.

And power;
Which among mortals make ſuch a rout,

Gipſy Man.

All ſignify nothing if love is left out.

Gipſy Woman.

For life without love has not one happy hour.

Both together.

Let's love for ever, and confeſs,
That's the road to happineſs.

Chorus.

Let's ſing and dance,
And ſport and prance,
And frolic be and jolly.

A Singer habited like a Pantaloon.

For whene'er we
To laugh agree,
The wiſeſt have moſt folly.

All together.

Let's think of nothing elſe but joy.
For pleaſure is our grand employ.

THE END.

AMPHITRYON.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

ACTORS of the PROLOGUE.

MERCURY.
NIGHT.

ACTORS of the COMEDY.

JUPITER, in the form of Amphitryon.
AMPHITRYON, general of the Thebans.
ALCMENA, wife to Amphitryon.
CLEANTHIS, waiting-woman to Alcmena, and wife to Sosia.
ARGATIPHONTIDAS,
NAUCRATES,
POLIDAS,
POSICLES, } Theban captains.
SOSIA, Amphitryon's man.

SCENE THEBES, before the Palace of Amphitryon.

AMPHITRYON.

PROLOGUE.

MERCURY upon a Cloud, NIGHT in a Chariot drawn by two Horſes.

MERCURY.

HOLD, charming Night! vouchſafe to ſtop: a certain piece of ſervice is deſir'd of you: and I've a word to ſay to you from Jupiter.

Night. Oh dear! is't you, Mr. Mercury; who'd have imagin'd you there, in that poſture?

Mercury. Troth, finding myſelf weary, and unable to execute the different employments Jupiter puts upon me, I ſat me down quietly on this cloud to wait your coming.

Night. You talk ſtrangely, Mercury, and don't conſider the matter: does it become the gods to ſay they are weary?

Mercury. Are the gods made of iron?

Night. No —— but we ought always to preſerve the decorum of the divinity. There are certain words, the uſe whereof debaſes that ſublime quality, and which, on account of their indignity, 'tis proper we ſhould leave to mortals.

Mercury. You, at your eaſe, talk in this manner. You, fair one, have a rolling chariot, in which, like an idle dame, you are drawn about, by two good horſes,

where-ever you have a mind. But 'tis not the ſame with me; and as fate has deſtin'd me, I cannot bear the poets ill-will enough for their exceſſive impertinence, in having, by an unreaſonable cuſtom, which they will maintain the uſe of, given to every god according to his employment ſome vehicle or other for his ſhare, whilſt they leave me on foot, like a penny-poſt man. Me, who am, 'tis well known, both in heaven and earth, the famous meſſenger of the ſovereign of the gods; and who, modeſtly ſpeaking, in all the employments that he appoints me, have more occaſion than any body of ſomewhat or other to convey me.

Night. What can you do in this caſe? The poets go on in their own way. That's not the only folly one ſees thoſe gentry commit. But however, you're in the wrong to be enrag'd againſt them, for the wings to your feet are the gift of their labours.

Mercury. Well, but is going faſter the way to be leſs tir'd?

Night. Let's ha' done with that, Mr. Mercury, and let's know your buſineſs.

Mercury. 'Tis Jupiter, as I told you, who begs the favour of your dark mantle, for a certain ſoft adventure which a new amour furniſhes him with. His practices are no news to you, I believe: he frequently abandons heaven for earth; and you are not ignorant that this maſter of the gods loves to humanize himſelf for the ſake of mortal beauties, and knows an hundred ingenious ways to bring the moſt cruel to his purpoſe. He has felt the glances of Alcmena's eyes, and whilſt Amphitryon, her huſband, commands the Theban troops, on the Beotian plains; he has aſſum'd his form, and receives under it an alleviation of his pains in the poſſeſſion of the

ſofteſt joys. The condition of theſe marry'd folks is favourable to his paſſion; Hymen has join'd them but a few days, and the ardor of their fondneſs made Jupiter bethink himſelf of having recourſe to this pretty artifice. His ſtratagem in this caſe is good: but with many a dear wife ſuch a diſguiſe would ſignify juſt nothing; and the form of an huſband is not every where the right means of becoming agreeable.

Night. I admire at Jupiter: nor can I comprehend all the diſguiſes that come into his head.

Mercury. He would by that means taſte all ſorts of conditions, and 'tis acting like a god that is no fool. In what degree ſoever he may be reſpected by mortals, I ſhould account him very miſerable, ſhould he never lay aſide his formidable appearance, but be always mounted up to the top of heaven. It is, in my opinion, the ſtupideſt thing that can be, to be always impriſon'd in grandeur; and above all, an high rank proves mighty incommodious to the tranſports of ardent love. Jupiter who, no doubt, underſtands himſelf well enough in his pleaſures, knows how to deſcend from the height of his ſupreme glory; and that he may enter into whatever he has a mind, he goes intirely out of himſelf, and then he's no longer Jupiter.

Night. One might overlook his deſcending from his ſublime degree into that of mortals, taking up all the paſſions which their hearts produce, and playing their tricks, if, in the changes his humour leads him to, he would confine himſelf to human nature; but to ſee Jupiter a bull, a ſerpent, a ſwan, or ſome other ſuch thing, is what I don't think decent, and wonder not if people ſometimes talk of it.

Mercury. Let them talk their fill; ſuch changes af-

ford pleaſures which ſurpaſs their underſtanding; the god knows what he does in that as well as other things; and in the affairs of love, the beaſts are not ſo much beaſts as folks imagine.

Night. But to return to the fair object whoſe favour he enjoys. If by his contrivance he finds his paſſion ſucceſsful, what can he deſire more? And what is it that I can do?

Mercury. Why, keep in your horſes to a ſlow pace, to ſatisfy the wiſhes of his enamour'd ſoul, making ſuch a delicious night the longeſt of all nights. Give more ſpace for his tranſports and retard the appearance of the day, which would forward the return of him whoſe place he ſupplies.

Night. 'Tis certainly a fine employment which the great Jupiter puts me upon, and the ſervice he requires of me bears a very honourable name.

Mercury. For a young goddeſs, you have a great deal of the antient ſimplicity! Such an employment is not ſcandalous but amongſt mean people: when one has the good fortune to appear in an exalted ſtation, all one does is right and good: things change their names according to one's condition.

Night. As to ſuch matters, you know more of them than I, and for accepting this employment, I'll depend on your knowlege in the affair.

Mercury. Lack-a-day! madam Night, a little ſoftly, I beſeech you: on earth you've the character of not being quite ſo reſerv'd: in an hundred different countries you are made a confident to many pretty affairs: and I believe, to tell you my real ſentiments, there's no great difference between us.

Night. Let's give over ſquabbling, and continue juſt

what we are, without affording mortals occaſion of laughing by telling one another our own.

Mercury. Fare you well: I'm going down on my errand to put off the form of Mercury, and there aſſume the appearance of Amphitryon's ſervant.

Night. And I, with my dark attendants will keep my ſtation in this hemiſphere.

Mercury. Good day t'ye, Mrs. Night.

Night. Farewel, Mercury.

[Mercury deſcends from his cloud, and Night paſſes croſs the ſtage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOSIA.

WHO goes there? Lack-a-day! my fear increaſes at every ſtep. Gentlemen, I'm a friend to all the world. O! what an extraordinary preſumption it is to walk at ſuch an hour as this! My maſter, cover'd as he is with glory, plays me here but a ſcurvy trick! What! if he had any love for his neighbour, would he have made me ſet out in ſo dark a night? Cou'dn't he as well have ſtay'd till it was day before he ſent me to give notice of his coming, and tell the particulars of his victory? O Soſia! to what a ſlavery is thy life ſubjected! Our lot is abundance harder with the great than with mean people. They will have it, that every thing in nature is to be ſacrific'd for them. Night and day, hail, wind, danger, heat and cold, as ſoon as they ſpeak the word, one muſt fly: twenty years of diligent ſervice ſignify juſt nothing on our behalf: the leaſt trifling whim draws their wrath upon us. And yet our inſenſible

ſouls dot upon the empty honour of being about them, and are ſatisfy'd with the falſe opinion which all other people have, that we are happy. Reaſon in vain calls on us to retire; in vain does our vexation ſometimes conſent to do ſo: their preſence has too powerful an aſcendant over our zeal, and the ſmall favour of a kind look engages us again as ſure as can be. But, in ſhort, I perceive our houſe through the darkneſs, and my fear vaniſhes. I muſt have ſome premeditated ſpeech for my embaſſy. I ſhould ſhew Alcmena a military repreſentation of the great battle wherein our enemies were routed: But how the deuce ſhall I do it when I was not there? No matter, let's talk of hacking and hewing like one that ſaw it. How many people give deſcriptions of battles which they were a great way off from? But that I may act my part perfectly, I'll rehearſe it here a little. Suppoſe now, this is the chamber, into which I'm introduc'd as a meſſenger, and that lanthorn is Alcmena to whom I muſt addreſs myſelf.

[He ſets his lanthorn on the ground. Madam, Amphitryon, my maſter, and your ſpouſe —— Good! a brave beginning! Whoſe mind is always fill'd with your charms, has choſe me from amongſt all the reſt to inform you of the ſucceſs of his arms, and the deſire he has of being with you. "Hah! honeſt Soſia, "I'm really glad at heart to ſee thee again." Madam, you do me too much honour, and my fortune is to be envy'd. Rarely anſwer'd! "How does Amphitryon do?" Madam, like a man of courage, upon all occaſions where glory engages him. Mighty well! an excellent thought! "When will he, by his dear return, reſtore ſatisfacti- "on to my ſoul?" As ſoon as ever he can, madam, to be ſure, but much ſlower than his heart deſires. Oh!

" But in what condition has the war plac'd him? what " ſays he? what does he? ſatisfy me a little ——" He ſays leſs than he does, madam, and makes his enemies tremble.— Plague! where got I all theſe fine ſpeeches? " What are the rebels doing? tell me, what con- " dition are they in?" They could not reſiſt our force, madam; we have cut them in pieces, put Pterelas their chief to death, taken Telabos by ſtorm, and the whole port rings already of our valiant deeds. " Ah! " what ſucceſs! ye gods! who could have e'er believ'd " it? Inform me, Soſia, how the matter happen'd." I will, madam, and, without boaſting, I can relate very knowingly the particulars of this victory. [Soſia marks the places upon his head.] Suppoſe then, madam, that Telebos is o' this ſide; it is a city, in truth, almoſt as large as Thebes; the river lies as 'twere, there; our people encamped here; and the ſpace that's there our enemies poſſeſs'd. Their infantry was upon an eminence that way, and their cavalry lower on the right hand. After having addreſs'd our prayers to the gods, general orders being given, the ſignal was made: the enemy thinking to cut out work for us, formed three platoons of their horſe, but we ſoon cool'd their courage, and you ſhall ſee in what manner. There's our vanguard animated to behave well; there the arches of our king Creon: and here, the body of the army; which, at firſt, —— hold; the body of the army is afraid. I hear ſome noiſe, methinks. [A little noiſe is made.

SCENE II.

MERCURY, SOSIA.

MERCURY in the form of Sosia, coming out of Amphitryon's house.

UNDER this shape which resembles him, let's drive away this babler, whose impertinent arrival would disturb the joys our lovers taste together.

Sosia not seeing Mercury.] My heart recovers itself a little, and I believe 'twas nothing. However, for fear of any ugly accident, I'll make an end of the dialogue within.

Mercury aside.] Thou shall be stronger than Mercury, or I'll prevent thee from doing that.

Sosia not seeing Mercury.] This night, methinks, is of an extraordinary length; by the time I've been travelling, either my master must have taken evening for morning, or else beau Phoebus naps it too long in bed by reason of having taken too much of his wine.

Mercury aside.] With what irreverence the rascal talks of the gods! My arm presently shall chastise this insolence: I'll go divert myself with him, by robbing him of his name as well as his resemblance.

Sosia seeing Mercury at a little distance.] Hah! by my faith I was in the right: 'tis over with me, poor creature. I see a man before our house whose looks portend me no good. I'll sing a little to make believe I'm not afraid. [He sings.

Mercury. What rascal is this, that takes the liberty to sing and deafen me in this manner? [As Mercury

ſpeaks, Soſia's voice grows weaker and weaker by little and little.] Does he want me to drub his jacket a little?

Soſia aſide.] To be ſure this man don't love muſic.

Mercury. I've found no-body to break the bones of for above a week. My arm loſes its vigour by lying ſtill; and I'm ſeeking after ſome back or other to breathe myſelf upon.

Soſia aſide.] What devil of a fellow is this? I feel my ſoul ſtruck with mortal fear. But why ſhould I tremble thus? In his heart, perhaps, he's as timorous as I am, and the ſly cur talks in this manner to conceal his fear from me under a pretended courage. Ay, ay, let's not endure to be thought a noodle. If I'm not bold, let me try to appear ſo: let us reaſon ourſelves into courage. He's alone as well as I: I'm ſturdy: I've a good maſter, and our houſe is there.

Mercury. Who goes there?

Soſia. I.

Mercury. Who's I?

Soſia. I. [aſide.] Courage, Soſia.

Mercury. What is it thy lot to be? tell me.

Soſia. To be a man and to talk.

Mercury. Are you maſter or ſervant?

Soſia. As I've a mind.

Mercury. Whither are you going?

Soſia. To the place I intend to go.

Mercury. Heh! this does not pleaſe me.

Soſia. I'm heartily glad of it.

Mercury. Poſitively either by fair means or foul, Mr. Raſcal, I'll know of thee what's thy buſineſs, whence thou comeſt before 'tis day, whither thou goeſt, and whom thou belongeſt to.

Soſia. I do well and ill by turns: I come from

thence; I'm going thither; and I belong to my maſter.

Mercury. Thou ſheweſt thy wit, and haſt a mind, I perceive, to appear to me as a man of importance. I'm deſirous, therefore, to begin acquaintance by giving thee a box with my fiſt.

Soſia. Me?

Mercury. Ay, thee: and there 'tis for thee certain.

[Strikes him a box on the ear.

Soſia. How! how! is this in earneſt?

Mercury. No, 'tis but in jeſt: an anſwer to your quibbles.

Soſia. Odſbud, friend, how you deal your blows about without one's ſaying any thing to you!

Mercury. Thoſe are the leaſt of my ſtrokes, my little common ſlaps.

Soſia. Was I as haſty as you, we ſhould make fine work on't.

Mercury. There's nothing at all as yet worth minding: we ſhall ſee ſomething more anon; let's proceed in our converſation.

Soſia going off.] I'll have done with it.

Mercury ſtopping Soſia.] Where are you going?

Soſia. What's that to you?

Mercury. I'll know where you're going.

Soſia. To get that door open'd to me. Why d'ye ſtop me?

Mercury. If you carry your impudence ſo far as to come but near it, I'll ſhower down a ſtorm of blows upon thee.

Soſia. What! would you hinder me by your threatning from going into our own houſe.

Mercury. How your houſe?

Sosia. Yes, our house.

Mercury. O the villain! You belong to that house you say?

Sosia. Very right. Is not Amphitryon the master of it?

Mercury. Well, what does that signify?

Sosia. I am his servant.

Mercury. You?

Sosia. I.

Mercury. His servant?

Sosia. Certainly.

Mercury. Servant of Amphitryon?

Sosia. Of Amphitryon: of himself.

Mercury. Your name is?

Sosia. Sosia.

Mercury. Heh! What?

Sosia. Sosia.

Mercury. Harkee: d'ye know that I shall knock out your brains with my fist this moment.

Sosia. For what? What fury is it seizes thee?

Mercury. Tell me who made thee so rash as to assume the name of Sosia?

Sosia. I don't assume it, not I; I ever had it.

Mercury. O horrible lye! Excessive impudence! Dar'st thou face me down that thy name is Sosia?

Sosia. I may very well face you down it is so, for this strong reason, that the supreme power of the gods has made it so, and because I'm not able to deny it, or to be any body but my own self.

Mercury. A thousand blows ought to be the reward of such a piece of impudence.

Sosia being beaten by Mercury.] Justice, citizens! Help, I beseech you!

Mercury. How, raſcal, doſt thou cry out?

Soſia. You murder me with a thouſand blows, and would not you have me cry out?

Mercury. 'Tis thus my arm ——

Soſia. 'Tis an unworthy action; you triumph becauſe of the advantage my want of courage gives you over me, and make an ill uſe of it. 'Tis mere bullying to take advantage of the cowardiſe of thoſe we attack; to beat a man one's ſure won't fight, is not the action of a generous ſoul; and courage againſt people that have it not is blameable.

Mercury. Well, art thou Soſia now? What doſt ſay to it?

Soſia. Your blows have not metamorphos'd me, and all the alteration I find in the thing is, that I am beaten Soſia.

Mercury threatning Soſia.] An hundred ſtrokes more for this freſh impudence.

Soſia. Pray now, a truce with your ſtrokes.

Mercury. A truce then with thy impudence.

Soſia. Whatever you pleaſe, I hold my tongue: the diſpute between us is too unequal.

Mercury. Art thou Soſia ſtill? Speak, raſcal.

Soſia. Lack-a-day! I'm what you pleaſe; diſpoſe of my fate juſt as you have a mind; your arm has made you maſter of it.

Mercury. Thy name was Soſia, by what thou ſay'ſt.

Soſia. 'Tis true; I believ'd the thing was plain till now, but your ſtick has made me find that I was miſtaken in the matter.

Mercury. 'Tis I am Soſia, and all Thebes confeſſes it: Amphitryon never had any other Soſia than I.

Soſia. You Soſia?

Mercury. I, Sosia: and if any body pretends to be so, let him take good care of himself.

Sosia aside.] Heavens! must I renounce my own self in this manner, and see my name stole from me by an impostor? How extremely happy it is for him that I'm a coward! or else, 'sdeath!

Mercury. You mutter something, I think.

Sosia. No: but in the name o' the gods, give me leave to speak one moment to yon.

Mercury. Speak.

Sosia. But pray promise me not to make use of blows. Let's sign a truce.

Mercury. Go on, I grant thee that point.

Sosia. Tell me then, who put this fancy into your head to rob me of my name? And in short, though thou wert the devil, could'st thou make me not be myself? make me not be Sosia?

Mercury holding his cane over Sosia.] How? canst thou ——

Sosia. Ough! hold! we've made a truce as to blows.

Mercury. How now! villain! impostor! rascal!

Sosia. As for names, call me as many as you will; they are slight wounds, and I'm not uneasy at them.

Mercury. Dost say thou art Sosia?

Sosia. Ay; whatever frivolous story ——

Mercury. Come, come, I break the truce, and recal my word.

Sosia. I don't care: I can't annihilate myself for you, and bear such an improbable account. Is it in your power to be what I am? Or can I cease to be my own self? Did any body ever think of such a thing? Or can one disbelieve an hundred convincing proofs? Do I dream? Am I asleep? Is my mind disturb'd by

paſſions? Don't I feel plainly that I'm awake? Am I not in my right ſenſes? Has not Amphitryon, my maſter, ſent me hither to his wife Alcmena? Am I not to extol his love for her, and give an account of his actions againſt our enemies? Am I not come juſt now from the port? Don't I hold a lanthorn in my hand? Don't I find thee before our houſe? Don't I talk to thee in a manner perfectly reaſonable? Doſt thou not take advantage of my cowardiſe? Haſt thou not exercis'd thy fury upon my back to prevent my going into our houſe? Haſt thou not belabour'd me ſoundly? Oh! all this is but too true: would to heaven it was leſs ſo! Ceaſe then to inſult over a miſerable creature, and let me diſcharge my duty.

Mercury. Stand ſtill, or the leaſt ſtep brings down upon thy back a grievous proof of my juſt anger. All thou haſt been ſaying, belongs to me, except the blows.

Soſia. I left the ſhip this morning, with an heart full of fear, as this lanthorn knows: Amphitryon ſent me from the camp to his wife Alcmena.

Mercury. You lye. 'Twas me whom Amphitryon ſent to Alcmena, and who am juſt arriv'd from the Perſian port. 'Tis I who am come to proclaim his bravery, which gain'd us a complete victory, and ſlew the general of our enemies. In ſhort, 'tis I who certainly am Soſia, ſon of Davus, an honeſt ſhepherd, brother of Harpagus, that dy'd in a foreign country, and huſband of the prude Cleanthis, whoſe temper makes me mad. 'Tis I who at Thebes have had a hundred laſhes, and who formerly was publicly marked in the back for being too honeſt a man.

Soſia aſide.] He's in the right. Unleſs he were Soſia he could not know all this he ſays; and under the a-

ſtoniſhment that ſeizes me, I begin, in my turn, to give him a little credit. Really, now I examine him, I perceive he has got my very ſhape, and air, and manner. Let's queſtion him a little in order to clear up this myſtery. [Aloud.] Amongſt all the plunder of our enemies, what is it that Amphitryon has got for his ſhare?

Mercury. Five very large diamonds plac'd properly in a knot, with which their general us'd to adorn himſelf as a rare piece of workmanſhip.

Soſia. For whom does he intend ſo rich a preſent?

Mercury. For his wife, and intends ſhe ſhall wear it.

Soſia. But where is it put at preſent, in order to bring it?

Mercury. In a cheſt ſeal'd with my maſter's arms.

Soſia aſide.] He does not tell one word of a lye in all his anſwers, and really I begin to be in doubt about myſelf. He is already Soſia with me by force, and ſhould be ſo even by reaſon too. And yet, when I feel myſelf, and reflect on myſelf, it ſeems as if I was I. What ſure way can I find in clearing up this matter? What I did alone, and which no-body ſaw, unleſs he be myſelf he cannot know. I ſhall ſurprize him by a queſtion about that: let's try how 'twill confound him. [Aloud.] When they were fighting, what did you do in our tents whither you ran alone to hide yourſelf?

Mercury. From off a gammon ——

Soſia aſide.] 'Twas ſo!

Mercury. Which I un-earth'd, I bravely cut two juicy ſlices, which I cramm'd down my throat mighty eaſily, and adding thereto ſome wine that had been hoarded up, the ſight whereof was a pleaſure before a body taſted it, I took courage a little for our people that were fighting.

Sosia aside.] This extraordinary proof determines in his favour, he could tell nothing of it unless he was in the bottle. [Aloud.] I can't deny, from the proofs laid before me, but that thou art Sosia: and I acknowlege it. But if thou art he, tell me who thou wilt have me to be; for still I must be something.

Mercury. When I am no longer Sosia, I agree that thou shalt be so: but whilst I am he, 'tis death for thee to take such a fancy in thy head.

Sosia. All this perplexity brings my heart to my mouth, and reason is contrary to what one sees. But an end must be put to it some how or other, and the shortest way for me is to go in there.

Mercury. How rascal! dost thou long for some more of the cudgel?

Sosia beaten by Mercury.] O ye powers! what does this mean? He strikes harder than before; and my back won't be well of it this month. Let's leave this devilish fellow and go back again to the port. Good heaven! I've made a pretty embassy.

Mercury alone.] At last I've made him fly, and by this usage he gets his labour for his pains. But I behold Jupiter very civilly waiting upon the fond Alcmena.

SCENE III.

JUPITER, in the shape of Amphitryon, ALCMENA, CLEANTHIS, MERCURY.

JUPITER.

DEAR Alcmena, forbid the flambeaux to come near: they would afford me the delight of beholding you, but

might discover my coming hither, which 'tis proper to conceal. My passion (which a weighty concern for the glory of our arms restrains) has stoln from the duties of my post these moments it comes to pay your charms. This theft, which my heart devotes to your beauty, might be blam'd by the public voice, and the only witness I would have of it, is she that may think well of me for it.

Alcmena. I interest myself highly, Amphitryon, in the glory your illustrious exploits acquire you; and the fame of your victory touches my soul in the most sensible part: but when I find this fatal honour keeps from me him I love, my tenderness is so excessive, that I can't help bearing it some ill-will, and forming wishes against that commission which makes you general of the Thebans. The glory to which one sees the man one loves exalted, after a victory, is a delightful thing; but amongst the perils which attend that glory, a fatal stroke, alas, may quickly happen! With how many fears is one's heart seiz'd at hearing of the slightest skirmish? Under the horrors of such a reflection does there appear any means of comfort if the threatned blow should come? With whatever laurels a conqueror may be crown'd, and whatever share one may have in that high honour, is it worth the pangs it must cost an heart that trembles every moment for what it loves?

Jupiter. There's nothing I find in you, but what augments my passion; every thing proves to me an heart justly enamour'd; and 'tis, I own, a charming thing to meet with so much love in a beloved object. But if I may presume to say so, one scruple troubles me as to the tender sentiments you express for me: and in order to relish them the better, my passion, dear Alc-

mena, would not have them at all owing to your duty, but to your love alone, and my perſon alone, I would be obliged for the favours I receive from you; and would not have the quality I enjoy of being your huſband be what beſtows them on me.

Alcmena. And yet 'tis from that name the fondneſs which I feel is authoriz'd to appear: nor do I comprehend the meaning of this new ſcruple your paſſion perplexes itſelf about.

Jupiter. Alas! the love and tenderneſs I have for you exceed an huſband's; and you don't know their delicacy in ſuch ſoft moments. You don't conceive that an enamour'd heart is ſtudiouſly intent upon an hundred trifles, and makes itſelf uneaſy about the manner of being happy. In me, fair and charming Alcmena, you behold a huſband and a lover: but to ſpeak freely, 'tis the lover only that touches me, and I perceive the huſband is a clog upon him with you. This lover, to the laſt degree jealous of your affection, is deſirous that on him alone your heart might be beſtowed, and his paſſion will have nothing that the huſband gives him. He would fain obtain your love from the fountain-head, and owe nothing of it to the nuptial tye, nothing to an uneaſy duty, which ſours the heart, and always empoiſons the ſweetneſs of the deareſt favours. In ſhort, under the ſcruple he ſtruggles with, he would have you, to ſatisfy his delicacy, ſeparate him from that which is offenſive to him. Let the huſband be only for your virtue; and let the lover have all the love and tenderneſs of that heart of yours which is all gentleneſs.

Alcmena. You jeſt ſure, Amphitryon, to talk at this rate: and if any body heard you, I'm afraid you would not be thought diſcreet.

Jupiter.

Jupiter. There's more reaſon in this diſcourſe, Alcmena, than you imagine: but a longer ſtay would render me too culpable, and the time preſſes my return unto the port. Farewel. The ſtrange barbarity of my duty tears me from you awhile: but however, fair Alcmena, when you behold the huſband, think, I beſeech you, of the lover.

Alcmena. I do not ſeparate what the gods have joined; and both the huſband and the lover are very dear to me.

SCENE IV.

CLEANTHIS, MERCURY.

CLEANTHIS aſide.

O HEAVEN! how charming is the fondneſs of an huſband one paſſionately loves! And how far is my rogue of a huſband from all this tenderneſs!

Mercury aſide.] I muſt inform Night that ſhe has no more to do but to furl all her ſails; the ſun may now get up and put out the ſtars. [Cleanthis detaining Mercury.] What! is it thus you leave me?

Mercury. Why, what d'ye mean? wou'd n't you ha' me do my duty, and follow Amphitryon?

Cleanthis. But to go ſo abruptly from me, you rogue!

Mercury. A fine thing to be troubled about indeed! We've ſo much time to ſtay together.

Cleanthis. What! to part in ſuch a brutiſh manner, without ſaying one fond word to regale me!

Mercury. What the deuce! wouldſt thou ha' me ſet my brains to work to find out ſilly ſtuff to talk to thee?

Fifteen years of matrimony exhauſt one's diſcourſe, and we've long ago ſaid all we have to ſay.

Cleanthis. You Rogue, obſerve Amphitryon: ſee how he ſets forth his paſſion for Alcmena, and then bluſh for the little affection thou ſhew'ſt thy wife.

Mercury. Lack-a-day, Cleanthis! they are ſtill lovers. There is a certain age when every thing paſſes: and what is very pretty in them now at the beginning, would ſeem very aukward in us old marry'd folks. It would be fine indeed to ſee us engag'd *tete a tete*, talking fine things to one another.

Cleanthis. How! perfidious wretch, am I paſt the condition of hoping that a heart might ſigh for me?

Mercury. No, I don't care to ſay that: but I'm too old to ſigh, I ſhould make people burſt with laughing.

Cleanthis. Villain! doſt thou deſerve the ſignal good fortune of having a woman of honour for thy wife?

Mercury. Bleſs me! thou art but too virtuous: this mighty honour is of no avail to me. Don't be altogether ſo virtuous a wife provided you are leſs troubleſome.

Cleanthis. How? do you find fault with me for living too virtuouſly?

Mercury. The good-nature of a wife is all that charms me. But thy virtue makes a rout that never has done plaguing me.

Cleanthis. You ſhould have had one of thoſe falſe-hearted gypſies; one of thoſe fine qualified wives, who can ſmother their huſbands with kiſſes to make them overlook their behaviour to their galants.

Mercury. Troth, wouldſt thou have me tell it thee? An imaginary misfortune affects none but fools, and I would take for my device, "Leſs honour and more "quiet."

Cleanthis. What! could you endure without any reluctance, that I ſhould love a galant with full liberty?

Mercury. Yes, on condition I was no more peſter'd with thy ſcolding, and that I could ſee thee alter thy way and temper. I ſhould like a convenient vice better than a troubleſome virtue. Good b'ye, Cleanthis, my dear ſoul, I muſt follow Amphitryon.

Cleanthis alone.] Why, ha'n't my ſoul reſolution enough to puniſh this ſcoundrel. Oh! how it mads me upon this occaſion, that I'm an honeſt woman.

ACT II. SCENE I.

AMPHITRYON, SOSIA.

AMPHITRYON.

COME hither, hang-dog, come hither: doſt know, Mr Rogue, that thy talk is enough to make one knock thee down? and that my anger waits only for a ſtick to uſe thee as I deſire?

Soſia. If you talk in that ſtrain, Sir, I have nothing to ſay farther: and you ſhall be always in the right.

Amphitryon. What! villain, wouldſt thou impoſe upon me for truths ſuch ſtories as are in the higheſt degree extravagant?

Soſia. No, Sir, I'm the ſervant, and you're the maſter; it ſhall be juſt as you would have it.

Amphitryon. Come, I'll ſuppreſs my anger, and hear thee out as to thy commiſſion —— Before I ſee my wife I muſt clear up this myſtery. Call back all thy ſenſes, conſider well with thyſelf, and anſwer word for word to every queſtion.

Sosia. But for fear of impropriety, pray now tell me before-hand, in what manner you'd please to have this business manag'd. Shall I speak, Sir, according to my conscience, or as the usual way to great folks is? Must I speak the truth or be mighty complaisant?

Amphitryon. No, I require nothing of you, but to give me a very sincere account of every thing.

Sosia. Well; that's enough: leave it to me: you've nothing to do but to question me.

Amphitryon. As to the orders I lately gave you?

Sosia. I set out, the heavens being veil'd with black crape, muttering grievously against you under that plaguy vexation, and cursing twenty times the orders you speak of.

Amphitryon. How! Rascal?

Sosia. You need only say the word, Sir, I'll tell lies, if you please.

Amphitryon. See what regard servants have for us! Go on — What happened to you upon the road?

Sosia. To be seiz'd with a mortal fear at the least thing I met.

Amphitryon. Coward!

Sosia. Nature has her caprices in forming us, she gives us different inclinations. Some find a thousand pleasures in exposing themselves to dangers, but for my part, I find a pleasure in keeping myself safe.

Amphitryon. When you came to the house?

Sosia. I was willing to try a little by myself before our door, in what strain and after what manner I should give a fine description of the battle.

Amphitryon. What then?

Sosia. A person came to disturb and torment me.

Amphitryon. Who was it?

Sosia. One I, Sosia, jealous of your orders, sent to Alcmena from the port, who knew our secrets as well as the I that talks to you.

Amphitryon. What idle stories!

Sosia. No, Sir, 'tis the real truth. That I was at the house sonner than this I; and I was got thither, I protest to you, before I arrived there.

Amphitryon. Prithee; whence can this cursed nonsense proceed? Is it a dream? Is it drunkenness? Absence of understanding, or a paltry jest?

Sosia. No, 'tis the thing as it really is, and is no idle story at all. I'm a man of honour, I give you my word upon it, and you may believe me, if you please. I tell you, that imagining I had been but one single Sosia, I found myself two at home; and that of those two I's jealous of each other, one is at the house, and t'other is with you. That the I here present, fatigued and weary, found the other I fresh, gay, and active, having no other concern upon him, but how to beat folks and break their bones.

Amphitryon. One must be, I confess, of a mind extremely calm, compos'd and good-natur'd, to let a servant fill one's head with such idle stories.

Sosia. If you put yourself in a passion, no more conference between us; all is at a stand you know immediately.

Amphitryon. Nay, I'll hear you without anger; I have promis'd so to do. But tell me in good faith, is there any shadow of probability in the new mystery you've been telling me?

Sosia. No, you're in the right; and the thing must appear incredible to every body. 'Tis a fact not to be

believ'd, an extravagant, ridiculous, impertinent ſtory; it ſhocks common ſenſe; but 'twas ſo however.

Amphitryon. How can one credit any thing of this without being out of one's wits?

Soſia. I did not myſelf believe him to be me, without abundance of difficulty. I thought 'twas madneſs to imagine myſelf two people, and for a long while treated that me as an impoſtor. But at laſt he forced me to own myſelf, and I ſaw 'twas I without any artifice. From head to foot he's exactly the ſame as I, handſom, a noble air, clever ſhape, charming carriage: In ſhort, two drops of milk are not more alike, and, but that his hands are ſomewhat too weighty, I ſhould be perfectly ſatisfy'd about it.

Amphitryon. With how much patience muſt I arm myſelf! —— But after all, didſt thou not go into the houſe?

Soſia. Ay, marry, I ſay go in! How ſhould I? Would I ever hear reaſon? and didn't I forbid myſelf the door?

Amphitryon. Why, how?

Soſia. With a cudgel, which my back feels ſtill moſt grievouſly.

Amphitryon. Did ſomebody beat you?

Soſia. Yes, really.

Amphitryon. Who was it?

Soſia. I.

Amphitryon. Did you beat you?

Soſia. Yes, 'twas I: not the I that's here, but the I at home, who ſtrikes confoundedly.

Amphitryon. Heaven confound thee for talking to me in this manner!

Soſia. Theſe are no trifling things. The I that I

juſt now met with, has great advantages over the I that ſpeaks to you. He has ſtrength of arms and high courage: I have had proofs of it: and that deviliſh I has belabour'd me very handſomly, he's a fellow that lays about him ſtrangely.

Amphitryon. Let's have done. Did you ſee my wife?

Soſia. No.

Amphitryon. Why ſo?

Soſia. For a mighty good reaſon.

Amphitryon. Varlet! who hinder'd thee? Explain thyſelf.

Soſia. Muſt the ſame thing be repeated twenty times? 'Twas I, I tell you, that ſtronger I than I; that I, who took poſſeſſion of the gate by force: that I, who made me ſlink away: that I, who was jealous of me: that valiant I, whoſe wrath was made known to this cowardly I: that I, in ſhort, who is at home: that I who proves himſelf my maſter: and that I who has maul'd me moſt damnably.

Amphitryon. He muſt have diſorder'd his brain by drinking too much this morning.

Soſia. Let me be hang'd if I've drank any thing but water. You may believe me when I ſwear to it.

Amphitryon. Thy ſenſes then muſt have been aſleep, and ſome frightful perplex'd dream has ſhewn thee all theſe chimeras, which thou putteſt upon me for truths.

Soſia. As little of that as t'other. I've not been aſleep at all, nor had any inclination for it. I talk to you broad awake: I was broad awake this morning, upon my life; and broad awake too was that other Soſia, when he curry'd my hide ſo heartily.

Amphitryon. Follow me, and be ſilent I command you. 'Tis too fatiguing to my ſpirits, and I'm indeed

a fool for having the patience to hearken to a ſervant's nonſenſe.

Soſia aſide.] All that a poor man ſays is nonſenſe. 'Twould have been an exquiſite diſcourſe, if a great man had ſpoke it.

Amphitryon. Let's go in without any more ado. But Alcmena with all her charms appears: at preſent, 'tis certain, ſhe don't expect me, and my arrival will ſurprize her.

SCENE II.

ALCMENA, AMPHITRYON, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

ALCMENA not ſeeing Amphitryon.

COME along, Cleanthis, let's approach the gods to perform my vows for my huſband, and thank them for the glorious ſucceſs by his arm, which Thebes feels the advantage of; [ſees Amphitryon.] O ye gods!

Amphitryon. Heaven grant that the victorious Amphitryon may be ſeen by his wife with pleaſure! that this day, propitious to my paſſion, may reſtore you to me with the ſame affection! and that I may find a return of as much fondneſs as my ſoul brings back to you!

Alcmena. What! return'd ſo ſoon?

Amphitryon. Truly, this is giving me but a bad proof of your affection? and that, *What! return'd ſo ſoon?* is not, on theſe occaſions, much like the language of an heart truly inflam'd with love. I preſum'd to flatter myſelf that I ſhould be thought to have ſtay'd from you too long. The expectation of the return of what we paſſionately deſire, gives an exceſſive length to

every moment: and the abſence of what one loves, however ſhort it be, is always too long.

Alcmena. I don't ſee ——

Amphitryon. No, Alcmena, in ſuch caſes one meaſures the time by one's impatience: and you reckon the moments of abſence like a perſon that does not love. When we love as we ſhould do, the leaſt ſeparation kills us; and what we are fond of ſeeing never comes ſoon enough. My warm affection, I muſt confeſs, complains of your reception of me, and I expected from that heart of yours other ſort of raptures of joy and tenderneſs.

Alcmena. I can't comprehend on what you ground the diſcourſe you make: for if you complain of me, in good truth I don't know what would ſatisfy you. Yeſternight I ſhew'd, methinks ſufficiently, a tender joy for your happy return, and repaid your ſighs of love with all you had reaſon to expect from this heart of mine.

Amphitryon. How?

Alcmena. Did I not ſhew plainly before your eyes the ſudden extaſies of a perfect joy? and could any heart better expreſs it's tranſports for the return of a huſband one tenderly loves?

Amphitryon. What's that you tell me?

Alcmena. That even yourſelf ſeem'd to diſcover an exceſs of joy at the reception I gave you: and having parted from me but at break of day, I do not ſee why my ſurprize at this ſudden return ſhould be ſo blameable.

Amphitryon. Has ſome dream to-night, Alcmena, anticipated in your fancy the reality of my return, in which I made all poſſible haſte? and having, perhaps,

us'd me kindly in your ſleep, does your heart imagine it has acquitted itſelf ſufficiently towards my love?

Alcmena. Has ſome vapour, Amphitryon, by it's malignity confounded your underſtanding, as to the reality of your return laſt night? and as to the tender welcome I gave you, do you pretend to rob me of all the merit of my fondneſs?

Amphitryon. This vapour you entertain me with, is ſomewhat odd, methinks.

Alcmena. 'Tis what one ſhould give me in exchange for the dream you tell me of.

Amphitryon. Unleſs by ſuppoſing a dream, certainly one can't excuſe what you now ſay to me.

Alcmena. Unleſs by ſuppoſing a vapour that diſorders your underſtanding, one can't juſtify what I hear from you.

Amphitryon. Let's have done with this vapour, Alcmena.

Alcmena. Let's have done with this dream, Amphitryon.

Amphitryon. As to the matter in queſtion, there's no jeſting, without carrying things too far.

Alcmena. That's certain: and as a ſure mark of it, I begin to feel a little uneaſineſs.

Amphitryon. And is this the way you endeavour to make amends for the reception I complained of?

Alcmena. And do you mean to divert yourſelf by this pretence?

Amphitryon. Well, dear Alcmena, I beſeech you let's have done with this, and talk ſeriouſly.

Alcmena. 'Tis carrying the jeſt too far, Amphitryon: let's leave off this raillery?

Amphitryon. What! dare you face me down, that I was ſeen here before this hour?

Alcmena. What! have you the assurance to deny that you came hither yesterday in the evening?

Amphitryon. I came yesterday?

Alcmena. Certainly: and went away again before the break of day.

Amphitryon aside.] Heavens! was ever such a debate as this seen? who would not be astonish'd at it! Sosia?

Sosia. She has occasion for half a dozen grains of Hellebore, Sir; her brain is turn'd.

Amphitryon. Alcmena, in the name of all the gods, for this talk has strange consequences, recollect yourself a little better, and consider what you say.

Alcmena. I do consider it seriously; and besides, all the family saw you come. I don't know your motive for acting in this manner; but was there any need of it's being prov'd? was it possible that you should not remember it? of whom, but yourself, could I receive the news of your last battle, and the five diamonds Pterelas wore, whom the force of your arm plung'd into eternal night? Could one desire a stronger evidence?

Amphitryon. How! have I already given you the bunch of diamonds which I had for my share, and which I intended for you?

Alcmena. Most certainly. 'Tis no hard matter to convince you thoroughly of it.

Amphitryon. As how?

Alcmena pointing to her diamond girdle.] Here it is.

Amphitryon. Sosia?

Sosia taking a casket out of his pocket.] She's mistaken; I've got it here, Sir: this pretence is to no purpose.

Amphitryon looking on the casket.] The seal is whole.

Alcmena giving him the bunch of diamonds.] Is this a dream? There —— D'ye think that proof ſtrong enough?

Amphitryon. O heaven! O juſt heaven!

Alcmena. Come, Amphitryon, you're in the wrong to behave thus, and ought to be aſham'd of it.

Amphitryon. Break open the ſeal inſtantly.

Soſia having opened the box.] Faith, the place is empty! It muſt be got away by witchcraft: or elſe it went of itſelf, without a guide, to her whom it knew it was intended to grace.

Amphitryon aſide.] Ye gods, whoſe power over-rules all things, what means this accident! and what can I gueſs from it, but what my paſſion ſtartles at?

Soſia to Amphitryon.] If ſhe ſpeaks the truth, we've both the ſame lot; and you are double, Sir, as well as I.

Amphitryon. Hold your tongue.

Alcmena. What ſurprizes you ſo much? and whence can this vaſt diſorder ariſe?

Amphitryon aſide.] Oh, heaven! what a ſtrange perplexity! I ſee incidents that are beyond nature, and my honour apprehends ſomewhat which my underſtanding cannot comprehend.

Alcmena. Do you think ſtill to deny that your return is ſpeedy, when you have ſo ſenſible a proof of it?

Amphitryon. No: but be ſo kind, if 'tis poſſible, to give me an account of what paſſed at that return.

Alcmena. Since you require an account of the matter, I ſuppoſe you would intimate that it was not you.

Amphitryon. I beg your pardon as to that —— But I've a certain reaſon for deſiring this account.

Alcmena. Have the important concerns that take you up, made you ſo ſoon loſe the remembrance of it?

Amphitryon. Perhaps ſo; but after all you'll oblige me by telling me the whole ſtory.

Alcmena. The ſtory is not long. I met you full of a fond ſurprize; I embrac'd you tenderly, and more than once teſtify'd my joy.

Amphitryon aſide.] Ah! I ſhould have been well contented with ſuch a ſweet reception.

Alcmena. You immediately gave me this valuable preſent, which you had reſerved for me from amongſt the plunder. You diſplay'd to me all the violence of your paſſion, and the preſſing affairs which had detain'd you; the joy to ſee me again; the pangs of abſence; all the concern which your impatience to return had given you: and never did your love, on the like occaſion, appear to me ſo tender and paſſionate.

Amphitryon aſide.] Can one be more exquiſitely tormented!

Alcmena. All theſe tranſports, all this fondneſs, as you may very well think, did not diſpleaſe me: and if I muſt confeſs it, Amphitryon, I felt a thouſand charms in it.

Amphitryon. Pray go on.

Alcmena. We interrupted one another with a thouſand fond enquiries, the repaſt was ſerv'd in. We ſupp'd together; and ſupper over, went to bed.

Amphitryon. Together?

Alcmena. Certainly. What a queſtion's that?

Amphitryon aſide.] Ah! this is the cruelleſt ſtroke of all! the certainty whereof would make my jealous heart tremble.

Alcmena. Why bluſh ſo at that word? Did I do amiſs in lying with you?

Amphitryon. No, to my great grief, it was not I.

And whoever ſays I came hither yeſterday, tells the moſt horrible of all falſities.

Alcmena. Amphitryon?

Amphitryon. Baſe woman!

Alcmena. Ah! what paſſion is this?

Amphitryon. No, no; no more fondneſs, no more reſpect: this misfortune puts an end to all my firmneſs of mind; and my heart, this fatal moment, breathes only fury and revenge.

Alcmena. Revenge! on whom —— wherein have I been wanting in my duty, to make you treat me like a criminal?

Amphitryon. I do not know; but 'twas not I: and the deſpair I'm under renders me capable of every thing.

Alcmena. Away, unworthy man, the action ſpeaks itſelf; the ſlander is intolerable: and 'tis too provoking to condemn me for diſhoneſty. If in theſe mad fits, you ſeek for a pretence to break the nuptial ties that bind me to you, theſe ſhifts are all unneceſſary, for I'm determined this very day to ſuffer a divorce.

Amphitryon. After my knowing how baſely I'm abus'd, 'tis what, no doubt, you ſhould prepare for: 'tis the leaſt can be expected, and things perhaps may not ſtop there. My diſhonour is certain, my misfortune viſible, and my love in vain endeavours to conceal it from me: but I'm yet unacquainted with the particulars, and my juſt reſentment reſolves to clear up the matter. Your brother can poſitively anſwer for me, that I did not leave him till this morning; and I'll go look for him, in order to confound you, as to the return that is falſely imputed to me. After that we'll dive to the bottom of a myſtery hitherto unheard of: and in the tranſports of my juſt wrath, wo be to him that has betray'd me.

Sosia. Sir.

Amphitryon. Don't come along with me, but wait for me here.

Cleanthis to Alcmena.] Must ——

Alcmena. I can hear nothing. Leave me alone, and follow me not.

SCENE III.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS aside.

SURE something has disorder'd his brain. But the brother will soon put an end to this quarrel.

Sosia aside.] This is a touching stroke enough for my master, and hard is his luck. I'm mightily afraid of somewhat like it for myself too, and will ask her mildly about it.

Cleanthis aside.] See if he'll so much as speak to me. But I'm resolv'd not to seem to mind it.

Sosia aside.] 'Tis vexatious sometimes to know a thing; and I tremble at the enquiry. Wou'd it not be better to run no hazard, but continue ignorant how the matter may be? Well, I must try at all adventures, I cannot help it. 'Tis the weakness of human nature to be curious to discover what a body would not know —— God preserve you, Cleanthis.

Cleanthis. So, so, d'ye think to come near me, rascal?

Sosia. Lord, what ails ye? one finds you always in a passion, and you set up your back for nothing.

Cleanthis. What d'ye call for nothing? Heh?

Sosia. I call for nothing, that which is called for nothing in verse as well as prose; and nothing, you know, means nothing, or a small matter.

Cleanthis. I don't know why I shou'dn't tear your eyes out, you scoundrel, and shew you how far a woman's fury can go.

Sosia. Hey day. What puts you into this violent passion?

Cleanthis. What, then you reckon your late proceedings with me as nothing?

Sosia. What proceedings?

Cleanthis. What! you act the innocent! will you follow your master's example and say you are not come back again?

Sosia. No, I'm very sensible of the contrary: but I don't play cunning with thee. We had drunk I don't know what kind of wine, which has made me forget every thing I did.

Cleanthis. You imagine, perhaps, to excuse yourself by this fetch ——

Sosia. No, seriously, you may believe me; I was in a condition in which I may have done things I should be sorry for, and which I don't at all remember.

Cleanthis. Do you recollect nothing of the manner of your using me at your coming from the port?

Sosia. Not in the least: you may give me an account of it. I am just and sincere, and shall condemn myself, if I was in the wrong.

Cleanthis. How! Amphitryon having set me agog, I was impatient till you came: but never did I behold such coldness! I was fain to put you in mind that I'm your wife: and when I went to kiss you, you turn'd your face away and offer'd me your ear.

Sosia. Good.

Cleanthis. What d'ye mean by good?

Sosia. Lack-a-day, Cleanthis, you don't know why I talk so: I had been eating garlic, and did like a wise man to turn my breath away from you a little.

Cleanthis. I declar'd the tenderness of my heart to you, but you was like a post to all I said, and not one kind word came from that mouth of yours.

Sosia aside.] Cheer up, Sosia.

Cleanthis. In short, notwithstanding all my love could do, it's chast ardour found in you nothing else but ice; and so far did you disappoint it's expectations at your return, as even to refuse that place in my bed, which by the laws of marriage you are oblig'd to fill.

Sosia. What! did I not lie ——

Cleanthis. No, you sneaking fellow.

Sosia. Is it possible?

Cleanthis. Rascal! 'tis but too true. That's the greatest affront of all affronts: and so far from making it up in love this morning, you went away from me with words full of visible contempt.

Sosia aside.] O rare Sosia!

Cleanthis. How now! is this the effect of my complaint? D'ye laugh at your fine doings?

Sosia. How pleas'd I am with myself!

Cleanthis. Is this the way of expressing your concern for affronting me?

Sosia. I could never have believed that I had been so discreet.

Cleanthis. Instead of condemning yourself for such a villanous trick, you discover a pleasure in your countenance for having done it.

Sosia. Lack-a-day! gently I beseech you. If I ap-

pear pleas'd, be ſure I've a mighty good reaſon in my own breaſt for it, and that without thinking on't. I never did better than when I behav'd to you in that manner.

Cleanthis. D'ye make a jeſt o' me, you rogue?

Soſia. No, I ſpeak ſincerely t'ye. I had a certain dread upon me, of which my mind is eas'd by your diſcourſe: I apprehended very much, and was afraid that I had play'd the fool with you, in the condition I was in.

Cleanthis. What ſort of fright is this? Let's know the meaning of it?

Soſia. The doctors ſay, when a body's drunk one ſhould abſtain from women: becauſe in that condition, nothing but lumpiſh children are begotten, that cannot live. See now, if my heart had not arm'd itſelf with coldneſs, what inconveniences might have follow'd.

Cleanthis. I don't value the doctors with their inſipid reaſons. Let them manage the ſick, and not think to govern folks that are in health. They meddle and make too much in pretending to reſtrain our chaſte deſires: and then, with their ſevere rules, they tell us beſides, to our faces, an hundred idle ſtories about the dog-days.

Soſia. Gently.

Cleanthis. No, I maintain that the concluſion's wrong: thoſe reaſons are the reaſons of crack-brain'd people: neither wine nor particular ſeaſons can make it unlucky to perform the duties of conjugal love; and the doctors are aſſes.

Soſia. Moderate thy rage againſt them, I beſeech thee: they are honeſt people, whatever the world ſays of them.

Cleanthis. You're not where you think you are: your wheedling is to no purpoſe: your excuſe won't take: and ſooner or later I'll be reveng'd for the air of contempt you daily treat me with. I keep in mind all the particulars of our late converſation, and ſhall endeavour to make uſe of the liberty you allow'd me, thou pitiful, perfidious huſband.

Soſia. What liberty?

Cleanthis. You lately told me, you would freely conſent, that I ſhould love another, you ſneaking wretch you.

Soſia. Oh! I was in the wrong, as to that point: I unſay it again; it goes too much againſt myſelf: beware of giving way to this paſſion.

Cleanthis. If I can, however, but once prevail with myſelf, the thing ——

Soſia. Hold your tongue a little: here comes Amphitryon, and ſeems contented.

SCENE IV.

JUPITER, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER aſide.

I'LL take this opportunity to appeaſe Alcmena, to baniſh from her heart the ſorrows it indulges, and gratify my paſſion, out of the concern that brings me hither, with the dear pleaſure of being reconcil'd to her. [to Cleanthis.] Alcmena is above, isn't ſhe?

Cleanthis. Yes, ſhe is, full of an affliction that requires ſolitude, and forbids my being with her.

Jupiter. Whatever ſhe has forbid, does not extend to me.

SCENE V.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS.

HIS uneaſineſs, as far as I ſee, is quickly over.

Soſia. What d'ye ſay, Cleanthis, to theſe chearful looks, after ſuch a terrible hurly-burly.

Cleanthis. That, if we all did right, we ſhould let the devil take all the men; and that the beſt of them is good for nothing.

Soſia. That's ſaid in a paſſion: but you've too great expectations from the men for that, and you'd be finely balk'd, i' faith, ſhould the devil take them all.

Cleanthis. Really ——

Soſia. Huſh, here he comes ——

SCENE VI.

JUPITER, ALCMENA, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

WILL you make me deſperate? Oh! ſtay fair Alcmena.

Alcmena. No, I cannot ſtay with the author of my uneaſineſs.

Jupiter. Pray now ——

Alcmena. Leave me.

Jupiter. What ——

Alcmena. Leave me, I tell you.

Jupiter aſide.] Her tears touch me to the ſoul, and her grief afflicts me. [aloud.] Permit my heart ——

Alcmena. No, don't follow me.

Jupiter. Whither would you go?

Alcmena. Where you ſhall not be.

Jupiter. That's a vain attempt in you. I'm attach'd to your beauty by too faſt a tye to be one moment ſeparated from it. I'll follow you every where, Alcmena.

Alcmena. And I'll every where fly from you.

Jupiter. I'm very frightful then?

Alcmena. To me you are, more than can be expreſt. Yes, I look upon you as a dreadful monſter, a furious cruel monſter, whoſe approach is terrible: as a monſter in all places to be avoided. My heart at the ſight of you, endures a pain that is incredible: 'tis a torment that oppreſſes me; and there is nothing ſo frightful, horrid, and deteſtable, under the heavens, which to me is not more ſupportable than you are.

Jupiter. Alas! you ſay too much.

Alcmena. I've a great deal more in my heart: and am vex'd that I can't find words to expreſs it all.

Jupiter. Ah! What has my fondneſs done to you, that I ſhould be look'd upon as a monſter, Alcmena?

Alcmena. O righteous heaven! can you aſk that? Is n't it enough to drive one diſtracted?

Jupiter. Pray be more compos'd ——

Alcmena. No, I'll neither ſee you nor hear you.

Jupiter. Have you really the heart to uſe me thus? Is this the tender love that was to endure ſo long when I was here yeſterday?

Alcmena. No, no, that it is n't, for your baſe injuries have otherwiſe order'd it: that paſſionate and tender love is now no more: you, by an hundred piercing

wounds, have cruelly deſtroy'd it in my heart. There's in it's place a wrath inflexible, a keen reſentment, an invincible indignation, the deſpair of an heart juſtly incens'd, that reſolves to hate you for this grievous affront, as much as, I confeſs, it lov'd you: and that's hating you as much as poſſible.

Jupiter. Alas! how languid muſt your love have been, if ſo ſmall a matter can deſtroy it! Muſt a mere jeſt occaſion a divorce? or ſhould one fly into a paſſion at a little rallery?

Alcmena. Oh! 'tis that provokes me: 'tis that my reſentment cannot pardon: the true marks of a jealous diſpoſition would offend me leſs. Jealouſy makes impreſſions, the force of which very often hurries us away, and the wiſeſt perſon finds it difficult enough, no doubt, on ſuch occaſions, to anſwer for his emotions. The rage of a miſtaken heart has ſomewhat in all it's violence, to appeaſe the ſoul it angers, which notwithſtanding can find reaſons to excuſe it in the love that gives it birth. Such tranſports always have the cauſe from whence they ſpring to urge againſt one's reſentment; and 'tis eaſy to forgive a paſſion a man's not maſter of. But, merely through wantonneſs, to fly into an exceſſive fury, and for no cauſe at all to injure with ſo much barbarity the fondneſs and honour of an heart that dearly loves you: Alas! that's a blow too cruel in it's own nature, and what I ſhall always with grief remember.

Jupiter. Yes, you are in the right, Alcmena, I muſt allow it: that action, no doubt, is an odious crime: I no longer pretend to excuſe it: but permit my heart to clear itſelf before you, and ſhew whom you are to blame for that outragious fury. To tell you the matter truly, the huſband, Alcmena, has done all the miſ-

chief: 'tis the husband you must look upon as culpable. The lover has no share at all in this brutish fury, and his heart is uncapable of offending you: that heart has too much respect and tenderness for you, ever to think of such a thing: and had it been guilty of so great a weakness as to do ought that might injure you, he would pierce it with a hundred stabs before your face. But the husband has thrown off that humble respect he should always retain for you: the husband shews himself by his harsh behaviour, and believes that every thing is allowed him by the right of matrimony. Yes, he it is, certainly, that is guilty in respect to you; he only has us'd your lovely person ill: hate, detest the husband: I consent that you abandon him: but, Alcmena, preserve the lover from the resentment such an offence raises in you, and throw not the effect of it on him. Distinguish between him and the guilty; and in short to be just you must not punish him for what he did not do.

Alcmena. Alas! all these subtilties are but frivolous excuses: and to an exasperated mind such language is unseasonable. You, in vain, lay hold of this ridiculous evasion. I make no distinctions in the person that injures me: he in all respects becomes the object of my resentment, and the lover and the husband are equally expos'd to it's violence. I consider both of them in the same manner; both of them are painted to my view in the same colours by my offended soul: both of them are guilty: both of them have injur'd me, and both of them are odious to me.

Jupiter. Well then, since you will have it so, I must take the crime upon me. Yes, you do right, to sacrifice me to your resentments as a guilty victim. A ve-

ry juſt diſpleaſure incenſes you againſt me, and all the mighty rage you now expreſs, is only inflicting on me a puniſhment that is equitable. 'Tis with reaſon you ſhun the ſight of me, and threaten, in your anger, to fly me every where. I muſt appear to you a deteſtable creature, and you ought to wiſh me the greateſt miſchief. There is nothing ſo abominable as my tranſgreſſion in having offended your fair eyes: 'tis a crime againſt men and gods; and in ſhort, I deſerve, as a puniſhment for this inſolence, that your hatred ſhould muſter up all it's moſt furious rage againſt me. But I ſincerely beg your pardon: upon my knees I beg it: I beg it in the name of the brighteſt flame, of the moſt tender paſſion that a ſoul can poſſibly feel for you. If your heart, charming Alcmena, refuſes me the pardon which I preſume to have recourſe to, the ſudden ſtroke of death muſt deliver me from the anguiſh of a pain I am unable to endure. Yes, Alcmena, this condition makes me deſperate, and you muſt not imagine that doting on your celeſtial charms in the manner I do, I can live one day under your diſpleaſure. My ſorrowful heart ſinks already under the mortal ſtrokes it ſuffers in theſe cruel moments, and the tormenting wounds of a thouſand vultures are nothing in compariſon of my ſevere affliction. But only let me know, Alcmena, if I muſt not hope for pardon, and this ſword immediately, with a favourable ſtroke, ſhall pierce the heart of a miſerable wretch before your eyes: that heart, that faithleſs heart, which well deſerves to die for having offended ſo adorable a creature. Happy in deſcending to the gloomy regions, if my death can appeaſe your anger, ſo that, after this diſmal day, your ſoul may not retain any remains of

hatred,

hatred, when you call to mind my love. This is the higheſt favour I expect.

Alcmena. Oh! too cruel huſband!

Jupiter. Say, ſpeak, Alcmena.

Alcmena. Muſt I ſtill have a kindneſs for you, though I find you injure me by ſo many affronts?

Jupiter. What reſentment ſoever an injury occaſions in us, can it withſtand the penitence of an heart that really loves?

Alcmena. An heart that really loves would rather riſque a thouſand deaths than anger the belov'd object.

Jupiter. The more we love any one, the leſs difficult we find it to ——

Alcmena. No, ſpeak to me not about it, you deſerve my hatred.

Jupiter. You hate me then?

Alcmena. I endeavour all I can to do ſo, and am vex'd to find that all your injuries cannot even carry my rage ſo far as to take that revenge upon you.

Jupiter. But wherefore this paſſion, when I offer to avenge you by my death? Pronounce the ſentence, and I obey immediately.

Alcmena. Can one wiſh the death of what one cannot hate?

Jupiter. And as for me, I cannot live unleſs you lay aſide this anger which overwhelms me, and grant me the favour of a pardon which at your feet I beg. [Soſia and Cleanthis likewiſe kneel.] Reſolve on one of the two quickly, either to puniſh, or to forgive.

Alcmena. Alas! what I can reſolve ſeems a good deal more than I wiſh to do. My heart has been too falſe to me to keep up the reſentment you occaſioned

in me. To ſay one cannot hate, is not that to ſay one pardons?

Jupiter. Oh! charming Alcmena! I muſt in exceſs of joy ——

Alcmena. Let me alone. I'm angry with myſelf for my too great weakneſs.

Jupiter. Go, Soſia, and make haſte, (while theſe ſweet tranſports charm my ſoul) ſee what officers of the army you can find, and invite them to dine with me. [aſide.] I've ſent him away, and in the mean time Mercury ſhall ſupply his place.

SCENE VII.

CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

SOSIA.

WELL, Cleanthis, you ſee how things go: ſhall we now according to their example make a little peace too, ſome ſmall reconciliation?

Cleanthis. For the ſake of thy phiz truly. Yes to be ſure.

Soſia. What! you won't then?

Cleanthis. No.

Soſia. It ſignifies little to me, ſo much the worſe for yourſelf.

Cleanthis. Well, well, come back.

Soſia. No, odslife! now I won't. I'll be in a paſſion too, in my turn.

Cleanthis. Get you gone, you raſcal, let me alone. A woman may be weary ſometimes of being virtuous.

ACT III. SCENE I.

AMPHITRYON.

YES, fate certainly conceals him on purpoſe from me, and I'm weary of running about after him. Nothing can be more cruel, that I know of, than my deſtiny: notwithſtanding all my ſearch, I can't find the man I hunt for; but I find every body I do not ſeek: a thouſand tormenting impertinents, who don't think themſelves ſo, who do but juſt know me, come to congratulate me upon our exploits, only to make me mad. In the cruel perplexity of a thought that goes to the heart of me, they all come with their embraces and their joy, to add diſquiet to diſquiet. In vain would I get from them, and avoid their perſecution; this killing friendſhip of theirs ſtops me on every ſide; and whilſt, with a nod, I'm anſwering the warmth of their expreſſions, in my own mind I curſe them an hundred times over. Alas! how little is one delighted with praiſe and honour, and all the fruits of a great victory, whilſt the ſoul ſuffers a ſevere affliction! and how willingly would one exchange this glory for a contented mind! My jealouſy, at every turn, preſents my diſgrace to me: and the more I reflect upon it, the leſs am I able to clear up this fatal difficulty. The theft of the diamonds is not what aſtoniſhes me: ſeals may be open'd without one's perceiving it. But the preſent, which ſhe will have it that I yeſterday came here and made her in perſon, is what occaſions my cruel embarraſment. Nature ſometimes has produced reſemblances, by which impoſtors have had an opportunity of abuſing people: but 'tis againſt common

ſenſe that a man ſhould be able to impoſe himſelf for a huſband, under theſe appearances, ſince in all theſe reſemblances there are a thouſand differences which a wife can eaſily diſcover. The wonderful effects of the Theſſalian magic have at all times been boaſted of: but the famous ſtories that are every where related of it, have always paſſed with me for idle tales: and it would be a ſtrange cruelty of fate, if returning from a complete victory, I ſhould be forc'd to believe them at the expence of my own honour. I'll feel her pulſe again as to this tormenting myſtery, and ſee whether it is not ſome wild chimera that has gain'd credit upon her diſorder'd ſenſes. Oh! grant, juſt heaven, that this thought may prove true, and that, for my happineſs, ſhe may have loſt her ſenſes!

SCENE II.

MERCURY, AMPHITRYON.

MERCURY in the balcony of Amphitryon's houſe, without being ſeen or heard by Amphitryon.

SINCE love offers me not any pleaſure here, I'll make myſelf diverſion however of another nature; and go enliven my dull leiſure by putting Amphitryon out of all patience. 'Tis not the part of a god mighty full of charity, but I don't diſturb myſelf about that; for I find that I'm a little maliciouſly diſpos'd by my ſtars.

Amphitryon not ſeeing Mercury.] Why, how comes the door to be ſhut at this time o' day?

Mercury. Hold, ſoftly. Who knocks there?

Amphitryon. I.

Mercury. What I?

Amphitryon seeing Mercury, whom he takes for Sosia.] Come, open the door.

Mercury. How! open the door? Why, who are you that make such a stir, and talk in this manner?

Amphitryon. What! don't you know me?

Mercury. No: nor have I the least desire to know you.

Amphitryon aside.] Is every body mad to day? Is the distemper gone round. Why Sosia, soho, Sosia?

Mercury. Well, Sosia? ay, that's my name: are you afraid I should forget it?

Amphitryon. Do you see me clearly?

Mercury. Ay, very clearly. What's the meaning you thunder at this rate? What is't you want there below?

Amphitryon. What do I want, rascal?

Mercury. What don't you want then? speak, if you'd ha' me understand you.

Amphitryon. If I come up with a stick, you villain, I'll make you understand me: I'll teach you sufficiently to dare talk to me in this manner.

Mercury. Fair and softly. If you make the least attempt to knock, I shall send you some troublesome messengers from hence.

Amphitryon. Heavens! was such insolence ever known! Could one imagine it from a servant, from a beggar!

Mercury. Well! what's the matter? have you perus'd me regularly over? have your goggle eyes examin'd me sufficiently? How he stretches them open, and how wild he looks! If looks could bite he would have torn me in pieces before now.

Amphitryon. I myſelf tremble for what thy impudent language will bring upon thee. What a terrible ſtorm art thou increaſing for thyſelf! what ſhowers of blows are ready to fall upon thy back!

Mercury. If you don't be gone fom this place, friend, you may chance to get a knock, or two.

Amphitryon. You ſhall know to your confuſion, you varlet, what it is for a ſervant to inſult his maſter.

Mercury. You my maſter?

Amphitryon. Yes, ſirrah: dare you diſown me?

Mercury. I own no other but Amphitryon.

Amphitryon. And who can this Amphitryon be, but myſelf?

Mercury. You Amphitryon?

Amphitryon. Certainly.

Mercury. Oh! what a dream is this! Good now, tell me in what honeſt tavern you have been muddling your brains?

Amphitryon. What! again?

Mercury. Was the wine right good?

Amphitryon. Heaven!

Mercury. Was it old or new?

Amphitryon. What inſults!

Mercury. The new gets plaguily into the head, when one drinks it without water.

Amphitryon. Well! to be ſure I ſhall cut that tongue out.

Mercury. Get along, my dear friend, take my word for't, no body minds you here. I've a reſpect for wine. Go about your buſineſs, and leave Amphitryon in the pleaſures he is enjoying.

Amphitryon. How! is Amphitryon in that houſe?

Mercury. Sure enough. Cover'd with the laurels of a

complete victory, he's with the fair Alcmena, enjoying the ſweets of her lovely converſation They are taſting the pleaſure of being reconcil'd after a whimſical love-quarrel. Take care of diſturbing their ſoft privacies, if you han't a mind he ſhould puniſh you for your exceſſive raſhneſs.

SCENE III.

AMTHITRYON alone.

OH! what a ſtrange ſtroke has he given my ſoul! into what cruel diſquiet has he plung'd my mind? and if matters are as the raſcal ſays, to what a condition do I find my honour and my love reduc'd! Which way is proper to reſolve on? Should I make a buſtle, or be ſecret? Should my reſentment conceal or publiſh the diſhonour of my family? What! is there need of any conſideration about ſuch a groſs affront? I have nothing to expect, no meaſures to keep; and all my uneaſineſs muſt only lead me on to be reveng'd.

SCENE IV.

AMPHITRYON, SOSIA, NAUCRATES, and POLIDAS, at the farther part of the ſtage.

SOSIA to Amphitryon.

SIR, with all diligence, all that I could do was to bring you theſe gentlemen here.

Amphitryon. Oh! are you there?

Soſia. Sir.

Amphitryon. Bold, insolent rascal!

Sosia. What now?

Amphitryon. I'll teach you to use me thus.

Sosia. Why, what's the matter? What ails you?

Amphitryon drawing his sword.] What ails me, sirrah?

Sosia to Naucrates and Polidas.] Help, gentlemen, come hither instantly.

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] O! pray, Sir, hold.

Sosia. What am I to blame for?

Amphitryon. D'ye ask me that, you rogue? [To Naucrates.] Let me satisfy my just anger.

Sosia. When they hang any body, they tell him for what.

Naucrates to Amphitryon. Please to tell us at least what his fault is.

Sosia. Gentlemen, please to insist upon that.

Amphitryon. How! he had just now the impudence to shut the door against me, and even to add threats to a thousand insolent expressions. [Drawing his sword.] O! you varlet!

Sosia falling on his knees.] I'm a dead man.

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] Calm this passion.

Sosia. Gentlemen.

Polidas to Sosia.] What's the matter?

Sosia. Has he struck me?

Amphitryon. Nay, he must be rewarded for the language he took the liberty of using just this moment.

Sosia. How can that be, when I was employ'd elsewhere by your order? These gentlemen here can bear witness, that I went to invite them to dine with you.

Naucrates. 'Tis true that he came to us with that message, and would not leave us.

Amphitryon. Who gave you that order?

Sosia. You.

Amphitryon. When?

Sosia. After making your peace; amidst the transports of a soul delighted for having appeas'd Alcmena's anger. [Sosia gets up.

Amphitryon. Oh, heaven! every moment, every circumstance adds something to my sufferings! and, under this fatal perplexity, I know not what to believe or say.

Naucrates. All he has just now been telling us, of what happen'd at your house, is so much beyond nature, that before you do any thing, or fly into a passion, you should find out the whole truth of this adventure.

Amphitryon. Come, you shall assist me in my endeavour: heaven has sent you hither on purpose. Let us see what fortune now attends me; let's clear up this mystery, and know our fate. Alas! I'm impatient to learn it, though I fear it more than death.

Amphitryon knocks at his door.

SCENE V.

JUPITER, AMPHITRYON, NAUCRATES, POLIDAS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

WHAT noise is this obliges me to come down? and who knocks as if he was master where I am?

Amphitryon. What do I see, you just gods!

Naucrates. Heaven! What prodigy is this! What!! two Amphitryons here before us!

Amphitryon aſide.] My faculties are all benum'd. Alas! I can no longer bear it: the adventure is at an end; my deſtiny is plain enough; and what I ſee tells me every thing.

Naucrates. The more curiouſly I view them, the more I find that they're alike in every thing.

Soſia going towards Amphitryon.] Gentlemen, this is the true one; the other is an impoſtor that deſerves to be chaſtis'd.

Polidas. Really, this wonderful reſemblance ſuſpends my judgment.

Amphitryon. 'Tis too much to be baffled by an execrable cheat: this ſword ſhall break the enchantment.

Naucrates to Amphitryon who has drawn his ſword.] Hold.

Amphitryon. Let me alone.

Naucrates. Gods! What would you do?

Amphitryon. Puniſh the vile treaſon of an impoſtor.

Jupiter. Fair and ſoftly. There's very little need of paſſion, and when people fly out in ſuch a manner, it makes one think their arguments are bad.

Soſia. Ay, 'tis a magician that carries a ſpell about him to make him like maſters of families.

Anphitryon to Soſia.] For your part, I'll make you ſenſible of this abuſive language with a good cudgel.

Soſia. My maſter is a man of courage and won't ſuffer people to beat his ſervants.

Amphitryon. Let me ſatiate my fury, and waſh away my affront in the villain's blood.

Naucrates ſtopping Amphitryon.] We will not ſuffer this ſtrange combate of Amphitryon againſt himſelf.

Amphitryon. What! does my honour receive this treatment from you? Do my friends engage in the de-

fence of a cheat? Instead of being the foremost to revenge me, do they themselves oppose my resentment?

Naucrates. How would you have us to determine, as things appear at present; whilst our friendship remains in suspence between two Amphitryons? Should we now shew our zeal to you, we're afraid of being mistaken, and not knowing you. We plainly see Amphitryon appear in you, the glorious supporter of the Theban welfare: but we all see him likewise appear in him; nor can we distinguish which is he. There's no doubt which side we're of; and the impostor should die by our hands; but this perfect resemblance conceals him between you two, and 'tis too hazardous an attempt to venture on without being certain. Let us coolly examine on which side the roguery lies, and when we've cleared up the matter, we shall not want to be told our duty.

Jupiter. Indeed, you are in the right, for this resemblance justifies your being in doubt as to both. I am not angry at all to see you in suspence; I'm more reasonable and can excuse you. The eye can discern no difference between us, and I perceive that a body may easily be deceiv'd. You don't find me fall into a passion, nor do I draw my sword: that's but an ill way of clearing up this mystery, and I can find out one that's milder and more certain. One of us is Amphitryon, and both of us may seem so to your eyes. 'Tis my business to end this confusion: and I intend to make myself so well known to every body, that at the convincing proofs of what I am, he shall himself acknowlege the blood from whence I spring, and have no farther occasion to say any thing. In the sight of all the Thebans, I'll discover to you the real truth; and the mat-

ter is, doubtleſs, of ſufficient importance to require it's being publicly made evident. Alcmena expects from me this public teſtimony; her virtue, which the report of this diſorder injures, demands to be juſtify'd; and I am going to take care it ſhall be ſo. 'Tis what my love for her engages me to, and I'll ſummon together the moſt noble chiefs for a diſcovery which her reputation ſtands in need of. In expectation of theſe deſirable proofs, pray pleaſe to honour the table Soſia has invited you to.

Soſia. I was not miſtaken, gentlemen, this word ends all the diſpute: the true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon people dine with.

Amphitryon. Oh, heaven! can I be caſt down lower? What! muſt I, for my torment, hear all the impoſtor has been ſaying to my face; and yet, in the fury that this diſcourſe inſpires me with, muſt my hands be tied?

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] You do wrong to complain. Give us leave to wait for a diſcovery, that may render our reſentments ſeaſonable. I don't know whether he impoſes upon us: but he talks upon the ſubject as if he were in the right.

Amphitryon. Go, irreſolute friends, and flatter the impoſtor. I've other ſort of friends than you in Thebes, and will go find out ſome, who, bearing a part in the injury, will lend a hand to my juſt reſentment.

Jupiter. Well, I'll expect them, and ſhall decide the difference in their preſence.

Amphitryon. Deceiver, you imagine to eſcape perhaps by that; but nothing ſhall ſave you from my vengeance.

Jupiter. I won't, at preſent, condeſcend to anſwer

this injurious language; and I ſhall confound this fury by and by with two words.

Amphitryon. Not heaven, not heaven itſelf ſhall deliver thee; and even to hell I will purſue thee.

Jupiter. There'll be no need o' that; it ſhall ſoon be ſeen that I won't run away.

Amphitryon aſide.] Come let's make haſte, before he gets away from them, and call ſuch friends together as will ſecond my vengeance; then return home with a ſtrong power, to pierce him with a thouſand wounds.

SCENE VI.

JUPITER, NAUCRATES, POLIDAS, SOSIA.

JUPITER.

NO ceremonies, I beſeech you: but let's go in without any more ado.

Naucrates. Certainly this whole adventure confounds all ſenſe and reaſon.

Soſia. A truce, gentlemen, with your ſurprize, and go joyful to feaſt yourſelves till to-morrow morning. [Alone.] How luſtily I'll lay about me, and put myſelf in a good condition to relate our brave feats! I'm impatient to be at it, for I never was ſo hungry.

SCENE VII.

MERCURY, SOSIA.

MERCURY.

HOLD. How now! d'ye come hither to poke in your noſe, you ſaucy ſmell-feaſt?

Sosia. Ah! Softly, pray now.

Mercury. What! are you at it again? I shall anoint your back for you.

Sosia. Lack-a-day! brave and generous I, compose yourself, I beg of you. Sosia, spare Sosia a little, and don't delight to beat yourself so much.

Mercury. Who could give you the liberty to call yourself by that name? Did not I expressly forbid it you, upon pain of being soundly beaten?

Sosia. 'Tis a name we may both bear at once under one and the same master. I am known for Sosia every where: yet I agree that you should be he; then suffer me to be so likewise. Let's leave the two Amphitryons to exercise their jealousy, but amidst their contentions, let the two Sosias live in peace.

Mercury. No, one is enough, and I'm peremptorily resolv'd to admit of no competitor.

Sosia. Will you have the precedence? Shall I be the younger and you the elder?

Mercury. No, a brother is troublesome, and does not hit my taste: I'll be an only son.

Sosia. How hard-hearted and tyrannic! Let me at least be your shadow.

Mercury. No, I won't.

Sosia. Let your soul soften with a little pity, and allow me to be near you in that capacity: I'll be to you on all occasions such a submissive shadow, that you shall be satisfy'd with me.

Mercury. I'll allow nothing: the decree is irreversible; and if you have the impudence to offer at going in there, a hearty drubbing shall be the consequence.

Sosia. Alack! poor Sosia! to what a strange misfortune art thou reduc'd!

Mercury. What! d'ye take the liberty to call yourſelf by a name that I forbid you?

Soſia. No, 'tis not myſelf I mean; but I talk of an old Soſia, who was formerly a relation of mine. How very barbarous it is to drive a body away at dinner-time!

Mercury. Beware of falling into that frenzy, if you have a mind to continue among the living.

Soſia aſide.] How I'd belabour you, if I had courage, you proud ſon of a whore!

Mercury. What d'ye ſay?

Soſia. Nothing.

Mercury. You ſaid ſomewhat, I believe.

Soſia. Aſk any body, I did not ſo much as breathe.

Mercury. A certain expreſſion, call'd ſon of a whore, came into my ear though; there's nothing more certain.

Soſia. 'Twas ſome parrot then that the fine weather has reviv'd.

Mercury. Fare you well. Whenever you have the back-itch, here's the place where I dwell.

Soſia alone.] O heaven! what a curſed hour is that of dinner-time, to be turn'd out o' doors! Well, let's ſubmit to fate in our affliction: let's follow it's blind whim at preſent, and by a proper union join the unfortunate Soſia to the unfortunate Amphitryon. I ſee him coming in good company.

SCENE VIII.

AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POSICLES, SOSIA in a corner of the ſtage.

AMPHITRYON to ſeveral other officers that attend him.

STAY there, gentlemen. Follow me at a little diſtance, I beg of you, and don't all come up until there's occaſion for it.

Poſicles. I'm ſenſible that this affair muſt touch you to the very heart.

Amphitryon. My grief, alas, is every way mortal! and I endure as much on account of my love as my honour.

Poſicles. If this reſemblance is ſuch as 'tis ſaid, Alcmena, without being in any fault ——

Amphitryon. Ah! in matters of this nature, a mere miſtake becomes a real crime, and there's an end of innocence, though the will does not conſent. Such miſtakes, whatever light they are plac'd in, touch us in a moſt delicate part: and reaſon very often pardons what love and honour cannot pardon.

Argatiphontidas. I don't perplex my thoughts about that: but I hate your gentlemen who are ſcandalouſly dilatory: that's a proceeding I'm aſham'd of, and which people of courage ne'er approve. When any body employs us we ſhould eſpouſe his intereſts hand-over head. Argatiphontidas is not for making up differences. 'Tis not for men of honour to hear a friend's adverſary argue: nothing ſhould be liſten'd to but revenge. I don't like wrangling; one ſhould always begin a quarrel by

running a man through the body, without any more ado. Yes, let what will be the conſequence, you ſhall ſee that Argatiphontidas goes on point blank; and you muſt promiſe me to let the villain die by no other hand but mine.

Amphitryon. Come on.

Soſia to Amphitryon.] I'm come, Sir, upon my knees to undergo the puniſhment a curſed impudence deſerves. Strike, beat, thraſh, load me with blows, murder me in your anger: you'll do right, 'tis what I merit; and I'll not ſay a ſingle word againſt you.

Amphitryon. Get up. What's a doing?

Soſia. They've hunted me quite away: I intended to go eat and be merry with them, and didn't at all imagine that I was waiting there to beat me. Indeed, the other I, ſervant to t'other you, has been making the devil to do again. The ſeverity of the ſame deſtiny purſues us, Sir, at preſent; and in ſhort, they've Unſoſia'd me as well as they've Unamphitryon'd you.

Amphitryon. Follow me.

Soſia. Isn't it better to ſee if any body's coming?

SCENE IX.

CLEANTHIS, AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POLIDAS, NAUCRATES, POSICLES, SOSIA.

CLEANTHIS.

O HEAVEN!

Amphitryon. What is't ſcares you ſo? What are you frighted at me for?

Cleanthis. Lack-a-day! you're above there, and yet I ſee you here!

Naucrates to Amphitryon.] Don't be in an hurry; he's coming to make the wiſh'd-for diſcovery before us all; and, if what he ſays may be credited, 'twill be ſuch an one as ſhall rid you of all concern and trouble.

SCENE X.

MERCURY, NAUCRATES, POLIDAS, AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POSICLES, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

MERCURY.

WELL, you all ſhall ſee him: and know beforehand, that 'tis the great maſter of the gods whom Alcmena has brought down from heaven hither, under the beloved features of this reſemblance. And, for my part, I am Mercury, who for want of ſomewhat to do, have been belabouring him a little whoſe form I have aſſumed: but now he may comfort himſelf, that the blows of a god do honour to him that bears them.

Soſia. Faith, Mr. God, I'm your ſervant for that: I could have excuſed your complaiſance.

Mercury. At preſent I give him leave to be Soſia: I'm tir'd of wearing ſuch an ugly phiz, and will away to heaven to waſh it off clean with Ambroſia.

[He flies to heaven.

Soſia. Heaven grant thou ne'er mayſt take it in thy head to come near me again! thy fury has been too violent with me, and never in my life did I know a god more a devil than thou art.

SCENE THE LAST.

JUPITER, NAUCRATES, AMPHITRYON, ARGATIPHONTIDAS, POLIDAS, POSICLES, CLEANTHIS, SOSIA.

JUPITER in a cloud upon his eagle, arm'd with his thunder: thunder and lightning.

BEHOLD, Amphitryon, who it is has impos'd upon thee, and ſee Jupiter appear in thy own features. By theſe tokens thou may'ſt eaſily know him: and that is, I believe, ſufficient to re-inſtate thy heart in the condition it ought to be, and reſtore peace and happineſs to thy family. My name, which the whole earth adores continually, ſtifles all reports that might be ſpread. To ſhare with Jupiter has nothing in it diſhonourable; and it cannot certainly but be glorious to rival the ſovereign of the gods. I ſee no reaſon thy love has to complain; for as much a god as I am, in this affair, 'tis I that ſhould be jealous. Alcmena is intirely thine, whatever pains one takes: and thy paſſion ſhould be delighted, to find that there's no way of pleaſing her but by ſeeming to be her huſband: that Jupiter adorn'd with his immortal glory could not, as himſelf, triumph over her fidelity: and that whatever he has received from her, was given by her fond heart to none but thee.

Soſia. Monſieur Jupiter knows how to gild the pill.

Jupiter. Quit then that gloomy melancholy thy heart has ſuffer'd under, and calm intirely thy boiling breaſt. In thy houſe ſhall be born a ſon, who, under the name of Hercules, ſhall fill the whole univerſe with

his exploits. A glorious fortune abounding with a thouſand bleſſings ſhall be a public proof that I am thy ſupport; and I'll make thy deſtiny be envy'd by all the world. Thou mayſt depend intirely on theſe promiſes; 'tis a crime even to doubt of them; the words of Jupiter are the decrees of fate. [He vaniſhes in the cloud.

Naucrates. Indeed, I'm overjoy'd at theſe ſhining inſtances ——

Soſia. Gentlemen, will you pleaſe to follow my advice? By no means embark in theſe congratulations; 'tis a ſcurvy venture; and both one ſide and t' other is at a loſs to find expreſſions for ſuch a compliment. The great god Jupiter does us abundance of honour, and his goodneſs towards us is, undoubtedly, not to be equall'd; he promiſes us the certain felicity of a fortune abounding with a thouſand bleſſings, and in our houſe ſhall be born a mighty ſtout-hearted ſon. All this goes on the beſt that can be But, in ſhort, let's cut the diſcourſe off here, and let every body go home in peace. In theſe kind of affairs, 'tis always beſt to ſay nothing.

THE END.

GEORGE DANDIN:

OR, THE

HUSBAND DEFEATED.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

GEORGE DANDIN, a rich yeoman, husband of Angelica.

ANGELICA, wife of George Dandin, and daughter of Mr. de Sotenville.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, a country gentleman, father of Angelica.

Mrs. de SOTENVILLE.

CLITANDER, in love with Angelica.

CLAUDINA, waiting-woman to Angelica.

LUBIN, a countryman, servant to Clitander.

COLIN, George Dandin's valet.

SCENE before George Dandin's house, in the country.

GEORGE DANDIN:

OR, THE

HUSBAND DEFEATED.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GEORGE DANDIN.

OH! What a plaguy buſineſs it is to have a gentlewoman for one's wife! and how inſtructive a leſſon is my marriage to all yeomen that would exalt themſelves above their ſtation, and marry, as I have done, into the family of a gentleman! Gentility in itſelf is good; 'tis to be ſure, a conſiderable thing; but 'tis attended by ſo many ugly circumſtances, that the beſt way is not to meddle with it. I'm become well ſkill'd in theſe affairs at my own expence, and underſtand what gentle folks would be at when they take us ordinary people into their family. Our perſons are little conſidered in the match; 'tis our money only that they marry; and I ſhould have done much better, rich as I am, to have wedded ſome good plain country-wench, than to take a wife who thinks herſelf above me, is offended at bearing my name, and imagines that, with all my wealth, I've not paid dear enough for the honour of being her huſband. George Dandin! George Dandin! Thou haſt committed the moſt egregious folly in the world! My own houſe now is hateful to me,

and I never enter it without finding ſomewhat or other to diſturb me there.

SCENE II.

GEORGE DANDIN, LUBIN.

GEORGE DANDIN aſide, ſeeing Lubin come out of his houſe.

WHAT the devil does that odd fellow there come to my houſe for?

Lubin aſide, ſeeing George Dandin.] There's a man looks at me.

George Dandin aſide.] He does not know me.

Lubin aſide.] He miſtruſts ſomething.

George Dandin aſide.] Hey-day! he'll ſcarce bow to me.

Lubin aſide.] I'm afraid he ſhould tell, that he ſaw me come out there.

George Dandin. Good-morrow t'ye.

Lubin. Your ſervant.

George Dandin. You arn't of this place, I believe.

Lubin. No, I'm come hither only to ſee the feaſt to-morrow.

George Dandin. But pray tell me a little, did not you come out of yonder houſe?

Lubin. Huſh.

George Dandin. Why ſo?

Lubin. Peace.

George Dandin. What's the matter?

Lubin. Not a word, you muſt not ſay you ſaw me come out there.

George Dandin. Why?

Lubin. Lack-a-day! be quiet.

George Dandin. But why?

Lubin. Softly. I'm afraid we ſhould be heard.

George Dandin. No, no.

Lubin. Becauſe I've been to ſpeak with the miſtreſs of that houſe, from a certain gentleman that makes love to her; but that muſt not be known. D'ye underſtand?

George Dandin. Ay.

Lubin. That's the reaſon. I was charg'd to take care that no-body might ſee me, and therefore pray don't ſay you ſaw me.

George Dandin. I warrant ye.

Lubin. I'm mighty glad to do things ſecretly, as I was order'd.

George Dandin. That's well.

Lubin. The huſband, as they ſay, is a jealous fellow that won't let people make love to his wife, and he would make the devil to do, ſhould it come to his ears. You take me right?

George Dandin. Very right.

Lubin. He muſt know nothing of all this.

George Dandin. To be ſure.

Lubin. They'd fain deceive him cleverly. You underſtand me?

George Dandin. As well as poſſible.

Lubin. If you ſhould ſay that you ſaw me come out of his houſe, you'd ſpoil the whole buſineſs. You apprehend?

George Dandin. Certainly. But what's his name that ſent you thither?

Lubin. He's the lord of our manor: the viſcount of ſomething ——— Pox, I never remember how the

deuce they pronounce that name; Mr. Cli —— Clitander.

George Dandin. Is it the young courtier that dwells—

Lubin. Ay: by thoſe trees.

George Dandin aſide.] That's the reaſon this fine fellow is lately come to lodge over-againſt me. I gueſs'd right certainly, his neighbourhood gave me ſome ſuſpicion before.

Lubin. Udszookers, he's the civileſt man you ever ſaw. He gave me three pieces, only to tell the lady that he's in love with her, and that he mightily deſires the honour of ſpeaking to her. D'ye think I've had much trouble for ſo good pay? What is it to a day's work, for which I ſhould gave got but ten pence?

George Dandin. Well, have you deliver'd your meſſage?

Lubin. Ay; I found one Claudina within there, who immediately underſtood my meaning, and got me to the ſpeech of her miſtreſs.

George Dandin aſide.] O jade of a maid!

Lubin. Odſbobs, that Claudina there is mighty pretty, ſhe has gain'd my love, and 'twill be her own fault if we are not marry'd.

George Dandin. But what anſwer did the miſtreſs of the houſe return to this gentleman the courtier?

Lubin. She bid me tell him —— hold, I don't know if I can remember all of it: —— that ſhe's oblig'd to him exceedingly for the affection he bears her, but becauſe of her huſband, who is whimſical, he muſt be careful that nothing of it be known, and muſt contrive ſome way for them to diſcourſe together.

George Dandin aſide.] Ah! baggage of a wife!

Lubin. Odſbudikins 'twill be comical; for the huſ-

band will miſtruſt nothing of the intrigue, that's good; and he'll be bamboozled with his jealouſy. Isn't it ſo?

George Dandin. That's true.

Lubin. Good be t'ye —— But not a word: keep the ſecret, that the huſband mayn't know on't.

George Dandin. Ay, ay.

Lubin. For my part I'll ſeem as if nothing happen'd; I'm a ſly cur, and it ſhan't be ſaid that I've been meddling.

SCENE III.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

WELL, George Dandin, thou ſeeſt in what manner thy wife treats thee. Behold now what it is to deſire marrying a gentlewoman: ſhe fits thee every way without thy being able to revenge thyſelf, and gentility binds down thy hands. An equality of condition allows the huſband, at leaſt, the liberty of reſentment, and if ſhe had been a farmer's daughter, thou wouldſt now be free to right thyſelf with a good cudgel. But thou wouldſt be meddling with gentility, and waſt weary of being maſter in thine own houſe. Ah! it vexes me to the very heart, and I could box myſelf willingly. What! to hearken impudently to the courtſhip of a ſpark, and, at the ſame time, promiſe him a correſpondence! 'Sdeath, I won't let ſuch an opportunity as this ſlip. I muſt go and complain immediately to her father and mother, and make them witneſſes what cauſe of vexation and reſentment their daughter gives me. But here they both come mighty luckily.

SCENE IV.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, GEORGE DANDIN.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE.

WHAT's the matter, ſon-in-law? You ſeem to me much diſturb'd.

George Dandin. Truly I have reaſon for't, and ——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Laud, ſon-in-law, how little manners you have, not to bow to people when you come near them!

George Dandin. Faith, mother-in-law, 'tis becauſe I've other things in my head, and ——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Again? Is it poſſible, ſon-in-law, that you ſo little know what becomes you, and that there's no way of teaching you how to behave amongſt perſons of quality.

George Dandin. What d'ye mean?

Mrs. de Sotenville. Will you never leave off that familiar word Mother-in-law? Can't you uſe yourſelf to call me Madam?

George Dandin. Zookers, if you call me ſon-in-law, methinks I may call you mother-in-law.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Much may be ſaid againſt it, and the caſe is not the ſame. Be pleas'd to learn, 'tis not for you to uſe that word to a perſon of my condition; as much as you are our ſon-in-law, there's a wide difference between us and you, and you ought to know yourſelf.

Mr. de Sotenville. Enough of this, my dear, ha' done.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Good-lack, Mr. Sotenville, you are more indulgent than you ought to be, and don't know how to make people give you what's your due.

Mr. de Sotenville. Egad, I beg your pardon: I'm not to be taught on theſe occaſions; I've ſhewn, by twenty vigorous actions in my life, I'm not a man that will recede one jot from my pretenſions. But 'tis ſufficient that we have given him a ſlight intimation. Let's know, ſon-in-law, what you have in your mind.

George Dandin. Then ſince I muſt ſpeak downright, I'll tell you, Mr. de Sotenville, that I've room to ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Softly, ſon-in-law. 'Tis not reſpectful, remember, to call folks by their names, and to our ſuperiors we ſhould ſay, Sir, only.

George Dandin. Well, Mr. Sir only, and no more Mr. de Sotenville, I muſt tell you that my wife gives me ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Hold there —— Learn likewiſe that you ought not to ſay my wife, when you ſpeak of our daughter.

George Dandin. I'm out o' patience. What! isn't my wife my wife?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, ſon-in-law, ſhe is your wife; but you're not allow'd to call her ſo; you could do no more had you marry'd one of your equals.

George Dandin aſide.] Ah! George Dandin, into what a condition haſt thou brought thyſelf! [aloud.] But, pray now, lay aſide your gentility for one moment, and give me leave to ſpeak to you now as well as I can. [aſide.] The devil take the tyranny of all theſe genealogies. [to Mr. de Sotenville.] I tell you then I'm diſſatisfy'd at my marriage.

Mr. de Sotenville. Your reaſon, ſon-in-law?

Mrs. de Sotenville. What! d'ye talk in this manner of a thing from whence you have reap'd ſuch great advantages?

George Dandin. And what advantages, madam, ſince you're thereabouts, madam? The matter has not been amiſs for you; for, with your permiſſion, your affairs had been in a ſad way without me, and my money has ſerv'd to ſtop up many a gap. But, for my part, what good have I got by't, pray now, unleſs it be the lengthening out my name, and receiving from you the title of Mr. Dandiniere, inſtead of George Dandin?

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, d'ye reckon as nothing the advantage of being allied to the family of the Sotenvilles?

Mrs. de Sotenville. And to that of the Pruderies, from whence I have the honour to be deſcended: a family where the womb enobles, and which, by that valuable privilege, will make your ſons gentlemen.

George Dandin. Ay, that's good indeed; my ſons ſhall be gentlemen; but I ſhall be myſelf a cuckold unleſs care be taken on't.

Mr. de Sotenville. What d'ye mean by that, ſon-in-law?

George Dandin. I mean by that, that your daughter does not live as a wife ought to live, and that ſhe does things which are contrary to honour.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Hold there. Take care what you ſay. My daughter is of a race too full of virtue to be inclin'd to do any thing that honour can be wounded by; and as for the family of the Pruderies, there has not been known a woman amongſt them, thank heaven, for more than three hundred years, that has occaſion'd any talk of her.

Mr. de Sotenville. Ods-heart, a coquette never was in the Sotenville family; and valour is not more hereditary to the males than chaſtity to the females.

Mrs. de Sotenville. We had one Jacqueline Prudoterie, who would not be miſtreſs of a duke and peer, governor of our province.

Mr. de Sotenville. And there was one Mathurina de Sotenville refus'd twenty thouſand crowns from one of the king's favourites, that deſir'd only the favour of ſpeaking to her.

George Dandin. Well, but your daughter is not ſo difficult as that comes to: ſhe's grown tractable ſince ſhe has been with me.

Mr. de Sotenville. Explain yourſelf, ſon-in-law: we are not people that will ſupport her in evil actions; but her mother and I ſhall be the foremoſt to do you juſtice.

Mrs. de Sotenville. We don't underſtand jeſting in matters of honour, and we brought her up with all the ſtrictneſs poſſible.

George Dandin. All I can ſay t'ye is, that here's a certain courtier whom you have ſeen, who is fond of her under my noſe, and has made proteſtations of love to her, which ſhe has hearken'd to with a great deal of humanity.

Mrs. de Sotenville. By this light, I'd ſtrangle her with own hands, ſhould ſhe degenerate from her mother's virtue.

Mr. de Sotenville. Ods-heart, I'd run my ſword through both her and her galant, ſhould ſhe have forfeited her honour.

George Dandin. I have told you what has paſs'd, that I might expoſtulate with you; and I demand ſatisfaction in this affair.

Mr. de Sotenville. Don't trouble youſelf at all, I'll get it you from them both; I'm a man that puſh matters home with every body. But are you very certain of what you tell us?

George Dandin. Moſt certain.

Mr. de Sotenville. Take good care however: for theſe are tickliſh points among gentlemen; 'tis not a buſineſs to make a miſtake about.

George Dandin. I've ſaid nothing, I tell you, but what is true.

Mr. de Sotenville. My dear, do you go and talk about it to your daughter, whilſt I, with my ſon-in-law, diſcourſe the man.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Is it poſſible, child, ſhe ſhould forget herſelf in this manner, after the prudent example which you yourſelf know that I have ſhewn her.

Mr. de Sotenville. We're going to clear up the matter. Follow me, ſon-in-law, and give yourſelf no uneaſineſs: you ſhall ſee what mettle I am made of, when thoſe that belong to me are meddled with.

George Dandin. This is he that's coming towards us.

SCENE V.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE.

SIR, do you know me?

Clitander. Not that I remember, Sir.

Mr. de Sotenville. I'm call'd Mr. de Sotenville.

Clitander. I am very glad of it.

Mr. de Sotenville. My name is known at court, and I had the honour, in my youth, to diſtinguiſh myſelf amongſt the foremoſt of the Arriere-Ban of Nancy.

Clitander. So much the better.

Mr. de Sotenville. My father, John Giles de Sotenville, had the glory, Sir, to aſſiſt in perſon at the great ſiege of Montauban.

Clitander. I'm delighted to hear it.

Mr. de Sotenville. And I had a grandfather, Bertrand de Sotenville, who was ſo conſiderable in his time, that he was permitted to ſell all his effects and go beyond ſea.

Clitander. I am willing to believe it.

Mr. de Sotenville. Sir, I've been informed that you are in love with and follow a young perſon, who is my daughter; for whom I am intereſted, as well as for the man [pointing to George Dandin.] you ſee, who has the honour to be my ſon-in-law.

Clitander. Who, I?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes; and am mighty glad to talk with you, to learn, by your favour, the meaning of this affair.

Clitander. What a ſtrange ſlander this is! Sir, who told it you?

Mr. de Sotenville. Some-body that believes he very well knows it.

Clitander. That ſome-body tells a lye. I'm a man of honour: d'ye think me capable of an action ſo baſe as that, Sir! What! I love a young and handſome perſon that has the honour to be the daughter of Mr. de Sotenville! I reſpect you too much for that, and am too much your obedient ſervant. Whoever told you ſo, is a fool.

Mr. de Sotenville. Come on, ſon-in-law.

George Dandin. What?

Clitander. He's a rogue and a villain.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Anſwer him.

George Dandin. Anſwer him yourſelf.

Clitander. Did I know who it could be, I'd run him through before your face.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Make out the thing.

George Dandin. It is fully made out. 'Tis true.

Clitander. Is it your ſon-in-law, Sir, that ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, 'twas he himſelf that complain'd to me of it.

Clitander. Troth he may be thankful for the advantage of belonging to you; I ſhould teach him elſe to talk in this manner of ſuch a perſon as I.

SCENE VI.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

Mrs. de SOTENVILLE.

AS for the matter of that, jealouſy is a wonderful thing! I bring my daughter hither to clear up the affair before all the world.

Clitander to Angelica.] Is it you then, madam, who told your huſband that I'm in love with you?

Angelica. I! How could I tell him? Is it ſo then? upon my word, I'd fain ſee you truly in love with me. Be at that ſport, I beſeech you, you ſhall find whom you ſpeak to; 'tis a thing I adviſe you to undertake.

Have recourſe, by way of trial, to all the arts that lovers uſe: attempt a little, as a diverſion, to ſend me meſſages, write love-letters to me privately, watch the times of my huſband's abſence, or the time of my going abroad, to talk to me of your paſſion; you need only come hither, you ſhall be receiv'd as you ought, I promiſe you.

Clitander. So, ſo, madam, ſoft and fair; you've no need to give me ſo many inſtructions, or to be ſo much affronted: who told you, I thought of loving you?

Angelica. For my part, how can I account for the ſtories that were told me?

Clitander. Let them ſay what they pleaſe, but your are ſenſible whether or no I talk'd of love to you when I met you.

Angelica. You might have done it; you'd have been very welcome.

Clitander. I aſſure you, you have nothing to fear from me; I'm not a man that will make ladies uneaſy; and I've too much reſpect for you, and the gentlemen your relations to have the thought of being in love with you.

Mrs. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Well, you ſee.

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, are you ſatisfy'd? what d'ye ſay to this?

George Dandin. I ſay 'tis all an idle ſtory. I know very well what I know; and ſince I muſt ſpeak out, ſhe juſt now receiv'd a meſſage from him.

Angelica. I! did I receive a meſſage?

Clitander. Did I ſend a meſſage?

Angelica. Claudina?

Clitander to Claudina.] Is this true?

Claudina. By my faith, 'tis a ſtrange untruth.

George Dandin. Hold your tongue, you jade as you are: I know your tricks; 'twas you brought in the meſſenger juſt now.

Claudina. Who, I?

George Dandin. Ay, you. Don't look ſo demurely.

Claudina. Alack! how full of wickedneſs is the world now-a-days, to ſuſpect me thus, me who am innocence itſelf!

George Dandin. Hold your tongue, impudence; you pretend to be a ſaint, but I've known you a long while, and you're a deceitful ſlut.

Claudina to Angelica.] Is it, madam, becauſe ——

George Dandin. Hold your tongue, I tell you; you may pay for your pranks dearer than the reſt. For you ha'n't a father that's a gentleman.

Angelica. 'Tis ſo groſs a falſhood, and what touches me ſo ſenſibly, that I ſcarce can have ſtrength to anſwer it. 'Tis horrible to be accus'd by an huſband, when a body has done nothing to him which one ſhould not do. Alas! if I'm to blame, 'tis for treating him too well.

Claudina. Sure enough.

Angelica. All my misfortune is regarding him too much; would to heaven I was capable of permitting, as he talks, the addreſſes of ſome-body! I ſhould not then have ſo much reaſon to complain. Adieu! I'll be gone, for I can't bear to be injur'd any more in this manner.

SCENE VII.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

Mrs. de SOTENVILLE to George Dandin.

GO, you don't deſerve ſuch a virtuous wife as you have got.

Claudina. By my faith, he deſerves to have her do as he ſays; and was I in her place, I ſhould be in no ſuſpence about it. [to Clitander.] Yes, Sir, you ought to make love to my miſtreſs to puniſh him. Put yourſelf forward, I tell you, it will be worth your while, and I'll aſſiſt you in it, ſince he has already tax'd me with ſo doing. [Claudina goes out.

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, you deſerve to have all this ſaid to you; and your behaviour ſets every body againſt you.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Come, mind to treat a well-born gentlewoman better, and take care henceforward to make no more ſuch blunders.

George Dandin aſide.] I'm vex'd at my heart to be found fault with when I am in the right.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, CLITANDER, GEORGE DANDIN.

CLITANDER to Mr. de Sotenville.

YOU ſee, Sir, how falſely I've been accus'd, you're a man acquainted with the punctilios of honour, and I require ſatisfaction of you for the affront that has been offer'd me.

Mr. de Sotenville. That's reaſonable; 'tis the right way of proceding. Come, ſon-in-law, give ſatisfaction to this gentleman.

George Dandin. How, ſatisfaction?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes; it muſt be done according to the rules of honour, for having accus'd him wrongfully.

George Dandin. 'Tis a thing I don't own, for my part, that I've accus'd him wrongfully: I know very well what to think of it.

Mr. de Sotenville. No matter; whatever you may think, he has denied it; that is ſatisfactory, and there's no pretence to complain of any man that diſowns a thing.

George Dandin. Then, according to that, if I ſhould find him in bed with my wife, he would clear himſelf by diſowning it.

Mr. de Sotenville. No diſputing; make your excuſes to him as I inſtruct you.

George Dandin. I! ſhall I excuſe myſelf to him af-

ther ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Come, I tell you : there's no occaſion for conſideration ; you need not fear overdoing the matter, when you are under my direction.

George Dandin. I can't ——

Mr. de Sotenville. S'heart, ſon-in-law, don't make me angry ; I ſhall take his part againſt you. Come, ſuffer yourſelf to be govern'd by me.

George Dandin aſide.] Ah ! George Dandin !

Mr. de Sotenville. Pull off your hat firſt, he is a gentleman, and you are not ſo.

George Dandin aſide, his hat in his hand.] It makes me mad.

Mr. de Sotenville. Repeat after me, Sir,

George Dandin. Sir,

Mr. de Sotenville. I aſk your pardon [ſeeing George Dandin make a difficulty of obeying him.] Hah !

George Dandin. I aſk your pardon

Mr. de Sotenville. For the ill thoughts I had of you ;

George Dandin. For the ill thoughts I had of you ;

Mr. de Sotenville. It was becauſe I had not the honour to know you,

George Dandin. It was becauſe I had not the honour to know you,

Mr. de Sotenville. And I deſire you to believe

George Dandin. And I deſire you to believe

Mr. de Sotenville. That I am your ſervant.

George Dandin. Would you have me be the ſervant of a man that wants to cuckold me ?

Mr. de Sotenville threatens him again.] Ha !

Clitander. Sir, 'tis ſufficient.

Mr. de Sotenville. No, I'll have him go through with it, and every thing ſhall be done according to form. That I am your ſervant.

George Dandin. That I am your ſervant.

Clitander to George Dandin.] Sir, I'm yours with all my heart, and ſhall think no more of what has paſs'd. [to Mr. de Sotenville.] As for you, Sir, I wiſh you a good morning, and am ſorry for the little uneaſineſs you've had.

Mr. de Sotenville. I kiſs your hand, and will entertain you with courſing an hare whenever you pleaſe.

Clitander. You do me too great honour. [Goes out.

Mr. de Sotenville. See, ſon-in-law, how matters muſt be manag'd. Farewel. Be aſſur'd you're got into a family that will ſupport you, and not ſuffer you to be affronted.

SCENE IX.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

AH! that I —— Thou wou'dſt do't, thou wou'dſt do't, George Dandin, thou wou'dſt do't. Thou'rt fitted mighty well; thou'rt rightly ſerv'd; thou haſt exactly what thou deſerv'ſt. Come, the matter now is only to diſabuſe her father and mother, and perhaps I may find out ſome way or other of ſucceeding in't.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLAUDINA, LUBIN.

CLAUDINA.

AY, indeed I gueſs'd it muſt come from you, and that you had told it ſome-body who had told it again to my maſter.

Lubin. I' troth I did not touch upon it, but to a man by the by, that he might not ſay he had ſeen me come out there; the people in this country muſt certainly be great blabs.

Claudina. Really the viſcount has made a fine choice, to take you for his ambaſſador; he has employ'd a perſon on this occaſion that is very cunning.

Lubin. Pooh, I ſhall be more cunning another time; and I'll be more cautious.

Claudina. Ay, ay, 'twill be high time.

Lubin. Let's talk no more of that. Hear me.

Claudina. What would you have me to hear?

Lubin. Turn your face a little towards me.

Claudina. Well, what is it?

Lubin. Claudina.

Claudina. What?

Lubin. Well-a-day! does not thee know what I've a mind to ſay?

Claudina. No.

Lubin. 'Zooks, I love thee.

Claudina. In good earneſt?

Lubin. Ay, or elſe the devil fetch me; you may believe me now I ſwear it.

Claudina. Much good may't do you.

Lubin. I feel my heart quite out of ſorts when I look at you.

Claudina. I'm over-joy'd at it.

Lubin. What d'ye do to be ſo pretty?

Claudina. I do like other folks.

Lubin. D'y'ſee, there's no need of many words to the bargain. If you've a mind, you ſhall be my wife, I ſhall be your huſband, and we two ſhall be huſband and wife.

Claudina. May be you'll be jealous like our master.

Lubin. No.

Claudina. For my part, I hate your suspicious husbands, and would have one that's alarm'd at nothing; one so full of confidence, and so secure of my chastity, that he could see me in the midst of thirty men without being disturb'd.

Lubin. Well, I shall be just so.

Claudina. 'Tis the silliest thing in the world to mistrust a wife and torment her. The truth of the matter is, no good comes on't; it makes us think of naughty things; and husbands with their vagaries often make themselves what they are.

Lubin. Well, I'll give you leave to do every thing you please.

Claudina. That's the way not to be deceiv'd. When a husband relies on our discretion, we take no liberties but what we ought, and it happens to him as it does to those that open their purse to us, and cry, take: we use it modestly, and are contented with what's reasonable. But those that are close-fisted towards us, oblige us to fleece them, and we spare them not at all.

Lubin. Pooh! I shall be one of those that open their purse, and you need only marry me.

Claudina. Well, well, we shall see.

Lubin. Come hither then, Claudina.

Claudina. What would you have?

Lubin. Come, I tell you.

Claudina. O! fair and softly; I don't like your palmers.

Lubin. Ah! a little bit of love.

Claudina. Let me alone, I tell you, I don't understand joking.

Lubin. Claudina?

Claudina puſhing Lubin away.] Hah!

Lubin. Ah! how croſs you are to poor folks! Fy upon't, how rude that is to deny people! Aren't you aſham'd to be handſome and not willing to be carreſs'd? Oh-lud!

Claudina. I'll give you a ſlap on the face.

Lubin. O the wild creature! the ſavage! out upon't, faugh, how cruel the ſlut is!

Claudina. You take too great liberty.

Lubin. What would it coſt you to let me do it?

Claudina. You muſt have patience.

Lubin. Only one little buſs, to be abated upon our marriage.

Claudina. I'm your humble ſervant for that.

Lubin. Prithee, Claudina, be it e'er ſo little.

Claudina. O! by no means, I've been catch'd that way already. Good b'ye. Go tell the viſcount, I'll take care to deliver his letter.

Lubin. Good b'ye, pretty rudeſbee.

Claudina. That's an amorous word.

Lubin. Good b'ye, rock, flint, free-ſtone, and every thing in the world that's hardeſt.

Claudina alone.] I'll go deliver it to my miſtreſs——. But here ſhe is with her huſband, let's get away and wait 'till ſhe's alone.

SCENE II.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA.

GEORGE DANDIN.

NO, no, one's not amus'd ſo eaſily, and I'm but

too certain that what was told me is true. I've better eyes than people fancy, and your rodomontades have not yet taken away my ſenſes.

SCENE III.

CLITANDER, ANGELICA, GEORGE DANDIN.

CLITANDER at the farther part of the ſtage.

AH! there ſhe is. But the husband's with her.

George Dandin not ſeeing Clitander.] Through all your pretences, I've found the truth of what was told me, and the little reſpect you have for the tie that joins us. [Clitander and Angelica bow and curtſy to one another.] Lack-a-day, let alone your curtſies; 'tis not that kind of reſpect I talk of, and you've no occaſion to make your jeſts.

Angelica. I make my jeſts? Quite another thing.

George Dandin. I know your meaning, and underſtand.—— [Clitander and Angelica bow and curtſy again.] What again? Ah! no more of your jeering. I'm not ignorant that you think me much below you becauſe of your gentility, but the reſpect I mean has nothing to do with my perſon. I ſpeak of what you owe to ſuch ſacred ties as thoſe of wedlock. [Angelica makes a ſign to Clitander.] No ſhrugging up your ſhoulders, I don't talk nonſenſe.

Angelica. Who dreams of ſhrugging up ſhoulders?

George Dandin. Lack-a-day, I ſee plainly. I tell you once again, that marriage is an obligation which ought to have all kind of reſpect ſhewn it, and that 'tis very ill done of you to uſe it as you do. [Angelica makes

a ſign with her head.] Ay, indeed, ill done of you; and you need not noddle your head and make game of me.

Angelica. I? I don't know what you mean.

George Dandin I know very well, and I know your contempt of me too. Though I am not nobly born, I'm of a family however that's without reproach; and the race of the Dandins ——

Clitander behind Angelica, without being ſeen by George Dandin.] One moment's diſcourſe.

George Dandin not ſeeing Clitander.] Hey?

Angelica. What? I don't ſay a word.

[George Dandin goes round his wife, and Clitander retires, making a low bow to George Dandin.

SCENE IV.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA.

George Dandin.

THERE's he that dangles after you.

Angelica. Well, is it my fault? what would you have me do in't?

George Dandin. I'd have you do like a wife that deſires to pleaſe no-body but her huſband. Let'em ſay what they will of it, galants never form a ſiege but when they're encourag'd: there's a certain languiſhing air that draws them as honey does the flies, and modeſt women have a behaviour that drives them away immediately.

Angelica. I drive them away? For what reaſon? I am not affronted at being thought handſome, for that's a pleaſure to me.

George Dandin. Ay! But what part would you have an huſband act during this galantry?

Angelica. The part of an honeſt man, that's glad to ſee his wife regarded.

George Dandin. Your ſervant: that's not my opinion; the Dandins haven't been accuſtom'd to that faſhion.

Angelica. O, the Dandins may accuſtom themſelves to it, if they pleaſe. But I declare, for my part, that I don't intend to renounce the world, and bury myſelf alive with an husband. What! becauſe a man takes it in his head to marry us, muſt we immediately have done with every thing, and break off all intercourſe with the living? The tyranny of theſe gentlemen husbands is wonderful; 'tis mighty fine of them, to deſire we ſhould be dead to all diverſions, and only live for them. To me 'tis all a jeſt, and I'll not die ſo young.

George Dandin. Is it thus you perform the vows you made to me in public?

Angelica. I? I did not make them to you voluntarily, but you forc'd them from me. Did you, before the wedding, aſk my conſent, or if I lik'd you? You advis'd about it with my father and mother only; 'tis they, properly ſpeaking, that married you, and therefore you'll do well to make your complaints always to them of the wrongs that may be done you. For my part, who did not tell you that I'd marry you, and whom you took without conſulting my inclinations, I don't think I'm bound to ſubmit, like a ſlave, to your will; but will enjoy, by your leave, thoſe happy days which youth offers me, make uſe of ſuch dear liberties as the age permits, ſee the *beau monde* a little, and indulge the pleaſure of hearing fine things ſaid to me.

Prepare then for your punishment, and be thankful to heaven that I'm uncapable of doing any thing that's worse

George Dandin. Ay! is that your way! I'm your husband, and I tell you, I don't understand this.

Angelica. As for my part, I'm your wife, and I tell you, I do understand it.

George Dandin aside.] I've a temptation to beat that face of thine to a jelly, and make it in a condition never more to charm those complimenting sparks. Ah! come along George Dandin, I can't command myself, and 'tis better for me to leave the place.

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

I WAS out o' patience, madam, till he was gone, to give you this letter from you know who.

Angelica. Let's see.

Claudina aside] As far as I can observe, she's not much displeas'd at what he writes to her.

Angelica. O! Claudina, in what a gallant manner is this letter written! what an agreeable air have people about the court in all their words and actions! and what a difference there is between them and our folks in the country!

Claudina. I believe, after seeing them, the Dandins don't charm you much.

Angelica. Stay here, I'll go write an answer.

Claudina alone.] I've no occasion, I suppose, to desire it may be favourable. But here he is ——

SCENE VI.

CLITANDER, LUBIN, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

REALLY, Sir, you choſe there a clever meſſenger.

Clitander. I durſt not ſend any of my own ſervants. But, dear Claudina, I muſt make you amends for the good offices which I know you've done me.

[He feels in his pocket.

Claudina. Oh! Sir, there's no occaſion. No, Sir, you need not give yourſelf that trouble: I do you ſervice becauſe you merit it, and I feel at my heart an inclination for you.

Clitander giving money to Claudina.] I'm obliged to you.

Lubin to Claudina.] Since we're to be marry'd, give it me, that I may put it to mine.

Claudina. I'll keep it for you as well as the kiſs.

Clitander to Claudina.] Tell me, did you give my letter to your fair miſtreſs?

Claudina. Yes; and ſhe is gone to anſwer it.

Clitander. But, Claudina, is there no way for me to ſpeak to her?

Claudina. Yes, come along with me, and I'll bring you to the ſpeech of her.

Clitander. But will ſhe take it well, and is there no danger in it?

Claudina. No, no, her husband is not at home; beſides, 'tis not he chiefly ſhe has to manage, 'tis her father and mother; and provided they're but prepoſſeſs'd, there's nothing at all to fear.

Clitander. I give up myſelf to your conduct.

Lubin alone.] Odsbudikins, what a clever wife I ſhall have! She has the wit of four people.

SCENE VII.

GEORGE DANDIN, LUBIN.

GEORGE DANDIN aſide.

HERE's my man as before. Would to heaven he could be brought to bear witneſs to her father and mother, of what they won't believe!

Lubin. Oh! there you are, Mr. Tittle tattle, to whom I gave ſuch a charge, not to ſpeak, and who promis'd me ſo much you wou'dn't: you're a blab, I find, you go and tell again what one ſays to you in private.

George Dandin. I?

Lubin. Ay. You've carry'd every word to the huſband, and you are the cauſe of his making a clutter about it. I'm glad to know what a tongue you've got, and this ſhall teach me never to tell you any thing more.

George Dandin. But hear me, friend.

Lubin. If you had not tattled, I'd have told you what's a doing now; but, for you puniſhment, you ſhall know nothing at all.

George Dandin. How? what's a doing?

Lubin. Nothing, nothing. See now what you get by tattling: you ſhall find out no more, and ſo I leave your mouth to water.

George Dandin. Stay a little.

Lubin. No.

George Dandin. I'll ſay but one word t'ye.

Lubin. No, no, forſooth; you've a mind to pump ſomething out o' me.

George Dandin. Nay, 'tis not for that.

Lubin. Eh! ſome folly or another. I ſee what you would be at.

George Dandin. 'Tis ſomething elſe. Do but hear me.

Lubin. No more o' the matter. You'd have me tell you that the viſcount has been giving money to Claudina, and that ſhe has carry'd him to her miſtreſs. But I'm not ſuch an aſs.

George Dandin. Pray now ——

Lubin. No.

George Dandin. I'll give ye ——

Lubin. A fiddle-ſtick.

SCENE VIII.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

I COULD not make uſe of this idiot as I thought to do. But the freſh intelligence that has eſcap'd him ſhall ſerve the ſame purpoſe; and if the gallant is at my houſe, that will be a plain caſe to her father and mother, and fully convince them of their daughter's impudence. The miſchief is, I don't know how to make my advantage of this notice. If I go home, I ſhall drive the blade away; and whatever I to my diſhonour may ſee myſelf, won't be believ'd, even upon my oath; but they'll ſay I rave. On the other ſide, if I fetch my father-in-law and mother-in-law, without a certainty of finding the galant there, 'twill be the ſame thing, and I ſhall fall again into the trouble I did before. Can't I go

ſoftly and inform myſelf whether he's ſtill there? [after looking through the key-hole.] Ah! heaven! 'tis no longer doubtful: I perceiv'd him through the key-hole! Fate gives me now an opportunity of putting them to confuſion, and to finiſh the affair, I muſt bring hither, in the nick of time, the judges that I wanted.

SCENE IX.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, GEORGE DANDIN.

GEORGE DANDIN.

IN ſhort, you would not believe me juſt now, and your daughter got the better of me; but I'm, at preſent, prepar'd to ſhew you how ſhe uſes me; and thank heaven, my diſhonour is now ſo plain, that you can't doubt on't.

Mr. de Sotenville. How, ſon-in-law! are you again upon that matter?

George Dandin. Ay, I am: and I never had ſo much cauſe for't.

Mrs. de Sotenville. D'ye ſtill come to ſtun one's head?

George Dandin. Ay, Madam; for mine is ſerv'd much worſe.

Mr. de Sotenville. Are not you weary of being troubleſome.

George Dandin. No. But I'm very weary of being taken for a dupe.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Will you never get rid of your chimeras?

George Dandin. No, madam; but I'd fain get rid of a wife that diſgraces me.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Od's light, ſon-in-law, learn how you ought to ſpeak.

Mr. de Sotenville. S'heart, find out words leſs affronting than thoſe.

George Dandin. The loſer can't laugh.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Remember that you've marry'd a gentlewoman.

George Dandin. I remember it well enough, and ſhall remember it but too often.

Mr. de Sotenville. Then if you remember it, think to ſpeak of her with more reſpect.

George Dandin. But why does not ſhe think rather of treating me more decently? What! Becauſe ſhe's a gentlewoman, muſt ſhe have the liberty to do by me as ſhe pleaſes, and I not dare to breathe?

Mr. de Sotenville. What is't you'd be at? What can you ſay? Did not you ſee this morning how ſhe clear'd herſelf of knowing the perſon you came to me to ſpeak about?

George Dandin. Ay. But for your part, what could you ſay, ſhould I now ſhew you that the ſpark is with her?

Mrs. de Sotenville. With her?

George Dandin. Ay, with her, and in my houſe.

Mr de Sotenville. In your houſe.

George Dandin. Ay, in my own houſe?

Mrs. de Sotenville. If 'tis ſo, we ſhall take your part againſt her.

Mr. de Sotenville: Yes. The honour of our family is the deareſt to us of all things; and if what you ſay be true, we ſhall diſown her for our daughter, and abandon her to your reſentment.

Geroge Dandin. You need only follow me.

Mrs. de Sontenville. Take care you're not miſtaken.

Mr. de Sotenville. Don't do as you did before.

George Dandin. Lack-a-day! come and ſee. [pointing to Clitander who goes out with Angelica.] There, have I told I lye?

SCENE X.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA, Mr. de SOTENVILLE, and Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, with GEORGE DANDIN, at the farther part of the ſtage.

ANGELICA to Clitander.

FAREWEL —— I'm afraid you ſhould be found here; and I muſt be upon my guard.

Clitander. Then, madam, promiſe that I ſhall ſpeak with you at night.

Angelica. I'll endeavour it.

George Dandin to Mr. and Mrs. de Sotenville.] Let's get behind them ſoftly, and try not to be ſeen.

Claudina. Ah! madam, we're undone! —— Here's your father and mother, and your husband with them.

Clitander aſide.] O! heaven!

Angelica aſide to Clitander and Claudina.] Take you no notice, but leave it both of you to me. [aloud to Clitander.] What! dare you treat me o' this faſhion, after the late affair? and is it thus you diſguiſe your ſentiments? I was informed you was in love with me, and that you form'd deſigns of making court to me: I ſhew'd my diſpleaſure at it, and publicly expreſs'd my mean-

ing to you plain enough. You deny'd the thing ſtoutly, and aſſured me you had no thought of offending me; and yet the ſelf-ſame day have you the aſſurance to come to my houſe and viſit me? to tell me you're in love with me, and ſay an hundred ſilly things to perſuade me to anſwer your extravagances? As if I was a woman that would violate the vow I've made my huſband, or ever depart from that virtue my parents taught me. Should my father know it, he'd teach you to attempt ſuch enterprizes; but a modeſt woman does not like to make a buſtle. [Making a ſign to Claudina to bring a ſtick.] I don't care to tell him of it, but will ſhew you, though I am a woman, that I've courage enough to revenge myſelf for the affronts that are offer'd me. What you've done is not the action of a gentleman, and therefore I ſhall not uſe you like a gentleman.

[Angelica takes the ſtick, and goes to ſtrike Clitander, who ſhifts his poſture in ſuch a manner that the blow falls upon George Dandin.

Clitander crying out as if he had been beaten] Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! gently.

SCENE XI.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA.

CLAUDINA.

HARD, madam, ſtrike to the purpoſe.

Angelica pretending to ſpeak to Clitander.] If you've any thing lies at heart, I'm ready to anſwer it.

Claudina. Learn who it is you meddle with.

Angelica ſeeming aſtoniſh'd.] Ah! father, are you there?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, daughter; and I find that, in diſcretion and courage, thou proveſt thyſelf a worthy branch of the Sotenville family. Come hither to me that I may embrace thee.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Embrace me too, daughter. Alas! I weep for joy, and diſcover my own blood in what thou haſt been doing.

Mr. de Sotenville. Son-in-law, how tranſported ought you to be! and what abundance of ſatisfaction muſt this accident afford you! You had juſt cauſe to be alarm'd, but your ſuſpicions are clear'd up the moſt fortunately that can be.

Mrs. de Sotenville. No doubt, ſon-in-law, you ought now to be the moſt contented man alive.

Claudina. To be ſure. What a wife is here! you're too happy in having her: and you ought to kiſs the ground ſhe treads on.

George Dandin aſide.] O traitreſs!

Mr. de Sotenville. What's the matter, ſon-in-law? don't you thank your wife at all for the affection you ſee ſhe ſhews for you?

Angelica. No, no, father, that's needleſs. He's under no obligation to me for what he ſaw: all I did was for my own ſake only.

Mr. de Sotenville. Whither are you going, daughter?

Angelica. I'll withdraw, father, that I may not be forced to receive his compliments.

Claudina to George Dandin.] She has reaſon to be angry. She's a wife that deſerves to be ador'd, and you don't treat her as you ſhould do.

George Dandin aſide,] Wicked jade!

SCENE XII.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, GEORGE DANDIN.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE.

'TIS a slight resentment for the late affair, and 'twill go over with fondling her a little. Son-in-law, adieu: you're now in a condition to be no more uneasy. Go, be reconcil'd to one another, and endeavour to pacify her by excusing your passion to her.

Mrs. de Sotenville. You should consider she's a woman brought up to virtue, who hasn't been accustom'd to be suspected of any base action. Adieu: I'm glad to see your uneasiness at an end, and the transports of joy which her conduct must afford you.

SCENE XIII.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

I SAY not a word; for I should get nothing by speaking. Never any thing was known equal to my disgrace. Indeed, I wonder at my misfortune, and the subtle contrivance of my confounded hussy of a wife to make herself seem always in the right, and me in the wrong. Is it possible that I shall always be outdone by her, that appearances will always turn against me, and that I shall ne'er be able to convict my impudent hussy? O heaven! favour my designs, and vouchsafe to let people see that I'm dishonour'd.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CLITANDER, LUBIN.

CLITANDER.

THE night's pretty far gone; I'm afraid it ſhould be too late. I can't ſee which way to go. Lubin?

Lubin. Sir.

Clitander. Is this the way?

Lubin. I think it is. Odsbobs 'tis a ſilly night to be ſo dark as this.

Clitander. 'Tis certainly in the wrong. But if on the one hand it prevents our ſeeing, on the other hand it hinders our being ſeen.

Lubin. You are in the right: 'tis not ſo much in the wrong. I'd be glad to know, Sir, you who are a ſcholard, why it is not day at night.

Clitander. That's a great queſtion, and what is difficult. Thou art curious, Lubin.

Lubin. Ay, if I had ſtudy'd, I ſhould ha' thought of things that were never thought of.

Clitander. So I believe. Thou haſt the appearance of a ſubtle penetrating mind.

Lubin. That's true. Hold. I can explain Latin, though I never learnt it. For the other day ſeeing *collegium* written over a great gate, I gueſs'd that it meant *college*.

Clitander. That's wonderful! Thou canſt read then, Lubin?

Lubin. Ay; I can read print; but I never could learn to read writing.

Clitander. We're now againſt the houſe; [after ſtriking his hands.] That's the ſignal Claudina gives me.

Lubin. O' my faith, that's a girl worth gold, and I love her with all my heart.

Clitander. And I brought you with me to talk with her.

Lubin. Sir, I am ——

Clitander. Huſh, I hear a noiſe.

SCENE II.

ANGELICA, CLAUDINA, CLITANDER, LUBIN.

ANGELICA.

CLAUDINA.

Claudina. Well.

Angelica. Leave the door a jar.

Claudina. I ha' done ſo.

[They ſearch about as in the dark for one another.

Clitander to Lubin.] 'Tis they. St.

Angelica. St.

Lubin. St.

Claudina. St.

Clitander to Claudina, whom he takes for Angelica.] Madam.

Angelica to Lubin, whom ſhe takes for Clitander.] How now?

Lubin to Angelica, whom he takes for Claudina.] Claudina?

Claudina to Clitander, whom ſhe takes for Lubin.] Who is it?

Clitander to Claudina, believing he's ſpeaking to Angelica.] Ah! madam, what joy I have!

Lubin to Angelica, believing he's ſpeaking to Claudina.] Claudina, my dear Claudina.

Claudina to Clitander.] Softly, Sir.

Angelica to Lubin.] Hold, Lubin.

Clitander. Is it you, Claudina?

Claudina. Yes.

Lubin. Madam, is it you?

Angelica. Ay.

Claudina to Clitander.] You took one for t'other.

Lubin to Angelica.] I' troth Joan's as good as my Lady i' the dark.

Angelica, Clitander, isn't it you?

Clitander. Yes, madam.

Angelica. My husband's ſnoring finely, and I've taken this opportunity for us to converſe here.

Clitander. Let's look ſome place for us to ſit down.

Claudina. That's well thought of.

[Angelica, Clitander, and Claudina ſit down at the farther part of the ſtage.

Lubin feeling about for Claudina.] Claudina, where is't you are?

SCENE III.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, and CLAUDINA, ſit at the farther end of the ſtage, GEORGE DANDIN, partly undreſt, LUBIN.

GEORG DANDIN aſide.

I HEARD my wife go down, and hurry'd on my

clothes to follow her. Whither can ſhe be gone? Did ſhe go out o' doors?

Lubin ſtill feeling about for Claudina.] Where art thou, Claudina? [taking George Dandin for Claudina.] O! there you are. O' my faith thy maſter's finely trick'd, and I think this as comical as the beating-bout I was told of. He's now ſnoring like a devil, your miſtreſs ſays, and little thinks the viſcount and ſhe are together whilſt he naps it. I'd fain know what he's dreaming of now. 'Tis perfectly comical. How comes it in his head to be ſo jealous of his wife, and want to keep her to himſelf? He's an impertinent fellow, and the viſcount does him too great honour. You don't ſpeak, Claudina. Come, let's follow them; give me your pretty little fiſt that I may buſs it. Ah! how ſweet it is! methinks I am eating ſugar-plumbs. [To George Dandin, whom he takes for Claudina, and who puſhes him roughly.] Udsbud, what is it you do? That little pretty fiſt is woundy hard.

George Dandin. Who's there?

Lubin. No-body.

George Dandin. He runs away, but leaves me inform'd of my jade's freſh treachery. Well, I muſt ſend inſtantly for her father and mother, that this affair may be the means of getting me a ſeparation from her. Soho, Colin, Colin.

SCENE IV.

ANGELICA and CLITANDER, with CLAUDINA and LUBIN, ſit at the farther part of the ſtage, GEORGE DANDIN, COLIN.

COLIN at the window.

SIR.

George Dandin. Come down hither quickly.

Colin leaping out of the window.] Here I am. Nobody can come faſter.

George Dandin. Are you there?

Colin. Ay, Sir.

[Whilſt George Dandin goes to ſpeak to him on one ſide, Colin goes to the other and falls aſleep.

George Dandin turning to the ſide where he thinks Colin is.] Softly. Speak low. Heark ye. Run to my father and mother-in-law, and tell them I earneſtly deſire them to come hither immediately. D'ye hear? heh? Colin? Colin?

Colin from the other ſide wakening.] Sir.

George Dandin. Where the devil are ye?

Colin. Here.

George Dandin. Plague on the booby for rambling from me. [As they hunt for one another, George Dandin croſſes over to one ſide, and Colin to th' other ſide.] I tell ye, fly this moment to find my father and mother-in-law, and tell them I conjure them to come hither inſtantly. D'ye underſtand me? Anſwer; Colin, Colin?

Colin on the other ſide wakening.] Sir.

George Dandin. This raſcal will make me mad. Come to me, I ſay. [They run againſt one another, and both fall.] O the rogue! he has crippled me! Where is't you are? Come hither that I may drub you heartily. I think he ſhuns me.

Colin. Sure enough.

George Dandin. Will you come?

Colin. No, faith won't I.

George Dandin. Come, I tell ye.

Colin. No, you'll beat me.

George Dandin. No indeed, I wont meddle w'ye.

Colin. Upon your word?

George Dandin to Colin, whom he holds by the arm.] Ay. Come hither. Right. Happy it is for thee that I want thee. Make haſte to my father and mother-in-law, and deſire them from me to come hither as faſt as poſſibly they can, and tell them 'tis about a matter of the utmoſt conſequence. And ſhould they make any difficulty on account of the time o' night, don't fail to preſs them to't, and aſſure them 'tis highly neceſſary they ſhould come, in whatever condition they may be. Do ye underſtand me now?

Colin. Ay, Sir.

George Dandin thinking himſelf alone.] Get you gone quickly, and make haſt back again; for my part, I'll get into the houſe and wait 'till — But I hear ſomebody. Isn't it my wife? I muſt liſten, and take the advantage of this darkneſs.

[Standing cloſe to the door of his houſe.

SCENE V.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA, LUBIN, GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA to Clitander.

FAREWEL, 'tis time to be gone.

Clitander. What! ſo ſoon?

Angelica. We've convers'd enough.

Clitander. O! madam, can I poſſibly have enough of your converſation, or find, in ſo ſhort a time, words ſufficient for my purpoſe! 'Twould take me up whole days to expreſs to you all I feel, and I've not yet told you one half of what I have to ſay t'ye.

Angelica. We'll hear more on't another time.

Clitander. Alas! With what a ſtroke you pierce my ſoul when you talk to me of going, and under how much uneaſineſs will you now leave me!

Angelica. We ſhall find means to ſee each other again.

Clitander. Ay, madam, but I conſider that when you leave me, you go to be with a huſband. That thought kills me; and the privileges huſbands have, are cruel things to a fond lover.

Angelica. Are you ſo ſimple to be uneaſy on that ſcore, or d'ye imagine one can be able to love ſome ſort of huſbands? One marries them, becauſe one can't avoid it, becauſe it depends on parents, who have no regard for any thing but riches: but one knows how to be even with them, and 'tis a mighty jeſt to value them more than they deſerve.

George Dandin aſide.] Theſe are our ſtrumpets of wives.

Clitander. Ah! how readily muſt it be confeſs'd, that he they've got for you, little deſerves the honour he has receiv'd, and that the match they've made between a perſon like you, and ſuch a man as he, is a thing extraordinary!

George Dandin aſide.] Poor huſbands! thus it is you are ſerv'd.

Clitander. You certainly deſerve a quite different fate; and heaven ne'er deſign'd you to be a peaſant's wife.

George Dandin. Would heaven ſhe were yours! You'd talk a different language. Let's go in; I've enough on't. [He goes in and ſhuts the door in the inſide.

SCENE VI.

ANGELICA, CLITANDER, CLAUDINA, LUBIN.

CLAUDINA.

MADAM, if you've any thing to ſay againſt your huſband, diſpatch quickly, for 'tis late.

Clitander. Oh! Claudina, how cruel are you!

Angelica to Clitander.] She's in the right. Let us part.

Clitander. It muſt be then ſubmitted to, ſince you will have it ſo; but I conjure you to pity me at leaſt for the wretched moments that I'm to paſs.

Angelica. Adieu.

Lubin. Where are you, Claudina, that I may bid you good night?

Claudina. Go, go, I'll accept it at a diſtance, and return it you ſo too.

SCENE VII.

ANGELICA, CLAUDINA.

ANGELICA.

LET's go in without making a noiſe.

Claudina. The door's ſhut.

Angelica. I've the maſter-key.

Claudina. Then open it ſoftly.

Angelica. 'Tis faſt'ned within ſide, and I don't know what we ſhall do.

Claudina. Call the boy that lies there.

Angelica. Colin, Colin, Colin.

SCENE VIII.

GEORGE DANDIN, ANGELICA, CLAUDINA.

GEORGE DANDIN above at the window.

COLIN, Colin. O! I've catch'd you then, madam wife: you go a caterwawling whilſt I'm aſleep. I'm mighty glad of it, and to find you abroad at ſuch an hour as this.

Angelica. Well, what great harm is there in taking the cool night-air?

George Dandin. Ay, ay. 'Tis a rare time to take the cool air in. But 'tis a heat rather, madam jade: I know the whole intrigue between you and your ſpark. We've heard your galant converſation, and the fine things you've ſaid to one another, in praiſe of me. But

'tis my comfort, that I'm going to be reveng'd, and your father and mother will be now convinc'd of the juſtice of my complaints, and of your diſorderly behaviour. I've ſent to fetch them, and they'll he here in a moment.

Angelica aſide.] O heaven!

Claudina. Madam.

George Dandin. This certainly is a ſtroke you did not expect. 'Tis now my turn to triumph, and I've wherewithal to pull down your pride, and ſpoil your contrivances. You have till now made a jeſt of my complaints, caſt a miſt before your parents eyes, and palliated your miſdoings. I might ſee, or ſay what I would, your cunning always got the better of my veracity, and you've continually found out ſome way or other to appear in the right; but, at preſent, heaven be thanked, matters will be made evident, and your impudence will be quite confounded.

Angelica. But I beſeech you, let the door be open'd for me.

George Dandin. No, no: you muſt ſtay the coming of thoſe I've ſent for; I'll have them find you abroad at this fine hour. And whilſt you're expecting them, you may ſet your brains to work, if you pleaſe, for ſome new ſhift to bring you out of this ſcrape: invent ſome means to excuſe your wild pranks; find out ſome pretty artifice to deceive folks and appear innocent, ſome ſpecious pretence of a nocturnal pilgrimage, or a friend in labour that you went to aſſiſt.

Angelica. Nay, 'tis not my intent to conceal any thing from you. I don't pretend to vindicate myſelf, or deny things to you, ſince you're acquainted with them.

George Dandin. That's becauſe you find all means

of doing ſo are debar'd you, and that you can't contrive any excuſe for this buſineſs, but what may eaſily be prov'd falſe.

Angelica. Indeed I acknowlege I've done amiſs, and that you've reaſon to complain; but I intreat the favour of you not to expoſe me this time to the diſpleaſure of my parents, but let the door be open'd quickly.

George Dandin. I'm your humble ſervant for that.

Angelica. Ah, poor dear huſband! I conjure you do.

George Dandin. Ah, poor dear huſband! Now I am your dear huſband, becauſe you find you're catch'd. I'm highly pleas'd at that, for you ne'er before thought fit to uſe ſuch fond expreſſions to me.

Angelica. Hold. I aſſure you that I'll never give you any farther occaſion to be uneaſy: and of me ——

George Dandin. All that ſignifies nothing. I'll not loſe the advantage of this adventure; it concerns me to have your behaviour, for once, fully diſcover'd.

Angelica. Pray now let me ſpeak t'ye. I beg of you to hear me one moment.

George Dandin. Well, what d'ye ſay?

Angelica. 'Tis true, I've been faulty, I confeſs it to you once more, that your reſentment's juſt, that I took the opportunity of getting out whilſt you were aſleep, and that my going was upon an aſſignation I had made with the perſon you ſpeak of. But, after all, you ſhould forgive things of this nature, on the ſcore of my age: the ſallies of a young perſon who has ſeen nothing, and is but juſt enter'd upon the world; liberties one gives into without thinking any harm, and which certainly at bottom have nothing of ——

George Dandin. Ay, ſo you ſay, and this is one of thoſe things that you want one piouſly to believe.

Angelica. I don't pretend by this that I've not been culpable towards you; I only beg of you to forget one fault, for which I ſincerely aſk your pardon, and to ſave me at this juncture from that vexation which the grating reproaches of a father and mother may give me. If you generouſly grant me the favour I've requeſted, that obliging conduct, that goodneſs of yours towards me, will intirely win me; 'twill throughly touch my heart, and produce there for you what all the power of my parents and the bands of marriage could not introduce. In ſhort, 'twill be the cauſe of my renouncing all ſorts of galantry, and having no regard but for you alone. Yes, I give you my word, that for the future you ſhall find me the beſt of wives, and I'll ſhew ſo much friendſhip, ſo much affection for you, that you ſhall be contented with it.

George Dandin. Ah! crocodile that fawns on people in order to murder them.

Angelica. Grant me this favour.

George Dandin. No more o' the matter. I'm inexorable.

Angelica. Shew yourſelf generous.

George Dandin. No.

Angelica. Pray do.

George Dandin. Not at all.

Angelica. I heartily conjure you, do.

George Dandin. No, no, no: I'll have them undeceiv'd about you, and your ſhame ſhall appear publicly.

Angelica. Well then, if you do drive me to deſpair, I forewarn you that a woman in this condition is capable of every thing, and that I ſhall here do ſomewhat for which you'll repent yourſelf.

George Dandin. And, pray, what will you do?

Angelica. My heart will give itſelf up even to the moſt deſperate reſolutions, and with this dagger here I'll kill myſelf upon the ſpot.

George Dandin. Ha! ha! well and good.

Angelica. Not ſo well and good for you as you imagine. All the neighbours know our quarrels, and the perpetual ill-will you bear me. When I'm found dead, there's not a ſoul will doubt but that it was you who murder'd me, and my parents, you may aſſure yourſelf, are not people that will let my death go unpuniſh'd, but will inflict upon you for it the ſevereſt puniſhment that the proſecutions of juſtice, and the warmth of their own reſentment can afford. By this means I ſhall find a way of revenging myſelf upon you, and I'm not the firſt of thoſe that have had recourſe to ſuch kind of vengeance, that have made no difficulty of killing themſelves, to deſtroy thoſe that had the cruelty to drive them to the laſt extremity.

George Dandin. I'm your humble ſervant for that. People now-a-days don't take it in their heads to kill themſelves; that faſhion's over long ago.

Angelica. You may aſſure yourſelf of it; and if you perſiſt in your refuſal, if you don't order the door to be open'd for me, I vow, that I'll ſhew you inſtantly how far the reſolution of one driven to deſpair can go.

George Dandin. Fiddle faddle, fiddle faddle, 'tis only to frighten me.

Angelica. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, here's what will content us both, and prove if I'm in jeſt. [Pretending to kill herſelf.] Ah! 'tis done. Heaven grant my death may be reveng'd according to my wiſh, and that he who is the cauſe of it may meet with a juſt puniſhment for his cruelty to me!

Angelica. I don't pretend by this that I've not been culpable towards you; I only beg of you to forget one fault, for which I ſincerely aſk your pardon, and to ſave me at this juncture from that vexation which the grating reproaches of a father and mother may give me. If you generouſly grant me the favour I've requeſted, that obliging conduct, that goodneſs of yours towards me, will intirely win me; 'twill throughly touch my heart, and produce there for you what all the power of my parents and the bands of marriage could not introduce. In ſhort, 'twill be the cauſe of my renouncing all ſorts of galantry, and having no regard but for you alone. Yes, I give you my word, that for the future you ſhall find me the beſt of wives, and I'll ſhew ſo much friendſhip, ſo much affection for you, that you ſhall be contented with it.

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George Dandin. No, no, no: I'll have them undeceiv'd about you, and your ſhame ſhall appear publicly.

Angelica. Well then, if you do drive me to deſpair, I forewarn you that a woman in this condition is capable of every thing, and that I ſhall here do ſomewhat for which you'll repent yourſelf.

George Dandin. And, pray, what will you do?

SCENE XI.

ANGELICA and CLAUDINA at the window, GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA.

WHAT! is't you? Where have you been, you raſcal? Is this an hour to come home at, when the day is juſt ready to appear? And is this the way of life an honeſt huſband ought to follow?

Claudina. Isn't it mighty pretty to go ſotting the whole night, and leave a poor young wife thus all alone at home?

George Dandin. How! you have ——

Angelica. Go, go, traitor! I'm weary of your behaviour: and without any more delay, I'll complain of it to my father and mother.

George Dandin. What! is it thus you dare ——

SCENE XII.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE and Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, in their night-gowns, COLIN carrying a lanthorn, ANGELICA, and CLAUDINA at the window, GEORGE DANDIN.

ANGELICA to Mr. and Mrs. de Sotenville.

COME hither, I beſeech you, and do me juſtice for the greateſt inſolence that ever was, on a huſband, whoſe brain, wine, and jealouſy have diſorder'd in ſuch a man-

ner, that he neither knows what he ſays, or does, but has ſent for you himſelf to be witneſſes of the ſtrangeſt extravagance that e'er was heard of. Here he's come home, as you ſee, after making me wait the whole night for him, and if you'll hearken to him, he'll tell you that he has the moſt grievous complaints in the world to make to you of me; that whilſt he was aſleep I ſtole from him to go a rambling; and an hundred other ſtories o' the like nature which he raves about.

George Dandin aſide.] Here's a wicked jade.

Claudina. Ay, he'd fain make us believe that he was in the houſe, and we were abroad; and 'tis a whim that there's no way of getting out of his head.

Mr. de Sotenville. How! What does this mean?

Mrs. de Sotenville. Here's an outragious piece of impudence, to ſend for us!

George Dandin. Never ——

Angelica. No, father, I can't bear any longer ſuch a kind of huſband, my patience is at an end, he has been giving me abundance of injurious words.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] S'heart, thou'rt a vile fellow.

Claudina. 'Tis a matter o' conſcience to ſee a poor young woman treated ſo, it cries to heaven for vengeance.

George Dandin. Can one ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Go, you ought to die with ſhame.

George Dandin. Let me only ſpeak two words t'ye.

Angelica. You need only hearken to him, he'll tell you a fine heap of ſtories.

George Dandin aſide.] I'm out of all patience.

Claudina. He has drank ſo much, I don't think eno

could

could ſtay near him; the ſcent of the wine he breathes out, comes even up to us.

George Dandin. Sir, father-in-law, I conjure you—

Mr. de Sotenville. Stand off, your breath ſtinks of wine.

George Dandin. Madam, I beſeech you ——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Fogh, don't come near me, your breath's infectious.

George Dandin to Mr. de Sotenville.] Suffer me ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Stand off, I tell you, there's no bearing you.

George Dandin to Mrs. de Sotenville.] Pray now give me leave to ——

Mrs. de Sotenville. Out upon't, you turn my ſtomach: ſpeak at a diſtance if you will.

George Dandin. Well then, I ſpeak at a diſtance. I proteſt to you I haven't ſtir'd out o' the houſe, but 'twas ſhe that went abroad.

Angelica. Isn't this what I told you?

Claudina. You ſee how probable this is.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Go, you make fools of people. Come down, daughter, and come hither.

SCENE XIII.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE. GEORGE DANDIN, COLIN.

GEORGE DANDIN.

I CALL heaven to witneſs that I was in the houſe, and that ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Hold your tongue, 'tis an extravagance that is not ſupportable.

George Dandin. May thunder this moment ſtrike me, if ——

Mr. de Sotenville. Don't diſturb our brains any more, but think of aſking your wife's pardon.

George Dandin. I aſk pardon!

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, pardon, and upon the ſpot.

George Dandin. What! I ——

Mr. de Sotenville. S'heart, if you diſpute with me, I'll teach you what it is to make your ſport of us.

George Dandin. Ah! George Dandin.

SCENE XIV.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE, Mrs. de SOTENVILLE, ANGELICA, GEORGE DANDIN, CLAUDINA, COLIN.

Mr. de SOTENVILLE.

HERE, come hither, daughter, that your huſband may aſk you pardon.

Angelica. I pardon all he has ſaid to me? No, no, father, 'tis impoſſible to bring myſelf to that; and I beg you to ſeparate me from an huſband with whom I can live no longer.

Claudina. How can you refuſe it?

Mr. de Sotenville. Such ſeparations, daughter, cannot be without much ſcandal: you ſhould ſhew yourſelf wiſer than he, and be patient this once more.

Angelica. How can one be patient after ſuch affronts? No, father, 'tis what I can't conſent to.

Mr. de Sotenville. It muſt be done, daughter, and 'tis I that command it you.

Angelica. That word ſtops my mouth, for you've an abſolute power over me.

Claudina. What a ſweet temper!

Angelica. 'Tis vexatious to be oblig'd to forget ſuch injuries; but whatever violence I do myſelf, 'tis my duty to obey you.

Claudina. Poor lamb!

Mr. de Sotenville to Angelica.] Come hither.

Angelica. All you make me do will ſignify juſt nothing, and you'll find that by to-morrow 'twill all be to do again.

Mr. de Sotenville. We'll take care about it. [To George Dandin.] Come, down upon your knees.

George Dandin. Upon my knees?

Mr. de Sotenville. Yes, upon your knees, and without delay.

George Dandin kneels down with the candle in his hand.] O heaven! [aſide.] [To Mr. de Sotenville.] What muſt I ſay?

Mr. de Sotenville. Madam, I beg you to pardon me,

George Dandin. Madam, I beg you to pardon me,

Mr. de Sotenville. The extravagance I've committed,

George Dandin. The extravagance I've committed [aſide.] in marrying you;

Mr. de Sotenville. And I promiſe you to live better for the time to come.

George Dandin. And I promiſe you to live better for the time to come.

Mr. de Sotenville to George Dandin.] Take care you do ſo, and aſſure yourſelf this is the laſt of your impertinences we'll bear with.

Mrs. de Sotenville. Ods life! if you do thus again, we'll teach you the reſpect you owe your wife, and thoſe from whom ſhe is deſcended.

Mr. de Sotenville. The day begins to peep. [To George Dandin.] Adieu. Get you in, and learn to be diſcreet. [To Mrs. de Sotenville.] And for our parts, my dear, let's go away to bed.

SCENE THE LAST.

GEORGE DANDIN alone.

AH! I give the affair quite over now, and can ſee no help for't. When any body has marry'd a wicked wife as I have done, the beſt method he can take, is to leap into the river head-foremoſt.

THE END.

SGANAREL,

OR, THE

CUCKOLD in CONCEIT.

A

COMEDY.

ACTORS.

GORGIBUS, a citizen.
CELIA, daughter of Gorgibus.
LELIUS, in love with Celia.
GROS-RENE, valet of Lelius.
SGANAREL, a citizen.
WIFE of Sganarel.
VILLEBREQUIN, father to Valere.
WAITING-WOMAN, confident to Celia.
A RELATION of Sganarel's wife.

SCENE a public place.

SGANAREL,

OR, THE

CUCKOLD in CONCEIT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, Celia's WAITING-WOMAN.

CELIA coming out in tears.

AH, Sir! don't expect that my heart can e'er conſent to it.

Gorgibus. What's that you mutter, good Mrs. Impertinence? dare you preſume to oppoſe what I'm reſolv'd upon? have not I an abſolute power over you? and ſhall your childiſh noddle, with it's ſilly vagaries, pretend here to controul my fatherly diſcretion? Pray which of us two has moſt right to command the other, and which, in your wiſe opinion, is beſt able to judge what is advantageous for you? Be cautious, I adviſe you, not to provoke my rage too much, or, odsheart! you ſhall quickly feel what ſtrength remains in this old arm of mine. Your ſhorteſt way, Madam Obſtinacy, would be to take the huſband that's alloted for you, without any more ado: but you are pleas'd to cry, "I don't know what kind of temper he is of, and think "it proper to conſider beforehand, whether or no he be "ſuitable to my taſte." After being ſufficiently inform'd

of the large fortune that is fallen to him, what occaſion have I to trouble my head about any thing farther? or can this man with twenty thouſand ducates, want any kind of accompliſhments to render him amiable in your eyes? Come, come, let him be what he will, with this ſum of money, I'll engage my honour, that he's a very worthy gentleman.

Celia. Alas!

Gorgibus. Alas indeed! what do you mean by that? d'ye mark the fine *alas* which ſhe preſents us with here? but, huſſey, if you once put me into a paſſion, I ſhall make you ſing forth *alas*, in a lovely manner. See now, what comes of that eagerneſs of yours in ſtudying romances night and day, whereby your brains are ſo ſtuff'd with prepoſterous amours, that you talk of God almighty much ſeldomer than you do of Clelia. But all thoſe miſchievous books that are continually corrupting the minds of young people I'll have thrown into the fire, and in the room of ſuch like trumpery, read me, as you ought to do, Mr. Francis Quarles's ingenious Emblems, and the Pilgrim's Progreſs, a valuable work, that is full of fine ſentiments for you to learn by heart. Theſe writings quickly inſtruct people how to ſpend their lives well, and if you had never read any but ſuch pieces of morality, you would have known better how to ſubmit to my commands.

Celia. Dear Sir, do you ſuppoſe, I can e'er forget that inviolable affection which I owe to Lelius? I ſhould do wrong to diſpoſe of myſelf without your approbation; but it was yourſelf that engaged us to each other.

Gorgibus. Were thoſe engagements much ſtronger than they are, the fortune of this other man is ſufficient to annul them all. I confeſs that Lelius is a pretty

fellow, But I would have you learn, miſtreſs, that all things muſt give way to gold, that wealth will make even the moſt ugly charming, and that matrimony without it is but a very melancholy buſineſs. As for Valere, I don't ſuppoſe that you are exceeding fond of him: but though he's not a lover to your mind, he'll make an huſband good enough. The very name of huſband has ſomewhat in it more endearing than can eaſily be imagined, and love is oftentimes the happy conſequence of marriage. But what a fool am I to ſtand reaſoning where I have an unlimited power to command! Truce then, I beſeech you; with your impertinences, and let me hear no more of your ridiculous complaints. This evening Valere intends to viſit you, and if you think proper, you may give him a cold reception; but if I find that you don't put on a very chearful countenance, depend upon it —— I'll ſay no more about the matter.

SCENE II.

CELIA, Celia's WAITING-WOMAN.

WAITING-WOMAN.

WHAT, madam! do you thus rigidly refuſe a thing which ſo many other people would accept with all their hearts? To anſwer the offer of a good huſband with weeping, and delay at this rate to ſay a ſingle Yes, which is ſuch a charming one too? Well, I wiſh any one would marry me! I'm ſure I ſhould need no great intreaty; for ſo far from thinking it any trouble to ſay Yes once, believe me I'd repeat it over a dozen times

together. Your brother's tutor is a wise man, and one day, as we were talking about worldly affairs, a woman, says he, is like the Ivy, which appears green and beautiful while it twines round some sturdy tree, but is good for nothing if it be separated from it. Dear lady! nothing is a greater truth than this, as I miserable sinner wofully experience. Heaven rest the soul of my poor Martin! when he was alive, my complexion was like a cherubim's, I was plump and comely, my eyes sparkled with gaiety, and my heart was fully satisfy'd: and even to this moment I lament the loss of him. In those days of pleasure, which flew away like lightning, I never warm'd my bed though in the sharpest winter, nay, to air the sheets I thought a thing ridiculous; but, now, I shiver even in the dog-days. In short, madam, I assure you, there's nothing like having a husband to lie by one's side o' nights, was it only to cry God bless ye, whenever one may chance to sneeze.

Celia. Can you advise me to do such a wicked thing as to forsake Lelius, and take up with this ugly fellow?

Waiting-Woman. O' my faith, your Lelius is a mere brute, to stay away at this unseasonable time; his long absence makes me very much suspect his constancy.

Celia shewing her the picture of Lelius.] O! don't sink me quite by such a dire presage! observe attentively the features of this face, they swear eternal, mutual, fervent passion, and, after all, I would not willingly believe them liars, but that he's such as art here represents, and preserves an unchangeable affection for my love.

Waiting-Woman. Really these features speak a deserving lover, and you have good reason to regard him tenderly.

Celia. And yet I muſt —— Ah! ſupport me.

[Letting fall the picture of Lelius.

Waiting-Woman. Madam, how does this happen!— O heavens! ſhe faints. Oh! make haſte, help there, ſome-body.

SCENE III.

CELIA, SGANAREL, Celia's WAITING-WOMAN.

SGANAREL.

WHAT's the matter? I'm here.

Waiting-Woman. O! Sir, my lady's dying.

Sganarel. What! is that all? You made ſuch a noiſe, I thought the world had been at an end. Let's ſee, however. Madam, are you dead? um! ſhe does not ſpeak.

Waiting-Woman. I'll fetch ſome-body to carry her in; ſupport her here.

SCENE IV.

CELIA, SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel.

SGANAREL paſſing his hand over Celia's boſom.

SHE's cold all over, and I don't know what to ſay to it: let's come near and try whether ſhe breathes or not. Faith, I can't tell! But, I perceive ſome tokens of life there.

Wife of Sganarel looking from the window.] Ah! what's that I ſee? my huſband, holding in his arms—

I'll run down and learn the meaning of it: he's falſe to me moſt certainly, and I ſhould be glad to catch him.

Sganarel. Some ſpeedy method muſt be taken for her aſſiſtance; ſhe would be in the wrong to die certainly. A journey to the other world is very fooliſh, ſo long as a body can be able to ſtay in this. [He carries her in.

SCENE V.

WIFE of Sganarel alone.

HE's gone ſo ſuddenly from the place that my curioſity is diſappointed: but I make no doubt of his baſeneſs; the little I have ſeen diſcovers all to me. I now no longer wonder at that ſtrange coldneſs with which he returns my modeſt love: the ungrateful wretch reſerves his fondneſs for others, and feeds their pleaſures by ſtarving mine. But it is the common way of huſbands to become indifferent towards what is in their power. At the beginning they all do wonders, and ſeem to have a moſt violent paſſion for us; but the traitors ſoon grow weary of our fondneſs, and carry elſewhere what is due to us alone. O how it vexes me, that the laws will not permit a body to change one's huſband as often as one does one's ſhift. That would be mighty convenient; and troth, I know, ſome people as well as myſelf, that it would pleaſe exceedingly. [Taking up the picture which Celia had let fall.] But what fine thing is this that fortune here preſents me? The enamel is delicate, the engraving charming; let's open it.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel.

SGANAREL thinking himſelf alone.

THEY thought her dead: there was nothing in it though: ſhe only made believe, and is mighty well again. But, I ſee my wife.

Wife of Sganarel thinking herſelf alone.] O heaven! 'tis in miniature, a fine picture of a handſome man.

Sganarel aſide, and looking over his wife's ſhoulder.] What is this ſhe examines with ſo much earneſtneſs? This picture bodes my honour no kind of good: a very ugly jealouſy begins to work within my boſom.

Wife of Sganarel not perceiving her huſband.] I never ſaw any thing in my life more beautiful! The workmanſhip is much more valuable than the gold. O how ſweet it ſmells!

Sganarel aſide.] What a plague! does ſhe kiſs it too! Nay, then I have it.

Wife of Sganarel talks on.] I proteſt it would be a charming thing to have ſuch a lovely man at a body's feet. If he ſhould make his addreſſes preſſingly, the bias would be very ſtrong on the ſide of the temptation. Alas! why had not I ſuch a handſome man like this for a huſband, inſtead of my dolt, my ruſtic ——

Sganarel ſnatching the picture from her.] What, huſſey! have I ſurprized you in the very act of rebellion, blaſpheming the honour of your own dear ſpouſe? Pray, my too good wife! according to your calculation, and all things well conſider'd, is not my lord as good as

my lady? In the name of Belzebub, (who may take you with my free leave,) What more extraordinary match could you have wish'd for? Who can find any thing in me to find fault with? This ſhape! this air! which every body admires; this face! ſo adapted to inſpire love! for which a thouſand beauties ſigh both night and day. And yet there is not, it ſeems, about all my charming perſon a morſel that can pleaſe you: but to cram your ravenous appetite, the ragoo of a galant muſt be added to an huſband.

Wife of Sganarel. I underſtand by half a word the drift of your raillery; you ſuppoſe by this means ——

Sganarel. Try to impoſe upon others I beſeech you: the fact is evident; and I have in my hands here a certain proof of the injury I complain of.

Wife of Sganarel. My anger is already but too outrageous without being increas'd by any new affront. But, heark'e, don't imagine you ſhall keep my pretty thing: pray, conſider a little ——

Sganarel. I am conſidering how to break your neck. That I had but the original at my mercy, as much as I have the copy!

Wife of Sganarel. For what?

Sganarel. O nothing at all, my love! Thou dear object of my vows! I'm much in the wrong to chide, when my brows ought to thank you for the favours you beſtow upon them. [Looking at the picture of Lelius.] This is your pretty man, your darling bed-fellow, the wicked incentive of your ſecret flames, the merry blade with whom ——

Wife of Sganarel. With whom? go on.

Sganarel With whom, I tell you —— I almoſt burſt with the vexation of it.

Wife of Sganarel. What would the drunken ſot have me underſtand by this?

Sganarel. You know but too well, good Mrs. Impudence. My name no longer will be Sganarel; every body now will give me the title of ſignior Cornutus: I am ſo to my honour; but on you, who take it from me, I ſhall beſtow for doing ſo one or two hearty drubbings.

Wife of Sganarel. Dare you talk to me in this manner?

Sganarel. Dare you play me theſe deviliſh pranks?

Wife of Sganarel. What deviliſh pranks? ſpeak out your meaning clearly.

Sganarel. Oh! 'tis not worth complaining of: this ſtag's topknot provided for my head, is indeed, a mighty pretty ornament!

Wife of Sganarel. Then after having given me the greateſt provocation that can poſſibly excite a wife's revenge, doſt thou imagine, by the fooliſh artifice of pretending to be angry, to prevent the effects of my reſentment? Sure, ſuch inſolence was never known before upon the like occaſion! He that does the injury is the perſon that begins the quarrel.

Sganarel. O the audacious creature! to ſee this confident behaviour, would not any one ſuppoſe her to be a very virtuous woman?

Wife of Sganarel. Away, begone about your buſineſs: wheedle your whores, pay your vows to them, and let them have your embraces; but give me my picture, and don't make your jeſt of me.

[She ſnatches the picture from him and runs away.

Sganarel. So: you think to eſcape me then: but in ſpite of your teeth I'll have it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LELIUS, GROS-RENE.

GROS-RENE.

AT laſt, we are got hither: but, Sir, if I may be ſo bold, I would deſire you to tell me one thing.

Lelius. Well, ſpeak.

Gros-rene. Is the devil in that body of yours, not to ſink under ſuch fatigues as theſe? for eight whole days together, riding long ſtages, whip and ſpur, upon confounded ſcrubs, whoſe curſed trot ſhook us ſo damnably, that, for my part, every limb of me, I'm ſure, is out of joint; without complaining of a worſe accident that troubles me very much in a place I will not mention. And yet no ſooner are you arrived, but out you go freſh and well, without taking any reſt, or eating the leaſt morſel.

Lelius. This great earneſtneſs is ſure in no wiſe blameable. My ſoul's alarmed with the report of Celia's marriage: you know my paſſion for her, and I muſt learn what this tormenting rumour means ere I admit of any other care.

Gros-rene. Ay, Sir, but a good meal would be mighty ſerviceable to you in the clearing up of this matter; your reſolution, doubtleſs, would become thereby much more able to withſtand the ſtrokes of fate. I judge of it by my own ſelf, for when I'm hungry, the leaſt diſappointment ſeizes me, and pulls me down; but when I've eat my belly-full, my ſoul is fortify'd againſt every thing, and the greateſt misfortunes ſignify but little.

Truſt to my advice, Sir; drink freely, to ſupport you againſt whatever miſchief fortune can do, and float your heart all round with wine that ſorrow may find no way to enter.

Lelius. I can't eat.

Gros-rene aſide.] Let me die, if that means me any good. [aloud.] For all that, your dinner ſhall be ready preſently.

Lelius. Be ſilent, I command you.

Gros-rene. How barbarous is that order!

Lelius. I am not hungry, but diſſatisfy'd.

Gros-rene. And, for my part, I'm hungry, and diſſatisfy'd beſides, to find that a fooliſh love-buſineſs employs all your thoughts.

Lelius. Leave me to inform myſelf about the miſtreſs of my ſoul, and without preſſing me any more, go ſatisfy your own appetite.

Gros-rene. I object nothing to what a maſter orders.

SCENE II.

LELIUS alone.

NO: no: my ſoul admits unreaſonable fears: the father has promis'd me, and the daughter has ſhewn ſuch proofs of love as may ſupport my hopes.

SCENE III.

SGANAREL, LELIUS.

SGANAREL not seeing Lelius, and holding the picture in his hand.

I HAVE got it: and now at pleasure can examine the countenance of that rascal who causes my dishonour. I don't know him at all.

Lelius aside.] Gods! what see I there? and, if that be my picture, what then must I believe?

Sganarel not seeing Lelius.] Ah! poor Sganarel! to what a sad fate is thy reputation doom'd? must ——

[Perceiving Lelius who observes him, he turns to the other side.

Lelius aside.] This pledge cannot be gone from those fair hands to whom I gave it, without startling my belief.

Sganarel aside.] Must people point at thee with two fingers from this time forwards? Must songs be made about thee? and, at every turn, must the scandalous affront be flung in thy teeth which a wicked wife has printed upon thy forehead?

Lelius aside.] Do I deceive myself?

Sganarel. Oh! jade! hast thou the impudence to make me a cuckold in the flower of my age? The wife too of an husband that may be reckoned handsome; and must a monkey, an execrable owl ——

Lelius aside, looking still at the picture in Sganarel's hand.] I am not mistaken; it is my very picture.

Sganarel turning his back towards him.] This man ſeems very inquiſitive.

Lelius aſide.] I am exceedingly ſurpriz'd.

Sganarel aſide.] What would he be at?

Lelius aſide.] I'll ſpeak to him. [aloud.] May I—— [Sganarel going farther off.] Nay, prithee one word.

Sganarel aſide, ſhunning him again.] What ſtory would he tell me now?

Lelius. May I beg to know by what accident that picture came into your hands?

Sganarel aſide.] Whence comes this deſire of his? but I am apt to think here — [examining Lelius and the picture in his hand.] O! by my faith, the reaſon of his concern is plain enough, and I no longer wonder at his ſurprize. This is my man, or rather my wife's man.

Lelius. Pray eaſe my pain, and tell me how you came by ——

Sganarel. Thank heaven, I know what it is diſturbs you: this picture, Sir, that vexes you is your own dear reſemblance, and was found in a certain acquaintance's hands of yours: the ſoft endearments between that lady and yourſelf need not be made a ſecret to me. I can't tell whether I've the honour to be known to your worſhip in this piece of galantry; but, from this time, do me the favour to break off an intrigue which an huſband may think very much amiſs, and conſider that the bands of ſacred wedlock ——

Lelius. What! ſhe, ſay you, from whom you had this pledge ——

Sganarel. Is my wife, and I am her huſband.

Lelius. Her huſband!

Sganarel. Ay: her huſband, I tell you; her very unhappy huſband: you, Sir, know the reaſon of it, and I am this moment going to inform her relations.

SCENE IV.

LELIUS alone.

ALAS! what have I heard? 'Twas truly enough reported, that the ugliest of all his sex was the man she had made her husband. Though a thousand vows from thy unfaithful lips had never promis'd me eternal love, the very scorn of such a base and shameful choice, might have sufficiently secur'd, one would have thought, the interest of my passion. Ungrateful girl! However well— But this afflicting injury and the fatigue of a long journey, give me so violent a shock together, that my heart becomes feeble, and my body tottering.

SCENE V.

LELIUS, WIFE of Sganarel.

WIFE of Sganarel thinking herself alone.

MY traitor in spight of me —— [Seeing Lelius.] Good-lack! what ails you? I perceive, Sir, you are just ready to faint away.

Lelius. 'Tis an illness that's come upon me mighty suddenly.

Wife of Sganarel. I'm much afraid you'll have a swooning fit: pray, Sir, step in here, and stay 'till it be over.

Lelius. For a moment or two I'll accept of your kindness.

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL, A RELATION of Sganarel's wife.

RELATION.

I COMMEND an husband's concern in such a case: but this is putting yourself in a passion somewhat too hastily; for, kinsman, all that I have heard you alledge against her does not prove that she is criminal. 'Tis a very tickliſh affair, and such failings as these, unless fully prov'd, should never be charg'd upon any body.

Sganarel. That is to say, there must be a demonstration of the thing.

Relation. Too much haste exposes us to error. Who can tell how this picture came into her hands, and after all, whether the man be known to her? Inform yourself a little better; and if it proves as you suspect, I'll be the foremost to punish her offence.

SCENE VII.

SGANAREL alone.

NOTHING could be said fairer; it is, really, the best way to proceed calmly. May be, I've brought these visions of horns into my head without a cause, and my brows are put into a sweat too soon. In short, my dishonour is not fully prov'd by that picture which so much disturbs me. Let me endeavour then by care—

SCENE VIII.

SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel at the door of her houſe, conducting out Lelius.

SGANAREL aſide, ſeeing them.

AH! what do I ſee? s'death! there can now be no longer doubt about the picture; for, by my faith, here's the very original.

Wife of Sganarel. You hurry away too faſt, Sir, and your illneſs, if you go out ſo ſoon, may, perhaps, return upon you.

Lelius. No, no, I thank you as much as poſſible for the kind aſſiſtance which you have given me.

Sganarel aſide.] Civility is his pretence ſtill.

[Wife of Sganarel goes into the houſe again.

SCENE IX.

SGANAREL, LELIUS.

SGANAREL aſide.

HE obſerv'd me: let's ſee now what he can ſay to me.

Lelius aſide.] Oh! my ſoul is mov'd! and that object inſpires me —— but I ought to diſapprove this unjuſt reſentment, and only impute my ſufferings to the unkindneſs of my deſtiny: yet I muſt envy his ſucceſsful paſſion. [Approaching Sganarel.] O too happy in having ſo beautiful a wife!

SCENE X.

SGANAREL, CELIA at her window seeing Lelius walk away.

SGANAREL alone.

THIS is explaining himself in no ambiguous terms: his ſtrange ſpeech ſurprizes me as if he had put the very horns upon my head. [Looking at the ſide where Lelius went off.] Get thee gone; this way of proceeding is not at all honourable.

Celia aſide entring.] How! was that Lelius I ſaw this moment? what can poſſibly be the reaſon his return is conceal'd from me?

Sganarel not ſeeing Celia.] Too too happy in having a wife ſo beautiful! Much rather unhappy in having ſuch an infamous minx, whoſe guilty paſſion, which is now but too apparent, without any reſpect has made a cuckold of me. But do I ſuffer him to go away after ſuch a diſcovery, and ſtand with my arms acroſs, like a hen-peckt fellow? I ought at leaſt to beat his hat off, or throw ſtones at him, or bedaub his clothes: and to ſatisfy my anger bravely, I ſhould do the rogue the honour to raiſe the mob upon him.

[During the diſcourſe of Sganarel, Celia comes towards him by little and little, and waits till his tranſport be over, that ſhe may ſpeak to him.

Celia to Sganarel.] Pray, Sir, how came you acquainted with that gentleman who paſſed by juſt now and talked to you.

Sganarel. Alas! madam, it is not I that am acquainted with him, 'tis my wife.

Celia. What uneaſineſs thus diſturbs your mind?

Sganarel. Don't blame me as if my ſorrows were unſeaſonable, but permit me to ſigh abundantly.

Celia. What can be the occaſion of this uncommon grief?

Sganarel. If I am afflicted, 'tis not for trifles: and I defy other people to find themſelves in my condition without diſturbance. Here, madam, you ſee the model of unhappy huſbands: poor Sganarel's honour is taken from him! but the loſs of my honour is the leaſt part of my uneaſineſs, for I'm depriv'd of my reputation alſo.

Celia. In what manner?

Sganarel. That ſpark, with reverence be it ſpoke, has taken the liberty, madam, to make a cuckold of me, and this very day my own eyes have been witneſs of the private intercourſe between my wife and him.

Celia. He who juſt now ——

Sganarel. Ay, ay, 'tis he that diſhonours me; he's in love with my wife, and my wife's in love with him.

Celia. Ah! I judge rightly that his coming back thus ſecretly could only be to conceal from me ſome baſe deſign; and I trembled at the ſight of him from a ſad foreboding of what would happen.

Sganarel. You eſpouſe my cauſe with too much kindneſs, but all people have not the ſame charity; for many that have already heard my ſufferings, ſo far from taking my part, have only thought fit to laugh at them.

Celia. Is there any thing more black than this vile action? Or can a puniſhment be found for him? Polluted as thou art with ſuch baſe treachery, doſt thou not think thyſelf unfit to live? O heaven! is it poſſible?

Sganarel. 'Tis but too true for me.

Celia. O traitor! villain! deceitful faithleſs wretch!

Sganarel. Good-natur'd creature!

Celia. No, no, hell has not a torment but what is much too gentle for thy guilt.

Sganarel. How finely ſhe talks!

Celia. Thus to abuſe both innocence and goodneſs!

Sganarel ſighing aloud.] Ah!

Celia. A heart that never did the leaſt thing to merit thoſe affronts which thy contempt has expos'd it to.

Sganarel. True.

Celia. Who very far —— but 'tis too much; nor can this heart endure the thought without a killing anguiſh.

Sganarel. My dear lady, don't vex yourſelf in this manner: you're too much touch'd with my misfortune, and pierce the very ſoul o' me.

Celia. But don't deceive thyſelf ſo far as to fancy that I'll ſit down ſatisfied with fruitleſs complaints; my heart is not ignorant how it muſt deal with thee to avenge itſelf: that I now haſten to, and nothing can divert me from it.

SCENE XI.

SGANAREL alone.

HEAVEN keep her always out of harm's way! Obſerve with how much goodneſs ſhe would avenge me. Really her anger, which my diſgrace excites, plainly teaches me what I muſt do myſelf: nobody ſhould ever bear ſuch affronts as theſe quietly, unleſs he were a fool indeed. Let's haſten then to ſeek

out this raſcal that abuſes me, and prove my courage by revenging my diſhonour. I'll teach you, you rogue, to laugh at my coſt, and cuckold people without any reſpect at all. But ſoftly, if you pleaſe, [after going three or four ſteps, he comes back again.] this man has very much the look of one whoſe blood is boiling, and his temper paſſionate, and he may, perhaps, heaping one affront upon another, even drub my back as well as horn my head. I deteſt, with all my ſoul, theſe fiery tempers, and bear a vaſt affection towards people that are peaceable. I'm no fighter for fear of being beaten, and a gentle diſpoſition is my great excellence. But my honour informs me, that for ſuch an affront as this, it is abſolutely requiſite I ſhould take my revenge. Faith, let it ſay ſo as much as it pleaſes, the devil take him for all that who will put up nothing. Suppoſe now I ſhould aſſume the hero, and have for my pains a piece of cold iron with a villanous thruſt paſs quite thro' my guts: when the news of my death gets all the city over, tell me then, my honour, ſhall you be the fatter for it? The grave is too melancholy an abode, and too unwholeſome for people that are afraid of the colic: and I find, for my own part, that conſidering every thing, it is better to be even a cuckold than to be dead. What harm is there in't? After all, do one's legs become more crooked by it, or one's ſhape leſs handſome? A plague take him that firſt found out the way to afflict his mind about ſuch a phantom, and link the honour of the wiſeſt man to things an inconſtant woman do. Since every crime, with good reaſon, is held to be merely perſonal, how comes our honour, in this caſe, to be in the fault? The blame is laid on us for the actions of other people. If our wives, without our knowlege, engage in

an infamous affair, all the miſchief muſt fall upon our backs: they commit the folly, and we are reckoned the fools. 'Tis a vile abuſe, and indeed the government ſhould regulate ſuch injuſtice. Have we not other accidents enow that will happen to us in ſpight of our teeth? Quarrels, law-ſuits, hunger, thirſt, and ſickneſs, don't they ſufficiently diſturb the quiet of our lives, without going, over and above, ſtupidly to create uneaſineſs out of what has no foundation? Let's make a jeſt of it, deſpiſe theſe fancies, and caſt tears and ſighing under our feet. If my wife has done amiſs, let her lament very much for't, but why ſhould I weep when I have done no wrong? Be it as it will, what ſhould take away my vexation is, I'm not the only one of my fraternity. To ſee one's wife courted, and take no notice of it, is practiſed now-a-days by multitudes of people of condition. Don't let me, then, ſeek to make a quarrel for an affont which is but a very trifle. They'll call me fool for not avenging myſelf; but I ſhould be greatly ſo to ruſh on my own deſtruction. [Putting his hand upon his ſtomach.] I perceive, however, my choler riſes here, and would perſuade me to ſome manly action. Ay, anger ſeizes me: it is being too much a coward: I'll revenge myſelf bravely upon the rogue. To begin this inſtant, in the paſſion which now inflames me, I'll go and tell every where that he lies with my wife.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

CELIA.

YES, father, I'll yield willingly to ſo juſt a law; diſpoſe of me and my vows, and let us ſign the contract when you pleaſe; for I am now determined to perform my duty, I intend to get the maſtery of my inclinations, and ſubmit to your commands intirely.

Gorgibus. Ah! how ſhe pleaſes me by talking in this manner! Odsbobs! I'm ſo tranſported with joy at preſent, that I ſhould immediately cut capers, were we not ſeen by people that would laugh at it. Come hither, girl, come hither, I ſay, that I may embrace thee: ſuch an action is not indecent; a father may kiſs his daughter when he has a mind to't, without any room for ſcandal. Well, the ſatisfaction of finding you ſo dutiful will make me young again ten times a year.

SCENE II.

CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

WAITING-WOMAN.

THIS alteration ſurprizes me.

Celia. And when you know from what motive I act, you'll eſteem me for it.

Waiting woman. That may be indeed.

Celia. Know then, that Lelius has been capable of

wounding my heart by his falſhood, and has been in theſe parts without ——

Waiting-Woman. But he's coming to us.

SCENE III.

LELIUS, CELIA, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

LELIUS.

BEFORE I take my leave of you for ever, I'll here for once reproach you.

Celia. What! ſpeak to me again! haſt thou the inſolence?

Lelius. I own 'tis great, and ſuch thy choice that I ſhould be to blame to reproach thee with any thing. Live, live contented, and brave my memory with that worthy huſband who heaps up honours on you.

Celia. Yes, traitor, I will live ſo; and my moſt earneſt wiſhes are that it may rack thy ſoul.

Lelius. Whence then proceeds this furious rage againſt me?

Celia. What! doſt thou pretend ſurprize, and aſk thy crimes?

SCENE IV.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL arm'd from head to foot, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

SGANAREL.

WAR, mortal war to this plunderer of honour, who has unmercifully contaminated our reputation.

Celia to Lelius, ſhewing him Sganarel.] Turn, turn aways thy eyes and make me no reply.

Lelius. Ah! I ſee ——

Celia. That object is enough to put thee in confuſion.

Lelius. It ſhould much rather force a bluſh from *you*.

Sganarel. My wrath, at preſent, is in an active diſpoſition, my courage at the tip-top, and if I meet him, ſlaughter ſhall be ſeen. Yes, I've vow'd his death, and nothing can reſtrain me: wherever I find him I'll diſpatch him: [drawing his ſword half way and approaching Lelius.] In the very centre of his heart I'll give him—

Lelius returning.] To whom muſt this be done?

Sganarel. I don't intend it to any body.

Lelius. What means this armour?

Sganarel. 'Tis a dreſs I put on againſt the rain. [aſide.] Ah! what a ſatisfaction 'twould be to me to kill him! let's take courage to do it.

Lelius returning again.] Hey?

Sganarel. I ſay nothing at all. [aſide, beating himſelf to raiſe his courage.] Ah! provoking coward! Hen-hearted poltron!

Celia to Lelius.] This object that ſeems offenſive to thy ſight, might ſay enough to thee.

Lelius. Yes, by him I know you guilty of the moſt inexcuſable falſhood that could ever poſſibly abuſe a lover's conſtancy.

Sganarel aſide.] Why have not I a little more courage?

Celia. Ah! traitor! ceaſe, before me, the eruel inſolence of this diſcourſe.

Sganarel aſide.] Thou ſeeſt, Sganarel, ſhe takes up thy quarrel: courage, my lad, and be a little vigorous. Now; be bold, try to make one generous effort, and kill him while his back is turn'd.

Lelius moving two or three ſteps without deſign, makes Sganarel return who was going towards him to kill him.] Since ſuch diſcourſe ſtirs up your anger, madam, I ought to ſhew that I'm content with what your heart approves, and here applaud the lovely choice which it has made.

Celia, Yes, yes, my choice is ſuch as cannot be found fault with.

Lelius. You do well to be willing to defend it.

Sganarel. She does well, no doubt, to defend my rights: this action, Sir, is not according to the laws; I have reaſon to complain of it; and was I not diſcreet, ſtrange ſlaughter would be ſeen to enſue.

Lelius. Whence does your complaint ariſe? and what unaccountable uneaſineſs ——

Sganarel. Very well, you know where the ſaddle galls me. But conſcience and the care of your own ſoul ſhould make you conſider that my wife is my wife; and to carry on your affair under my very noſe, is in no wiſe acting like a good Chriſtian.

Lelius. Such a ſuppoſition is mean and ridiculous! come, entertain no ſcruples as to that point: I know ſhe belongs to you, and very far from being inflam'd ——

Celia. Oh! traitor! how well thou canſt diſſemble!

Lelius. What! do you imagine me to have a thought which need diſturb his mind? Would you ſlander me with ſuch a baſeneſs?

Celia. Speak, ſpeak to himſelf, he's able to inform you.

Sganarel to Celia.] No, no, you talk much better than I am capable, and take the matter intirely right,

SCENE V.

CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

WIFE of Sganarel.

I'M not in a humour to diſcover againſt you a temper that is over jealous: but, madam, I am no fool, and I ſee what paſſes. There are certain paſſions of a very ill appearance, and your thoughts ſhould be employed better than to ſeduce a heart which ought to be mine alone.

Celia. This declaration is plain enough.

Sganarel to his wife.] No-body ſent for you, you baggage; becauſe ſhe ſpeaks for me, here you come to ſcold, and tremble for fear your galant ſhould be taken from you.

Celia. Well, don't imagine any body has a mind to him. [Turning towards Lelius.] You ſee whether this be a falſity, and I am mighty glad of it.

Lelius. What does this mean?

Waiting-Woman. I don't know, faith, when one ſhall ſee an end of theſe perplexities; I have endeavoured long enough to comprehend them, but the more I hear, the leſs I underſtand. I find, at laſt, that I muſt interpoſe. [Placing herſelf between Lelius and her miſtreſs.] Pray, give me leave to ſpeak, and reply to me in order. [to Lelius.] Sir, what can your heart reproach this lady with?

Lelius. That the faithleſs creature could forſake me for another; and that, when upon the rumour of her

unhappy nuptials, I hurry'd hither, tranſported intirely by an unequall'd paſſion, the violence of which would not admit a belief that I could be forgotten, at my arrival I found her married.

Waiting-Woman. Married! to whom?

Lelius pointing to Sganarel.] To him.

Waiting-Woman. How to him!

Lelius. Yes, indeed.

Waiting-Woman. Who told you ſo?

Lelius. Himſelf this very day.

Waiting-Woman to Sganarel.] Is this true?

Sganarel. I? to my own wife it was I told you I was marry'd.

Lelius. Under the greateſt agony of my ſoul, I ſaw my picture in your poſſeſſion.

Sganarel. True, here it is.

Lelius to Sganarel.] You likewiſe told me, that ſhe, from whoſe hands you receiv'd this pledge, was join'd to you in the bands of wedlock.

Sganarel. No doubt on't, [pointing to his wife.] for I forc'd it out of her hands. and ſhould not have found out her wickedneſs without it.

Wife of Sganarel. What do you mean by your groundleſs complaint? I met with it under foot by accident: and even when after your cauſeleſs fury, [pointing to Lelius.] I deſired this gentleman to come in when he was fainting, I diſcover'd not the features of his picture.

Celia. 'Twas I occaſion'd the adventure of the picture. I let it fall, in that ſwooning fit, [to Sganarel.] which made me want your aſſiſtance to carry me back into the houſe.

Waiting-Woman. You find without my help you had ſtill been at a loſs, and that you had ſome need of my little underſtanding.

Sganarel aſide.] Shall we take all this for currant coin? My forehead though had a very warm effect upon my mind.

Wife of Sganarel. My fear, however, is not ſo ſoon diſſipated, and ſmall as the miſchief may ſeem, I dread the being deceiv'd.

Sganarel to his wife.] Well, let us mutually ſuppoſe ourſelves to be people of honour. I hazard more o' my ſide than you o' yours; accept, therefore, without ceremony the agreement propoſed.

Wife of Sganarel. Be it ſo, but wo be to you if I diſcover any thing.

Celia to Lelius after whiſpering together.] Heavens! if it be ſo, what have I done? How muſt I dread the effect of my own fury! imagining you falſe, I, to be reveng'd, took the unhappy method of complying with my father, and but a moment ſince, came from accepting a match, which my heart before had always reaſon to refuſe. I've made a promiſe to my father, and what afflicts me——but I ſee him coming.

Lelius. He ſhall keep his word with me.

SCENE VI.

GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

LELIUS.

SIR, you ſee me return'd hither, inflam'd with the ſame love; and now, I preſume, my ardent paſſion ſhall find that promiſe accompliſh'd which gave me hopes of marrying Celia.

Gorgibus. Sir, whom I ſee return'd hither inflam'd with the ſame love, and whoſe ardent paſſion ſhall now, you preſume, find that promiſe accompliſh'd which gave you hopes of marrying Celia: I am your worſhip's moſt obedient ſervant.

Lelius. What! Sir, is it thus you betray my hopes?

Gorgibus. Ay, Sir, it is thus I do my duty, and my daughter follows the directions of it.

Celia. My duty engages me, my dear father, to make good your promiſe to him.

Gorgibus. Is this ſubmitting to my commands like a daughter? You quickly degenerate from your good inclinations for Valere juſt now —— But I ſee his father, who certainly comes to finiſh the affair.

SCENE THE LAST.

VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIUS, SGANAREL, WIFE of Sganarel, WAITING-WOMAN to Celia.

GORGIBUS.

WHAT brings you hither, Mr. Villebrequin?

Villebrequin. A ſecret of importance, that I have learn'd this morning, which abſolutely breaks the promiſe I have given. My ſon, whom your daughter ſhould be marry'd to, deceiving every body by a private wedding, has liv'd for four months paſt with Lucia as her huſband; and as her parents, her fortune, and her birth, make it impoſſible for me to break off the alliance, I come to you ——

Gorgibus. No more of that; if your ſon Valere,

without your leave, has engaged himſelf elſewhere, I muſt tell you, that for a long while paſt, my daughter Celia, has, by myſelf, been promiſed to Lelius, and that his return to-day, enrich'd with every virtue, reſtrains me from conſenting to any other match.

Villebrequin. I'm much pleaſed at ſuch a choice.

Lelius. And this honeſt intention will crown my days with never-ending happineſs.

Gorgibus. Let's go and appoint the day for performing the nuptials.

Sganarel alone.] Had ever man more reaſon than I to conclude himſelf a cuckold? you perceive that, in this affair, the ſtrongeſt appearances may create in the breaſt a falſe belief.

Fix'd in your mind let this example be,
Nor any thing believe, when all you ſee.

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